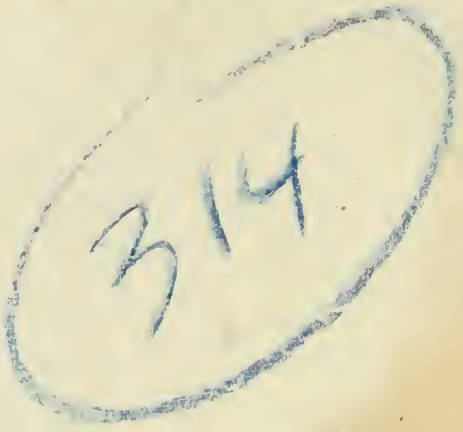
CARMINA COLLEGENSIA

1876 Wa

Pro
YORK UNIVERSITY MUSIC DEPARTMENT



Property of
YORK UNIVERSITY MUSIC DEPARTMENT

1876
Wa

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Ontario Council of University Libraries

http://www.archive.org/details/carminacollegens00wait

CARMINA COLLEGENSIA:

A COMPLETE COLLECTION

OF THE SONGS

OF THE

AMERICAN COLLEGES,

WITH SELECTIONS FROM THE STUDENT SONGS OF THE

ENGLISH AND GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

AND

POPULAR SONGS ADAPTED TO COLLEGE SINGING;

EDITED BY

HENRY RANDALL WAITE.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & CO
NEW YORK: C. H. DITSON & CO. CHICAGO: LYON & HEALY. PHILA.: J. E. DITSON & CO

Copyrighted, 1876, by OLIVER DITSON & Co.

TO

THE FRIENDS OF MY STUDENT DAYS,

WHO WERE

FOUND IN MANY COLLEGE HALLS

AND TO THE LOVERS OF

STUDENT MUSIC

EVERYWHERE,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

"Carmina Collegensia," published in 1868, was the first attempt ever made at a complete collection of American College Songs. This work, notwithstanding the many imperfections necessary to a first publication of the kind, met with a larger success than was dreamed of. Thousands of copies have been sold in all parts of the United States, and the editor has been surprised to find the book in various places in foreign lands.

Its publication was the means of opening a wide correspondence with College men in all portions of the country. Many of these were graduates in the "long ago," and their letters were the witness that to them, the "Carmina" was a portal through which they had journeyed backward to the days when they were a part of the old songs—for what are the songs without the singers? These letters furnished many valuable suggestions, and much material for a new edition, and have been the means, in connection with more recent letters from various sources, of leading the Editor to undertake a thorough revision of the old "Carmina."

In the preparation of the New Edition, the songs of many Colleges have been added, and the songs of others greatly changed by additions and omissions.

In the former Edition, many songs not strictly "College" Songs, were placed in the collections of various Colleges. In the present edition, each college in its separate department, is credited only with such songs as have originated at that College, or may be regarded as belonging to it, by virtue of adaptation of words, or changes in music. The popular songs referred to, are not however, lost to the collection. They will be found with many songs of equal value, in their appropriate departments; "Gaudeamus" and "Lauriger" for example, will be found among German Songs; "I've a Jolly Sixpence" among English Songs, &c.

The many additions to the old edition, have added largely to the size of the present book, and the editor has been led to the preparation of two smaller editions, which will be entitled respectfully "University Songs," and "Songs of the Colleges."

The first of these will contain the Songs of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, and Brown, omitting the songs peculiar to other Colleges; and the second will contain the songs of all of the Colleges, save those named above. Each Edition will contain the *Miscellaneous Songs*, and the *English* and *German Student Songs*, and in its respective sphere, will be complete.

The Editor feels that it is due that he should repeat his thanks to those who so cordially aided him in his first work, and most of whom he has had the pleasure of counting among his personal friends. Of such, are William T. Reid, '68, Harvard; Chas. S. Elliot, '67, Yale; W. H. Lyon, Brown; H. L. Smith, Dartmouth; Henry Van Ingen, Williams; G. W. Foster, Bowdoin; E. M. Nelson, Hamilton; Lewis Halsey, Hobart; W. C. Brocklesby, Trinity; Avery Gallup, West. Res.; F. B. Hamlin, Wesleyan; John Love, Jr., U. of N. Y.; J. A. Rollins, U. of Mich.; G. O. Whitney, Madison; R. R. Bowker, Coll. City of N. Y.; and E. A. Taft, Rochester.

In the preparation of the present edition, he would return thanks to the officers of the various Colleges throughout the Country, for the material furnished for the "College History," and to the following gentlemen who have extended valuable aid in the collection of songs:—A. W. Foote. Harvard; Winslow Upton, Brown; C. R. Conger, Columbia; R. B. Wright, Dartmouth; H. R. True. T. E. Chapman, Bowdoin; Messrs. Jos. Buffinton, and J. H. Brocklesby. Trinity; E. H. Crosby, U. of N. Y.; Walter Bell, U. of Rochester; Fred. W. Eddy, Tufts; C. K. Urquhart, Cornell University.

A special, and the Editor trusts, a valuable, feature of the New Edition, will be found in the compendium of College History, which is as complete as permitted by the character of this volume; and which contains information concerning nearly all, if not all, of the Colleges in the Country.

HENRY R. WAITE

New York, Jan. 1876.

CARMINA COLLEGENSIA.

PART FIRST.

SONGS OF COLLEGES FOUNDED BETWEEN THE YEARS 1640 AND 1800.

HARVARD,
YALE,
COLUMBIA,
PRINCETON,
BROWN,
DARTMOUTH,
WILLIAMS,
BOWDOIN,
UNION,
RUTGERS.

INDEX OF

UNIVERSITY SONGS.

Songs of Harvard 10
" Yale 24
" Columbia 57
" Princeton 67
" Brown 86
" Dartmouth 98
" Williams 104
" Bowdoin 120
" Union 132
" Rutgers 140

Ad Lenconden 65
All together 142
Alma Mater 26, 140
Alma Mater O 44
Alumni Song 134
Alumnorium carmen 59
Always cheerful 116
Amherst and Williams 114
Ancient Mariner 77
Anniversary Ode 136
Ark, (The) 72
Audacia 27
Away from the mountain 111
Away to the mountain 110
Ba-be bi-bo-bu 19
Bachanalian 124
Barbara 92
Bells of Yale 51
Biennial 111
Biennial Jubilee Song 56
Bingo 40, 88
Bless us ere we go 65
Boating Song 63, 95
Bow-wow-wow 147
Brothers' Campaign Song 49
Brothers in unity 52
Brothers of Yale 51
Burial of Euclid 115
Cannon Song 69
Cap and Gown 64
Centennial Hymn 79
Centennial Ode 82
Chant our Rhyme 114
Class Day Ode 123
Class of — (Harvard) 18
Classmates, let us sing 70
Co-ca-che-lunk 35
College Bell 83
College Days 108
Come, brothers drive dull cares away 98
Come, gaily shout 116
Come, let us drink to Junior ease 101
Continental's farewell 78
Dirge 94, 102
Dry up 51
Exponuntur 80
Fair Harvard 10
Farewell 60
Farewell to graduating class 125
Feast of reason 81
First Cigar 82
Foot-ball Song 66, 147
Freshman reminiscences 130
Full far away a City stands 120
Gaily the troubadour 145
Gallant young Sophomore 112
Gather ye smiles 47
Gaudeamus 71
Gin-sling 21
Giving of the pipe 144
Gone forever 127
Gratulandum est 22
Hail to the year 126
Haian 105
Homeward Oh! 114
Hosscon's Philosophy 117
I came, an emerald Freshman 37
I-eel 29
In moments of joy 22
In the grandeur of age 107
In Sanitatem Omnium 19
Incantation 102
Invalid corps 126
It's a way we have at old Harvard 12
Ivy Ode 129
Ivy Song 48
John Morgan 144
Jolly Sophomore 58
Joy hovers o'er us 130
Joy Song 117
Jubilate 101
Lathery 49
Lauriger Horatius (Translated) 51, 79
Let every young Sophomore 100
Linger yet 66
Linonia Song 52
Linonia, the wreaths of glory 52

Litoria 30
Log College 76
Logic 133
Lone Fish-Ball 15
Maid of Athens 16
Marshall's Supper 117
Mathematical Jordan 101
May Training Ode 121
Mechanics 133
Menagerie (The) 90
Mine host's Lager 65
Mother Goose improved 145
Mountains (The) 104
Must we leave thee 50
Nænia Librorum 96
Nassau 73
New Jersee 76
Nos Beata 127
Now as the Shadows fall 47
Nymph of Joy 101
O, Brunonia 87
Ode 130
Ode to Alma Mater 135
Old Brown 86
Old Grimes 93
Old Nassau 68
Old Sukey 94
Old Time 124
Old Williams, 'tis of thee 115
Old Yale 24
On the banks of the old Raritan 141
Our Bonnie Lad 129
Parting Ode 127
Parting Song 113, 122
Philologian Song 116
Philotechnian Song 116
Questions and Answers 16
Raise a Chorus 64
Raven (The) 73
Retrospect (A) 117
Rig-jag-jig-jag 142
Rise! shine 146
Rutgers Foot-Ball Song 147
Senior's Farewell 83
Settlement of Rhode Island 96
Sheepskin 38
Shool 32
Shout high the Anthem 28
Shule Aroon 64
Sink, O Sun 66
Smoking Song 50, 79, 144
Society Ode 136
Soft Eyes are Dreaming 50
Song 95
Song of the Silver Cup 52
Song of the Smoker 124
Song of the Spoon 41, 53
Song to Old Union 132
Sons of Yale 46
Sparking Sunday Night 17
Speak Softly 129
Steady on the Long Tail Blue 89
Student's Glee 79
Summer Dawn is Breaking 105
Tegere te cura 129
Tell me not 34
Terrace Song 137
Tiddy-i-um 146
Tide of Time 122
Tinker and Cobbler 19
Tobias and Cuancus 94
Too Soon 59
Towering around us 114
Training for Brown 95
Triangle Song 74
'Twas off the Blue Canaries 14
Two Freshmen 65
Upidee 20
Upidee (Yale Version) 56
Vacation Song 115
Vesper (A) 95
Walls of Old Bowdoin 128
Water Procession 89
Way down in the Hoosick Valley 109
Way we have at Old Union 137
Whately 133
When the Bonny Moon 129
Where, oh where 59
Who's Afraid 71
Why do we Mourn 137
Williams Carol 106
Wooden Spoon Song 55
World is Clothed with Beauty 106
Young Oysterman 100

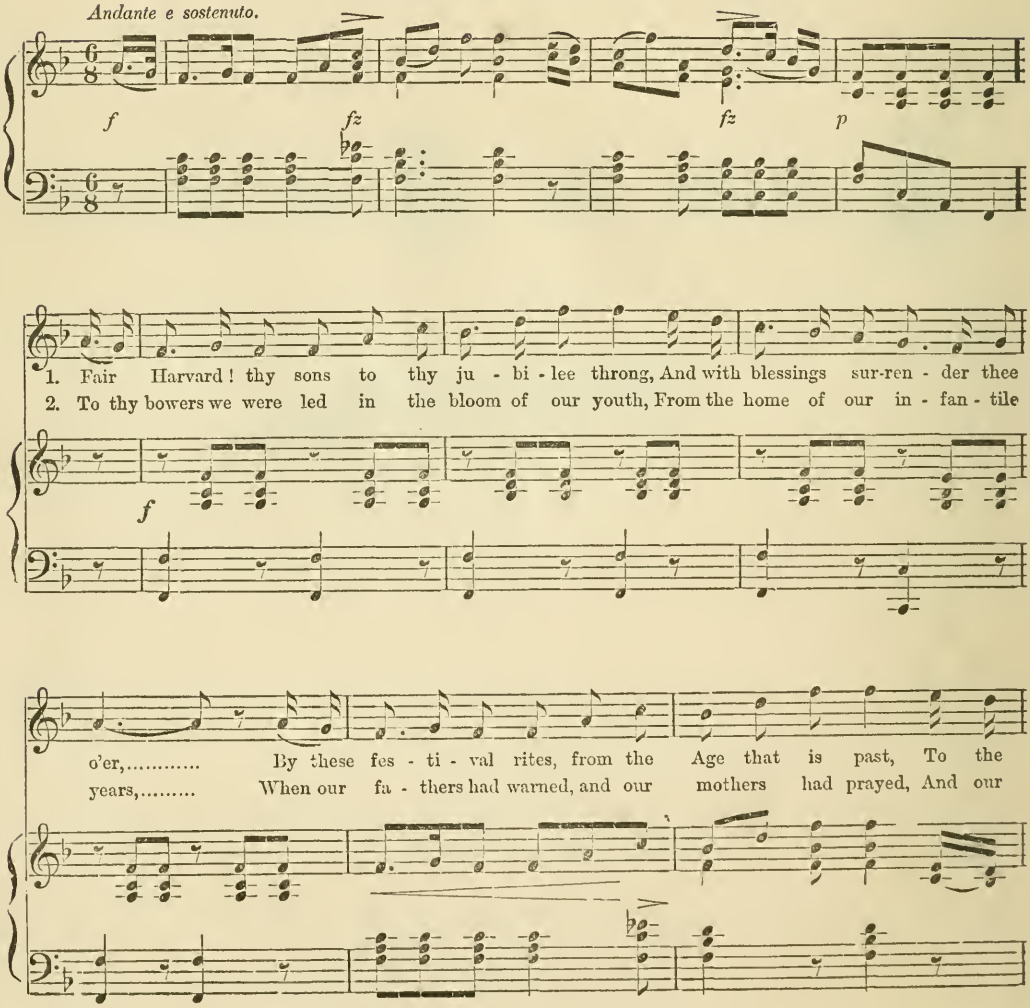
SONGS OF HARVARD.

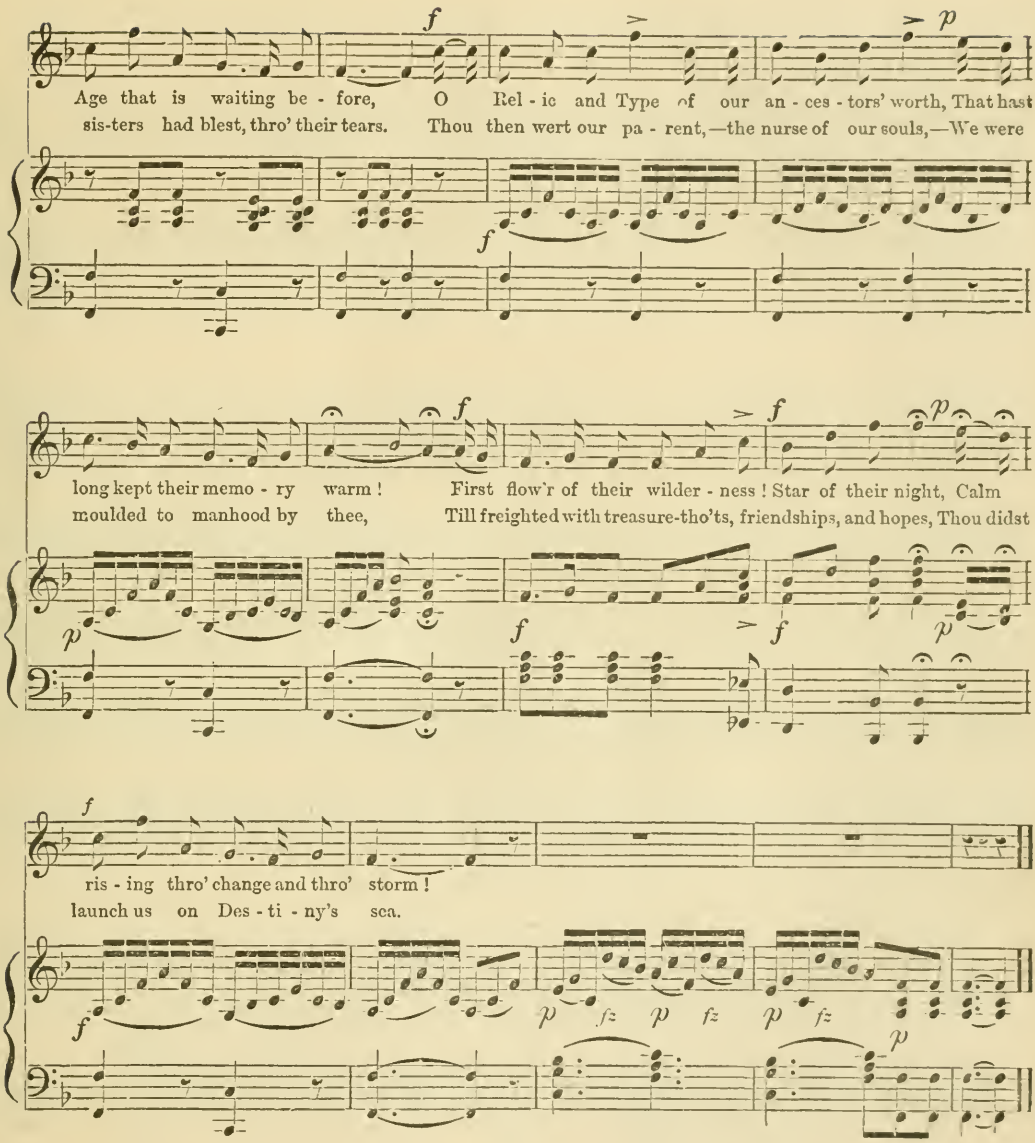
'Tis song that scatters roses in the heart,
And from the throbbing brow bids cares depart.

C. W. S. '60.

SONGS OF HARVARD.

FAIR HARVARD.


Andante e sostenuto.
f
fz
fz
p
1. Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with blessings sur-ren - der thee
2. To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in - fan - tile
f
o'er,..... By these fes - ti - val rites, from the Age that is past, To the
years,..... When our fa - thers had warned, and our mothers had prayed, And our


Age that is waiting be - fore, O Rel - ic and Type of our an - ces - tors' worth, That hast
sis-ters had blest, thro' their tears. Thou then wert our pa - rent,—the nurse of our souls,—We were
long kept their memo - ry warm ! First flow'r of their wilder - ness ! Star of their night, Calm
moulded to manhood by thee, Till freighted with treasure-tho'ts, friendships, and hopes, Thou didst
ris - ing thro' change and thro' storm !
launch us on Des - ti - ny's sea.

3.

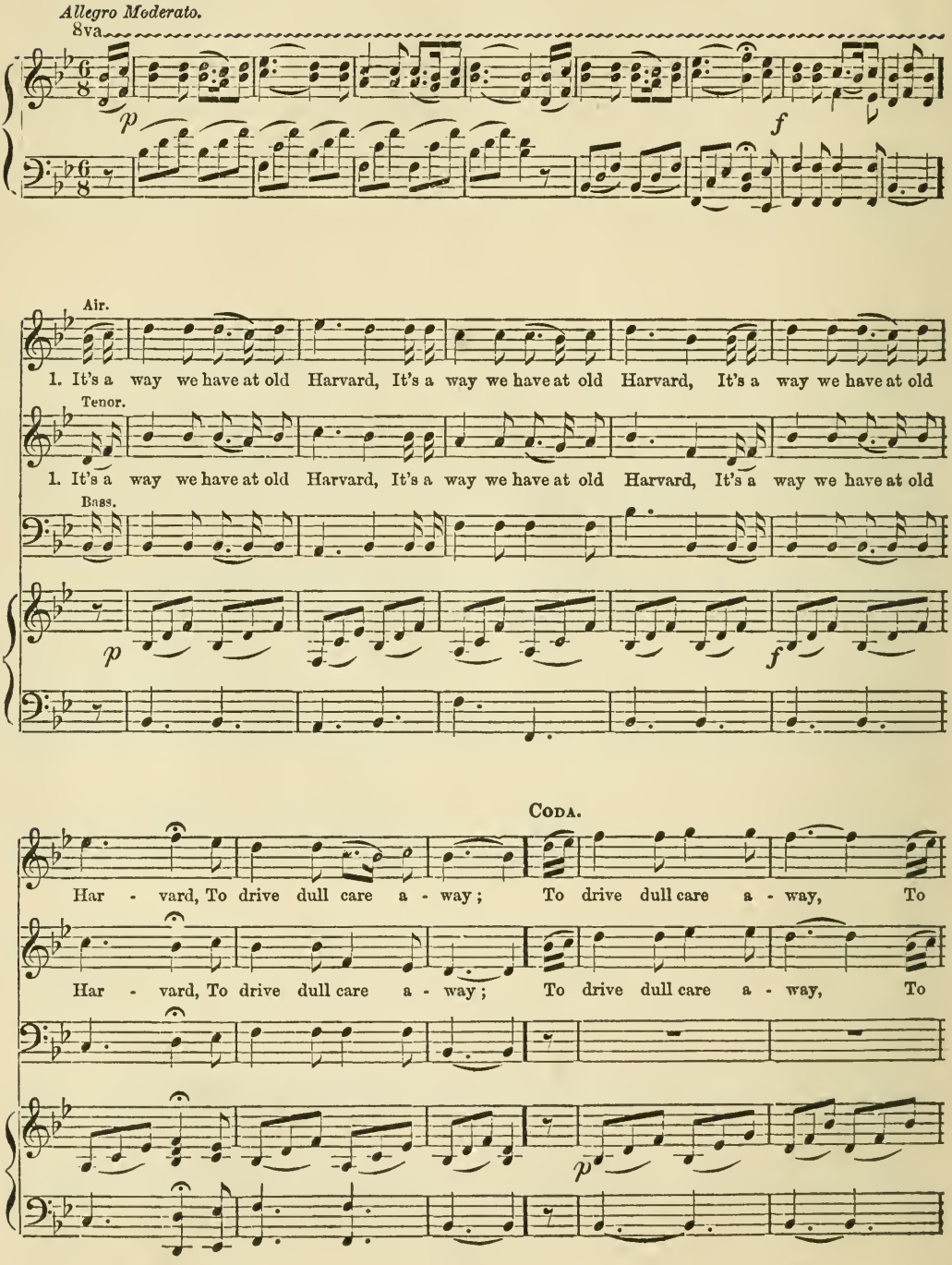
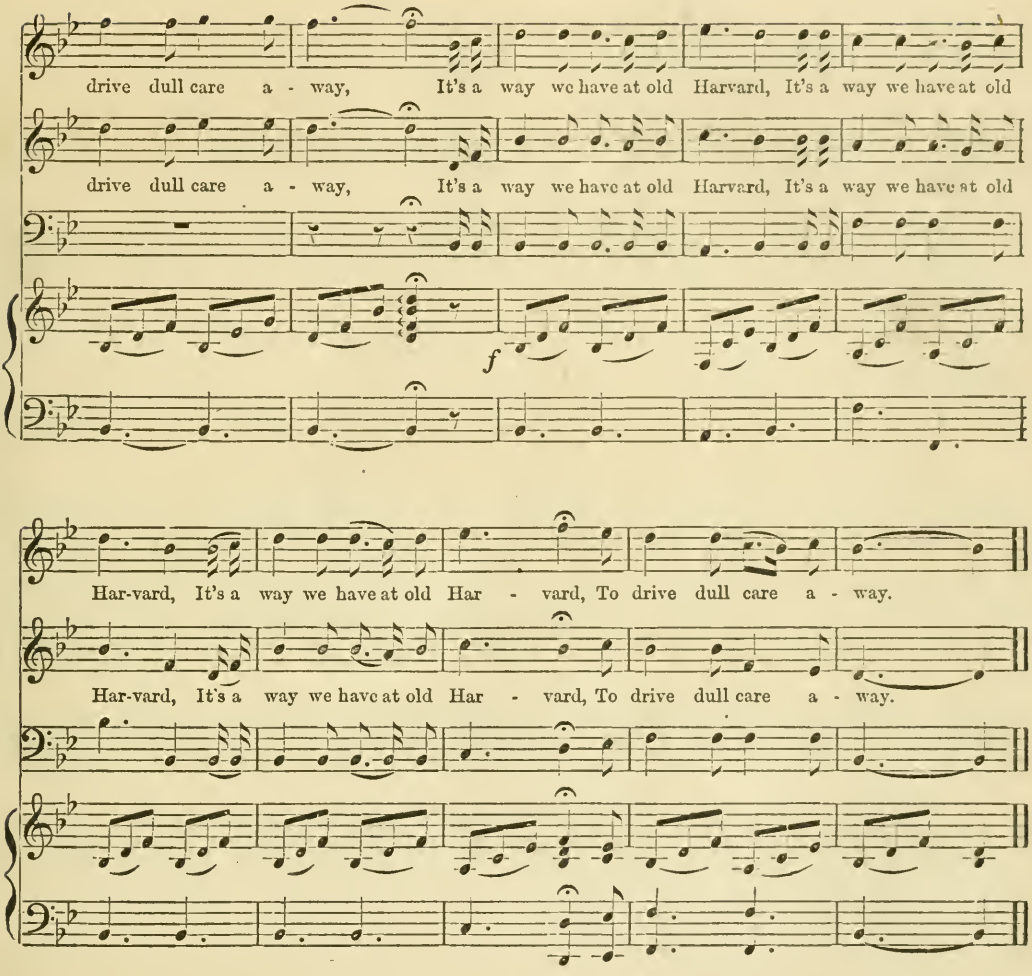
When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
To what kindlings the season gives birth !
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
Than descend on less privileged earth :
For the good and the great, in their beautiful prime,
Through thy precincts have musingly trod,
As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams
That make glad the fair city of God.

4.

Farewell ! be thy destinies onward and bright !
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for Right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered Error moor thee at its side,
As the world on Truth's current glides by ;
Be the herald of Light, and the bearer of Love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

IT'S A WAY WE HAVE AT OLD HARVARD.

A DRINKING SONG.


Allegro Moderato.
8va
p
f
Air.
1. It's a way we have at old Harvard, It's a way we have at old Harvard, It's a way we have at old
Tenor.
1. It's a way we have at old Harvard, It's a way we have at old Harvard, It's a way we have at old
Bass.
p
f
Coda.
Har - vard, To drive dull care a - way; To drive dull care a - way, To
Har - vard, To drive dull care a - way; To drive dull care a - way, To
p

drive dull care a - way, It's a way we have at old Harvard, It's a way we have at old
drive dull care a - way, It's a way we have at old Harvard, It's a way we have at old
f
Har-vard, It's a way we have at old Har - vard, To drive dull care a - way.
Har-vard, It's a way we have at old Har - vard, To drive dull care a - way.

2 For we think it is no sin, sir,
To take the Freshmen in, sir,
And ease them of their tin, sir,
To drive dull care away;
To drive dull care away,
To drive dull care away.
It's a way we have at old Harvard, &c.

3 For we think it is but right, sir,
On Wednesday and Saturday night, sir,
To get most gloriously tight, sir,
To drive dull care away;
To drive dull care away,
To drive dull care away.
It's a way we have at old Harvard, &c.

4 Brother Quidam is up in a pear tree,
Brother Quidam is up in a pear tree,
Brother Quidam is up in a pear tree,
Io! io! io!
Io! io! io!
Io! io! io!
Once so merrily drinks he,
Twice so merrily drinks he,
Thrice so merrily drinks he,
Io! io! io!

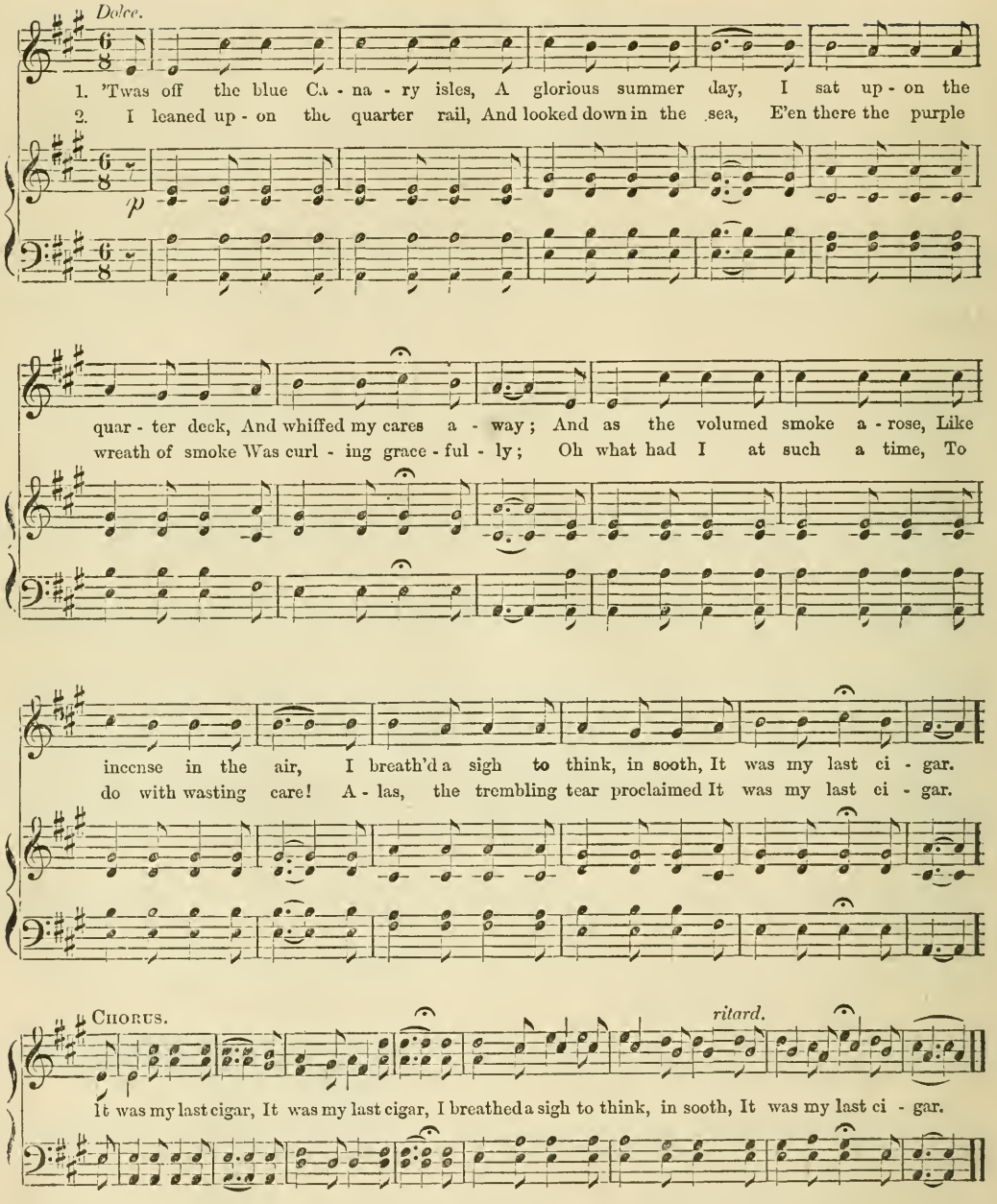
5 Brother Quidam's a jolly good fellow,
Brother Quidam's a jolly good fellow,
Brother Quidam's a jolly good fellow,
As all of us can say;
As all of us can say,
As all of us can say.
Once so merrily drinks he, &c.

FINALE.

[*The Song is ended by the following stanza to the tune of "God save the Queen."*]

So say we all of us,
So say we all of us,
So say we all.
So say we all of us,
So say we all of us,
So say we all of us,
So say we all!

'TWAS OFF THE BLUE CANARIES.


Dolce.
1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry isles, A glorious summer day, I sat up - on the
2. I leaned up - on the quarter rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en there the purple
p
quar - ter deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And as the volumed smoke a - rose, Like
wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly; Oh what had I at such a time, To
incense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar.
do with wasting care! A - las, the trembling tear proclaimed It was my last ci - gar.
Chorus.
ritard.
It was my last cigar, It was my last cigar, I breathed a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar.

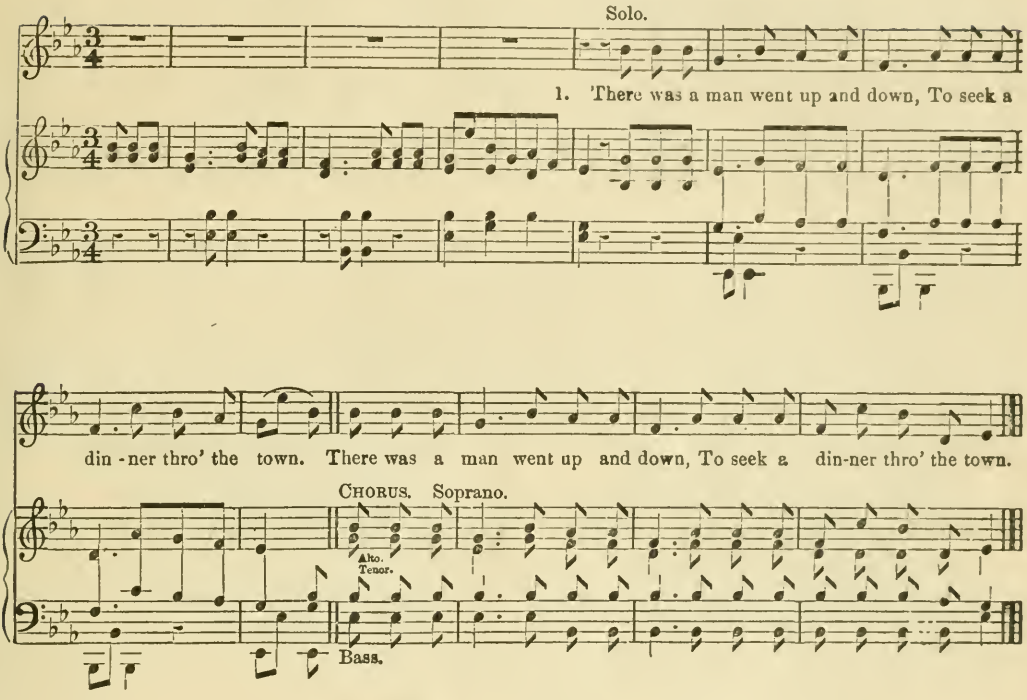
3 I watched the ashes as it came,
Fast drawing toward the end;
I watched it as a friend would watch
Beside a dying friend;
But still the flame crept slowly on;
It vanished into air;
I threw it from me, spare the tale,—
It was my last cigar.

4 I've seen the land of all I love,
Fade in the distance dim;
I've watched above the blighted heart,
Where once proud hope hath been;
But I've never known a sorrow
That could with that compare,
When off the blue Canaries,
I smoked my last cigar.

THE LONE FISH-BALL.*

FOUNDED ON A BOSTON FACT:

(In the chorus of which all assembled companies are expected to unite.)


Solo.
1. There was a man went up and down, To seek a
din-ner thro' the town. There was a man went up and down, To seek a din-ner thro' the town.
CHORUS. Soprano.
Alto.
Tenor.
Bass.

2 What wretch is he who wife forsakes,
Who best of jam and waffles makes.

3 He feels his cash to know his pence,
And finds he has but just six cents.

4 He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.

5 The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.

6 The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for *two* Fish-ball.

7 The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers — "*one* Fish-ball."

8 The waiter roars it through the hall,
The guests they start at "*one* Fish-ball!"

9 The guest then says quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."

10 The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with *one* Fish-ball!"

MORAL.

11 Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,
Must get it first, or not at all.

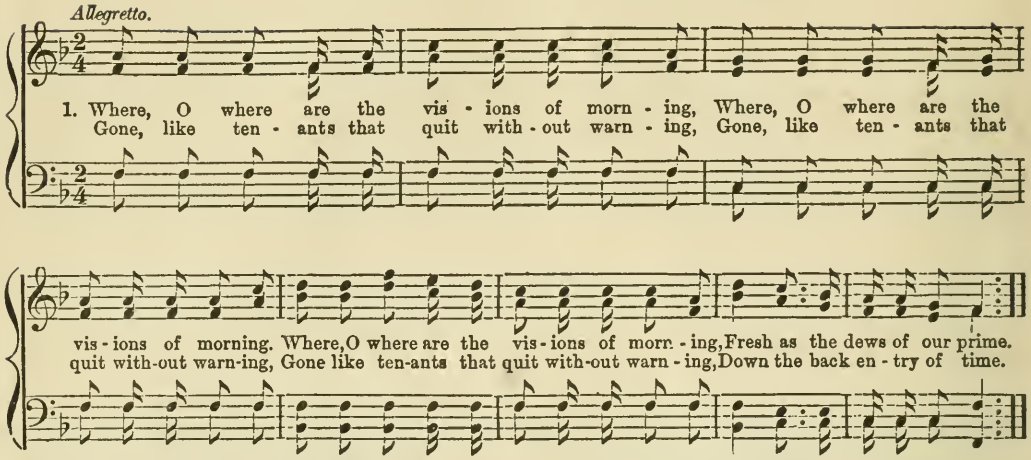
12 Who would Fish-ball with *fixins* eat,
Must get some friend to stand a treat.

*** An incident singularly parallel to this is told of a certain learned Professor of New York: whose habit it became to frequent a place down town where buckwheat cakes were furnished. Three buckwheats were given for a sixpence. But the professorial appetite surpassed three cakes. Six cakes would have been given for "twelve and a half cents," but twelve and a half cents was a stretch of finances. Whereupon our Professor orders *five* buckwheats, which are sufficiently appeasing to his appetite, and for which he is content to pay tenpence. But the buckwheat people have no checks for tenpence—their currency running in sixpences, shillings, and so on. The Professor several times gets the five buckwheats and pays his tenpence therefor, but at last, from the trouble he gives, grows notorious. The Professor in fact becomes "blown" at the establishment as the Five-buckwheat-man; and is one day resolutely informed that he must either go the six buckwheats or three buckwheats,—or none at all. This upsets the Professor's pecuniary calculations, sours the buckwheats and his temper, and drives him away entirely.

* By permission of R. Storrs Willis, proprietor of the copyright.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

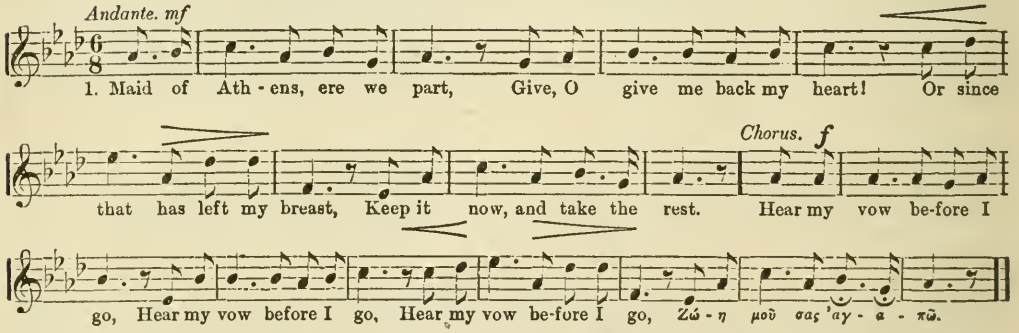
A SONG FOR THE CLASS OF '29, BY O. W. HOLMES.


Allegretto.
1. Where, O where are the vis - ions of morn - ing, Where, O where are the
Gone, like ten - ants that quit with - out warn - ing, Gone, like ten - ants that
vis - ions of morning. Where, O where are the vis - ions of morn - ing, Fresh as the dews of our prime.
quit with-out warn-ing, Gone like ten-ants that quit with-out warn - ing, Down the back en - try of time.

2. Where, O where are life's lilies and roses,
   Nursed in the golden dawn's smile?
   Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
   On the old banks of the Nile.
3. Where are the Marys, and Anns, and Elizas,
   Loving and lovely of yore?
   Look in the columns of old Advertisers—
   Married and dead by the score.
4. Where the gray colts and the ten-year-old fillies,
   Saturday's triumph and joy?
   Gone like our friend, swift-footed Achilles,
   Homer's ferocious old boy.
5. Die-away dreams of ecstatic emotion,
   Hopes like young eagles at play,
   Vows of unheard of and endless devotion,
   How ye have faded away.
6. Yet, though the ebbing of time's mighty river
   Leave our young blossoms to die,
   Let him roll smooth in his current forever,
   Till the last pebble is dry.

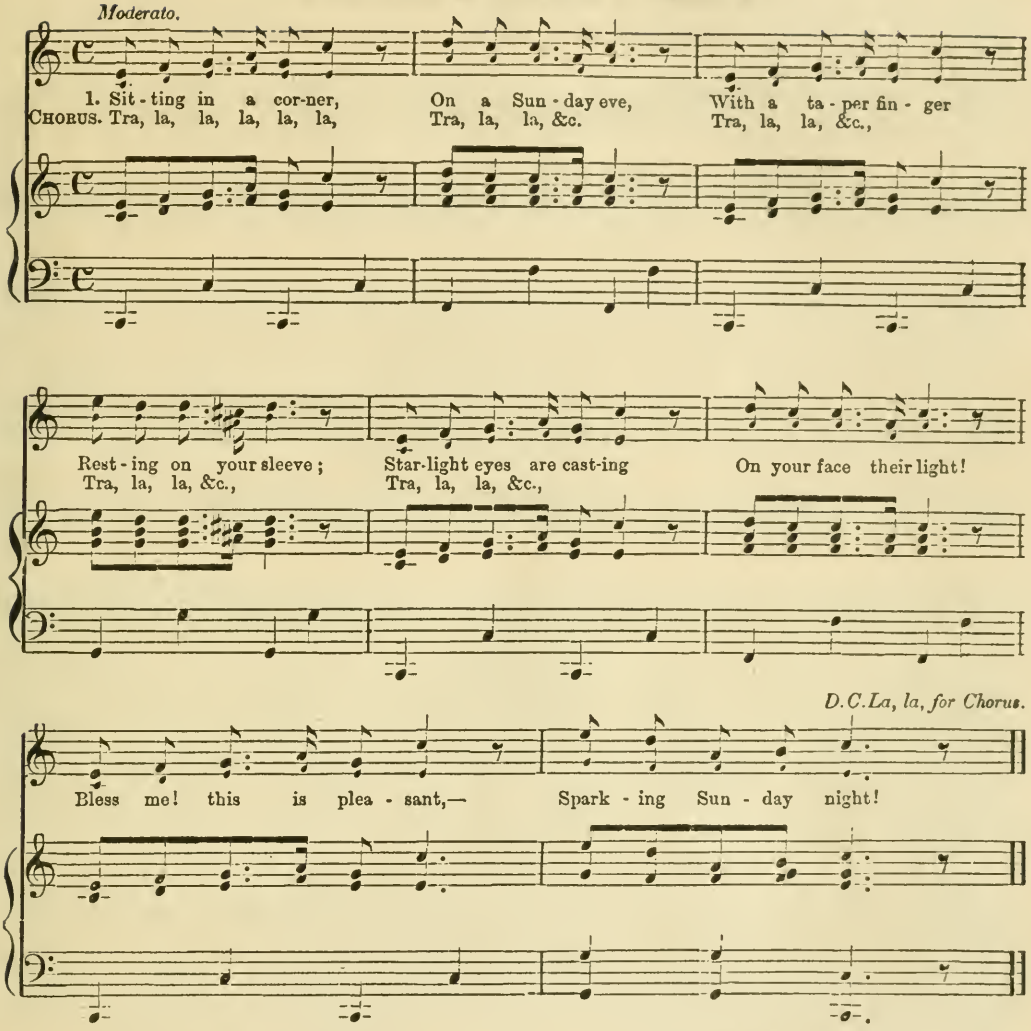
MAID OF ATHENS.

HARVARD GLEE CLUB ARRANGEMENT.


Andante. mf
1. Maid of Ath - ens, ere we part, Give, O give me back my heart! Or since
Chorus. f
that has left my breast, Keep it now, and take the rest. Hear my vow be-fore I
go, Hear my vow before I go, Hear my vow be-fore I go, Ζώ - η μοῦ σας 'αγ - α - πῶ.

2. By those tresses unconfined,
   Wooed by each Ægean wind;
   By those lids whose jetty fringe,
   Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
   By those wild eyes, like the roe,—
   Ζώη μοῦ σας 'αγαπῶ.
3. By that lip I long to taste,
   By that zone-encircled waist;
   By all the token flowers that tell
   What words can never speak so well;
   By love's alternate joy and woe,—
   Ζώη μοῦ σας 'αγαπῶ.
4. Maid of Athens, I am gone;
   Think of me, sweet, when alone;
   Though I fly to Istambol,
   Athens holds my heart and soul.
   Can I cease to love thee? no!
   Ζώη μοῦ σας 'αγαπῶ.

SPARKING SUNDAY NIGHT.


Moderato.
1. Sit - ting in a cor-ner, On a Sun - day eve, With a ta - per fin - ger
Chorus. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, &c. Tra, la, la, &c.,
Rest - ing on your sleeve; Star-light eyes are cast-ing On your face their light!
Tra, la, la, &c., Tra, la, la, &c.,
D.C. La, la, for Chorus.
Bless me! this is plea - sant,— Spark - ing Sun - day night!

2 How your heart is thumping
'Gainst your Sunday vest;
How wickedly 'tis working
On this day of rest;
Hours seem but minutes,
As they take their flight;
Bless me! aint it pleasant—
Sparking Sundry night!

3. Dad and mam are sleeping
On their peaceful bed,
Dreaming of the things
The folks in meeting said;
"Love ye one another!"
Ministers recite;
Bless me! *don't* we do it—
Sparking Sunday night!

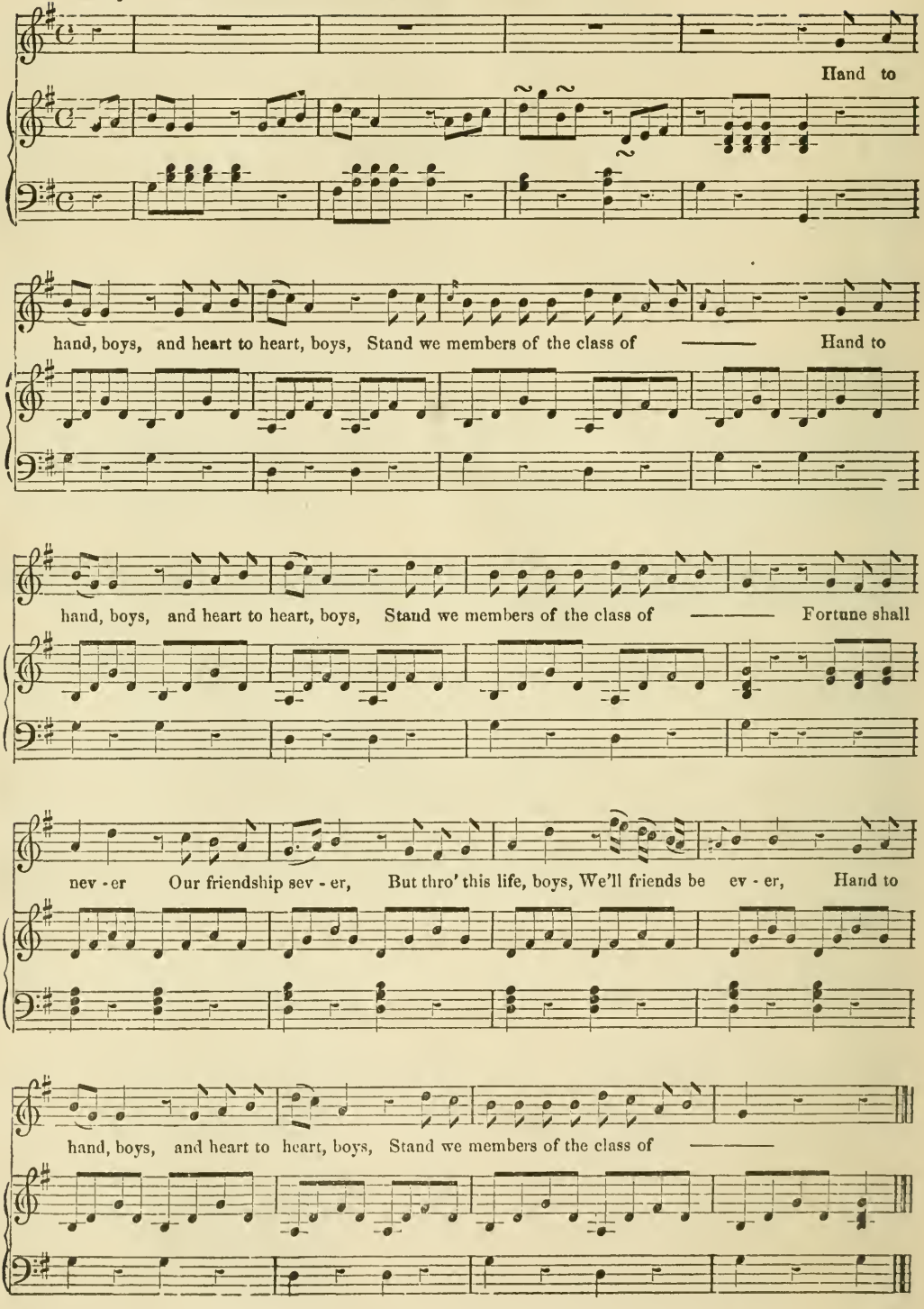
4. One arm, with gentle pressure,
Lingers round her waist;
You squeeze her dimpled hand,
Her pouting lips you taste;
She freely slaps your face,
But more in love than spite:
O, thunder! aint it pleasant—
Sparking Sunday night!

5. But hark! the clock is striking!
It's two o'clock, I snum!
As sure as I'm a sinner,
The time to go has come;
You ask, with spiteful accents,
If "that old clock is right,"
And wonder if it ever
Sparked on a Sunday night!

6. One, two, three sweet kisses,
Four, five, six you hook;
But, thinking that you rob her,
Give back those you took;
Then, as forth you hurry,
From the fair one's sight,
Don't you wish *each day* was
Only Sunday night?

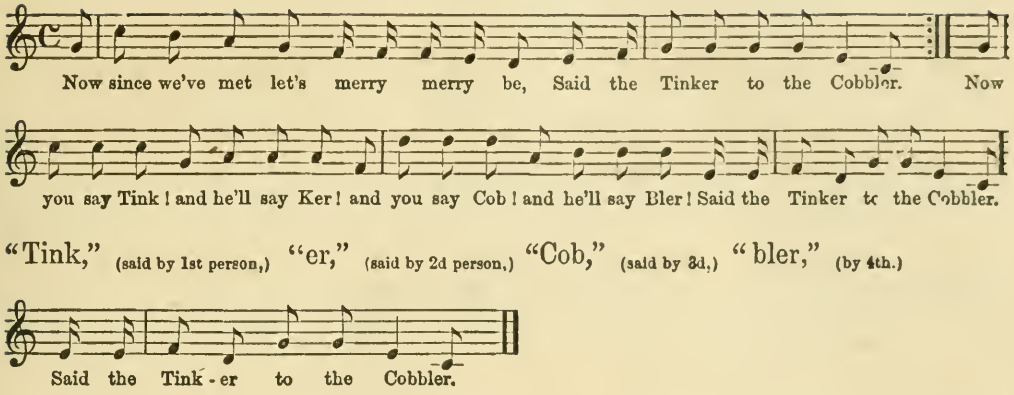
CLASS OF ——

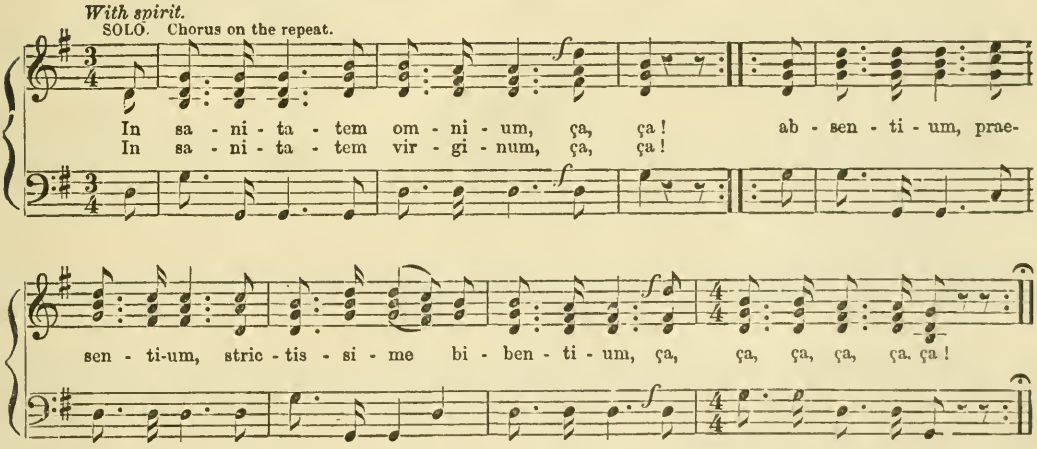
Allegro con amore.


Hand to
hand, boys, and heart to heart, boys, Stand we members of the class of —— Hand to
hand, boys, and heart to heart, boys, Stand we members of the class of —— Fortune shall
nev - er Our friendship sev - er, But thro' this life, boys, We'll friends be ev - er, Hand to
hand, boys, and heart to heart, boys, Stand we members of the class of ——

THE TINKER AND COBBLER.

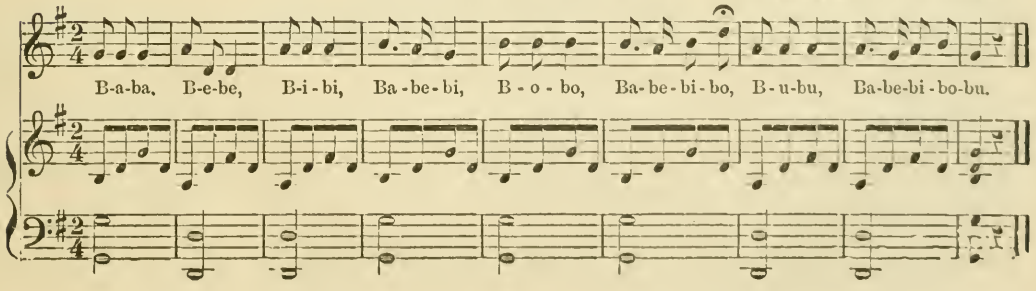
A DRINKING SONG.


Now since we've met let's merry merry be, Said the Tinker to the Cobbler. Now
you say Tink! and he'll say Ker! and you say Cob! and he'll say Bler! Said the Tinker to the Cobbler.
"Tink," (said by 1st person,) "er," (said by 2d person,) "Cob," (said by 3d,) "bler," (by 4th.)
Said the Tink-er to the Cobbler.

IN SANITATEM OMNIUM, ÇA, ÇA.

With spirit.
SOLO. Chorus on the repeat.
In sa-ni-ta-tem om-ni-um, ça, ça! ab-sen-ti-um, prae-
In sa-ni-ta-tem vir-gi-num, ça, ça!
sen-ti-um, stric-tis-si-me bi-ben-ti-um, ça, ça, ça, ça, ça. ça!

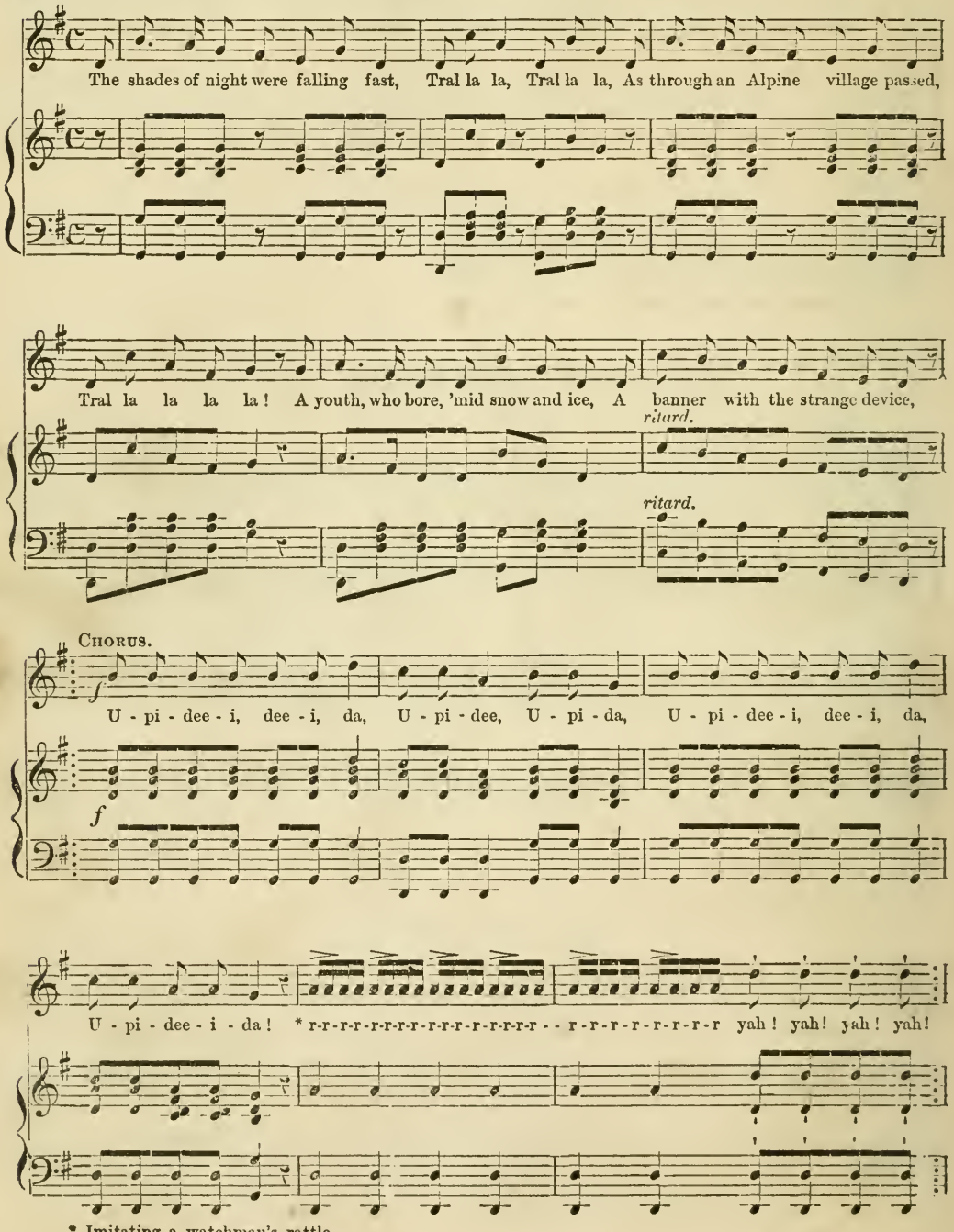
BA-BE-BI-BO-BU.

ACCOMPANIMENT BY C. W. STEVENS.

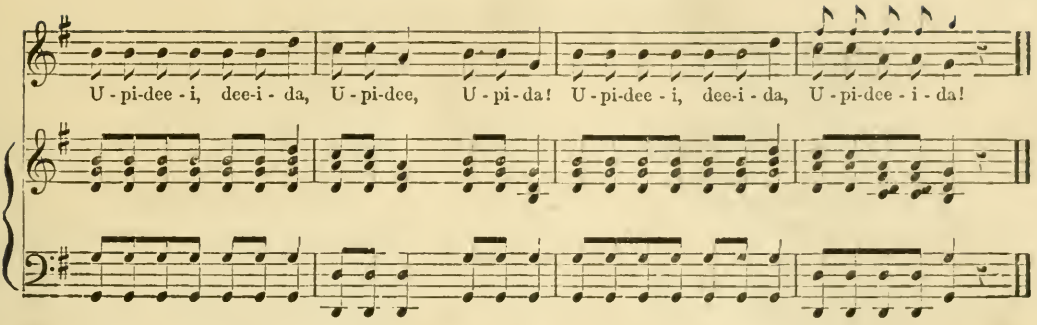


UPIDEE.

The solos usually sung at Harvard to this music are college songs, which contain so many local names and allusions as to render them uninteresting to all but Harvard students. Some familiar verses from Longfellow's Excelsior are therefore inserted for the solo parts of the song.


The shades of night were falling fast, Tral la la, Tral la la, As through an Alpine village passed,
Tral la la la la! A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A banner with the strange device,
ritard.
ritard.
Chorus.
f
U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da,
f
U - pi - dee - i - da! * r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r yah! yah! yah! yah!

* Imitating a watchman's rattle.



2 His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Upideei, &c.

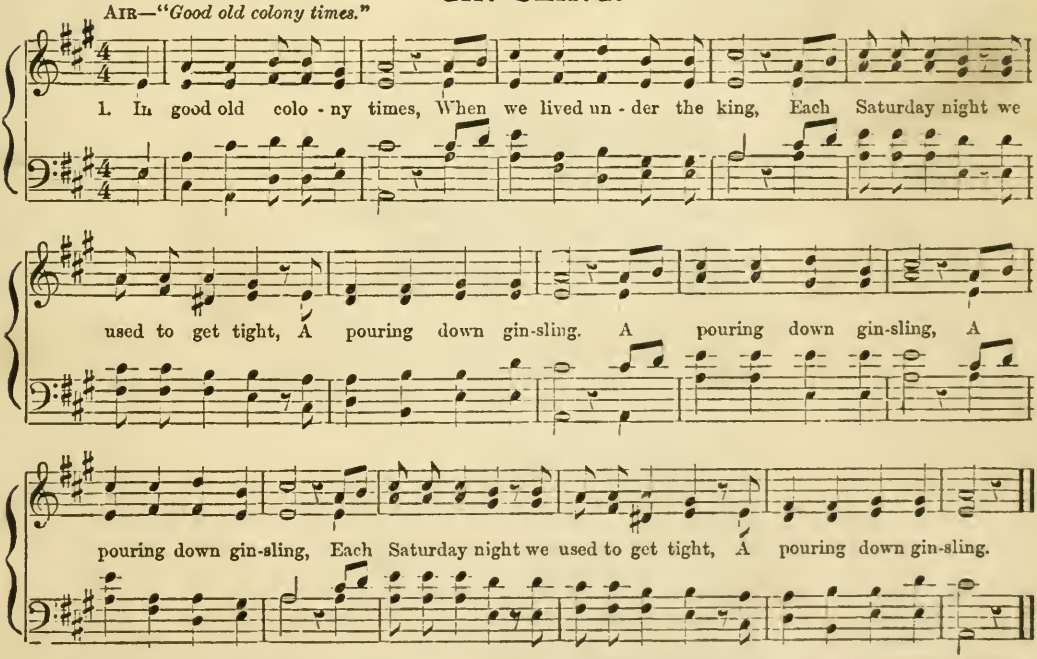
3 "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Upideei, &c.

4 At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Upideei, &c.

5 A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device.
Upideei, &c.

GIN-SLING.

AIR—"*Good old colony times.*"


1. In good old colo - ny times, When we lived un - der the king, Each Saturday night we
used to get tight, A pouring down gin-sling. A pouring down gin-sling, A
pouring down gin-sling, Each Saturday night we used to get tight, A pouring down gin-sling.

2 And Senior, and Junior, and Soph.,
And Freshman, and Tutor, and Prof.,
When once they began they never left off,
A pouring down gin-sling.

3 And Hollis used to roar,
And Stoughton used to sing,
When the rollicking rabble lay under the table,
A pouring down gin-sling.

4 But times are changed since then,
And life's a different thing ;
And past are good old colony times,
When we lived under the king.

GRATULANDUM EST.

IN "DOODLE YANKEE" CANTANDUM.

Qui alicujus gradus lau
  rea donati estis,
Alumni spectatissimi,
  Salvete, qui adestis.
Nunc rite gratulandum est,
  Nec abstinendum joco;
Peractis binis sæculis,
  Desipitur in loco.

CHORUS.

Nunc rite gratulandum est,
  Nec abstinendum joco;
Peractis binis sæculis,
  Desipitur in loco.

Majores nostri inclyti,
  Quos vocant Puritannos,
Errabant, fato profugi,
  Per menses et per annos.
Ad littus ubi ventum est,
  Spernentes egestatem
Condebant, opus maximum,
  Hanc Universitatem.
CHORUS. Nunc rite, &c.

Hic hodie conveniunt
  Novissimi nepotes,
Et senes cum juvenibus,
  Et pii sacerdotes.
Prensare manus juvant nunc,
  Post annos, heu, veloces!
Et bene notas, iterum,
  Audire, et dare, voces.
CHORUS. Nunc rite, &c.

Dum fluvii præcipites
  In mare altum tendunt,
Dum imber, nix, et tonitru
  Et nubibus descendunt,
Dum soliti Catalogi
  Triennes imprimantur,
Dum "literis Italicis
  Pastores exarantur,"—
CHORUS. Nunc rite, &c.

Dum artibus ingenuis
  Tyrones imbuuntur,
Dum fides, dumque probitas,
  In laudibus feruntur;
Cantanda semper omnibus,
  Dum vox, et aura, datur,
Vigescat, atque valeat,
  Insignis Alma Mater!

IN MOMENTS OF JOY.

BY C. C. F.

1 In moments of joy, when the spirits are flowing,
  How Memory delights to wander away;
And fancy to paint in colors life-glowing,
  The bright hours of bliss that enlivened our day.

2 But where are they now? they come o'er the soul,
  With a soft tinge of sorrow in beauty combined;
And the memory of friends gives a charm to the whole,
  That spells with enchantment the deep-feeling mind.

3 The gay tones of mirth full quickly are fled,
  For a pleasure more solemn and deeper by far;
The pleasing communion with scenes that are sped,
  With nothing of earth for a season may mar.

4 The spirits of those whom we loved in their lives,
  From heaven's bright dwelling in radiance descend;
The victim of death in glory revives,
  A short moment we list to the voice of a friend.

5 The sorrows of earth for a time are forgot,
  Amid the pure rapture of hours like these;
And the grief and the care that belong to our lot
  Die softly away in calmness and peace.

NOTE.—Many other songs popular at Harvard, will be found among the Miscellaneous Songs of this collection. See Index

SONGS OF YALE.

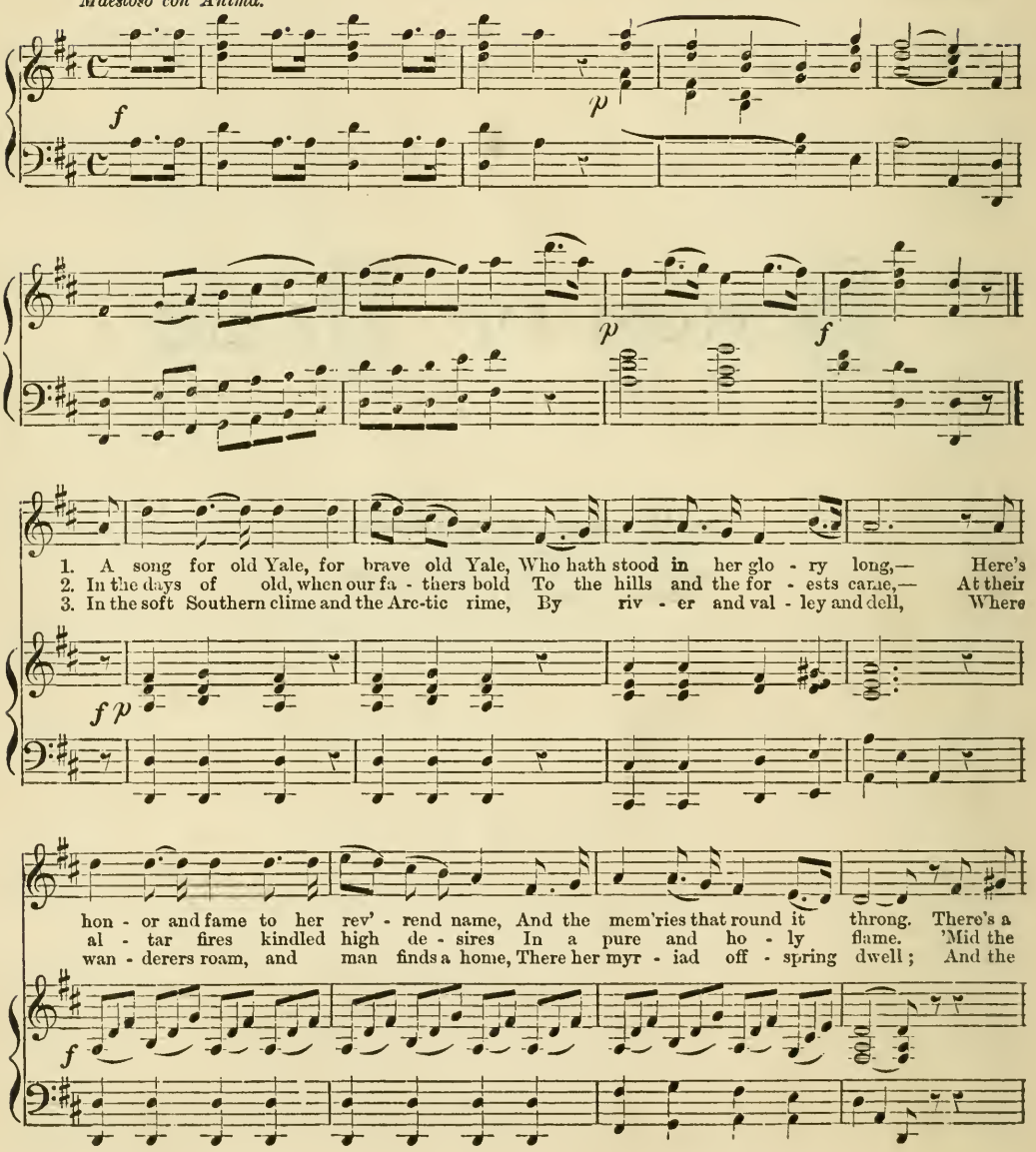
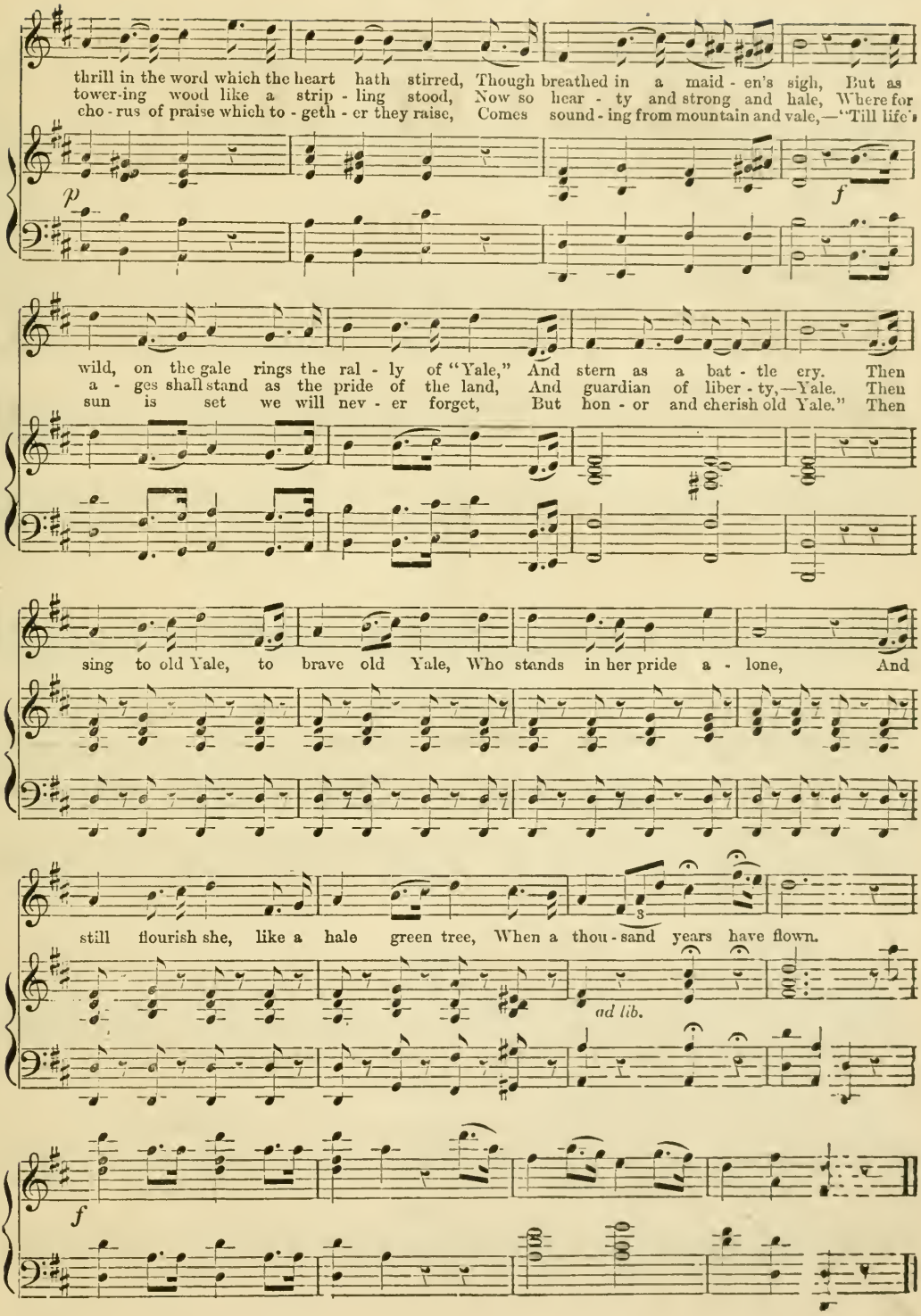
"And long may the song, the joyous song,
Roll on in the hours before us;
And grand and hale may the elms of Yale,
For many a year bend o'er us."

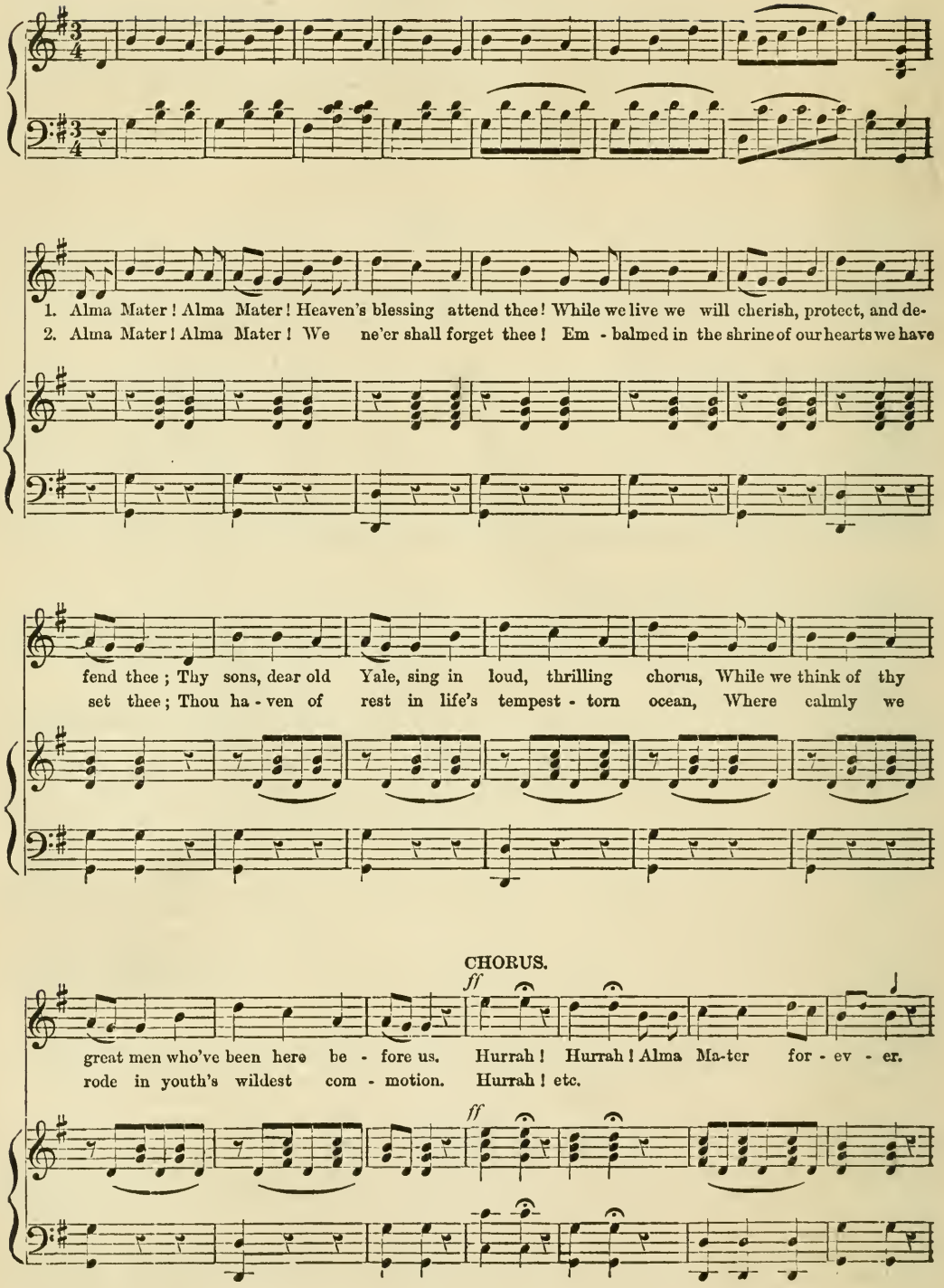
SONGS OF YALE.

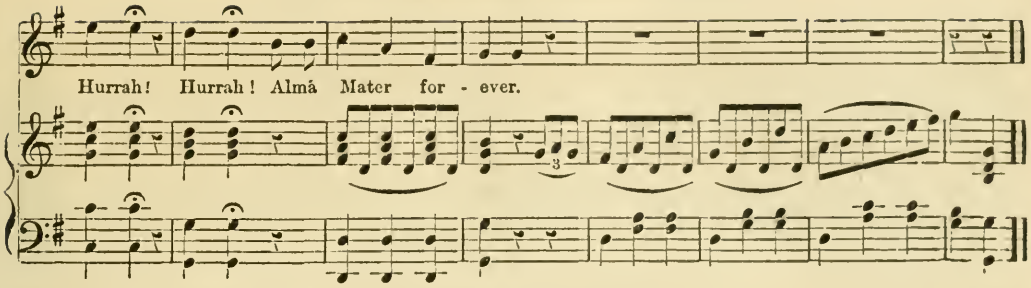
OLD YALE.

WORDS BY J. K. LOMBARD, '54.

Maestoso con Anima.


f
p
p
f
1. A song for old Yale, for brave old Yale, Who hath stood in her glo - ry long,— Here's
2. In the days of old, when our fa - thers bold To the hills and the for - ests came,— At their
3. In the soft Southern clime and the Arc-tic rime, By riv - er and val - ley and dell, Where
f p
hon - or and fame to her rev' - rend name, And the mem'ries that round it throng. There's a
al - tar fires kindled high de - sires In a pure and ho - ly flame. 'Mid the
wan - derers roam, and man finds a home, There her myr - iad off - spring dwell; And the
f

thrill in the word which the heart hath stirred, Though breathed in a maid - en's sigh, But as
tower-ing wood like a strip - ling stood, Now so hear - ty and strong and hale, Where for
cho - rus of praise which to - geth - er they raise, Comes sound - ing from mountain and vale,—"Till life's
p
f
wild, on the gale rings the ral - ly of "Yale," And stern as a bat - tle ery. Then
a - ges shall stand as the pride of the land, And guardian of liber - ty,—Yale. Then
sun is set we will nev - er forget, But hon - or and cherish old Yale." Then
sing to old Yale, to brave old Yale, Who stands in her pride a - lone, And
still flourish she, like a hale green tree, When a thou - sand years have flown.
3
ad lib.
f

ALMA MATER.

1. Alma Mater! Alma Mater! Heaven's blessing attend thee! While we live we will cherish, protect, and de-
2. Alma Mater! Alma Mater! We ne'er shall forget thee! Em - balmed in the shrine of our hearts we have
fend thee; Thy sons, dear old Yale, sing in loud, thrilling chorus, While we think of thy
set thee; Thou ha - ven of rest in life's tempest - torn ocean, Where calmly we
CHORUS.
ff
great men who've been here be - fore us. Hurrah! Hurrah! Alma Ma-ter for - ev - er.
rode in youth's wildest com - motion. Hurrah! etc.
ff



1 Alma Mater! Alma Mater! watch o'er our last parting,
Wipe away those sad tears that too soon may be starting;
Whisper thou o'er our doubts, "Duty calls you, be brave,
Truth's soldiers are fainting; go, succor and save.
Be brave—be true—your country will love you,
Be right,—your might in God above you."

4 Alma Mater! Alma Mater! we'll bring to thy shrine,
Our first fruits of Fame, let the offering be thine;
You trained our young minds, and you taught us to think,
From thy classic fountains, rich draughts did we drink.
Hurrah! etc.

5 Alma Mater! Alma Mater! ere we visit thee more,
These elms may be falling, all moss-covered o'er;
Yet we'll tread thy old halls, though with ag'd footfall creeping,
Their echoes shall wake joys that only were sleeping.
Hurrah! etc.

AUDACIA.

TUNE—"CRAMBAMBULI." C. G. CAMP '49

1 Audacia, this is the title
Of that good trait we love the best;
It is the means which proves most vital,
When evil fortunes us molest;
Against all troubles, near and far,
I seek thy aid—Audacia.

2 Go I into the recitation,
Most like some urching cavalier;
I banish doubt and hesitation,
And meet all boring with a sneer!
I vex the tutor, ha! ha! ha!
And plague him with—Audacia.

3 And am I pleased with rosy slumber,
Or have I business of my own,
Excuses rise—a countless number,
Which for the absence may atone;
I make a cold, or sad catarrh,
Present it with—Audacia.

4 Did I possess the lofty station
Of our dear Prex., so good and bright,
On sheep-skins at the graduation,
This motto would I ever write:
"Vobiscum pertinacia
Uti semper audacia."

5 Do parents send a solemn letter
Made wiser by the Faculty,
And gravely speak of actions better,
Of virtue, laws, and piety?
How dutiful I write my ma
Right filial with—Audacia.

6 But do not think our life is aimless;
Oh no, we crave one blessed boon;
It is the prize of value nameless,
The honored, classic Wooden Spoon·
But give us this, we'll shout hurrah!
Oh, nothing like—Audacia.

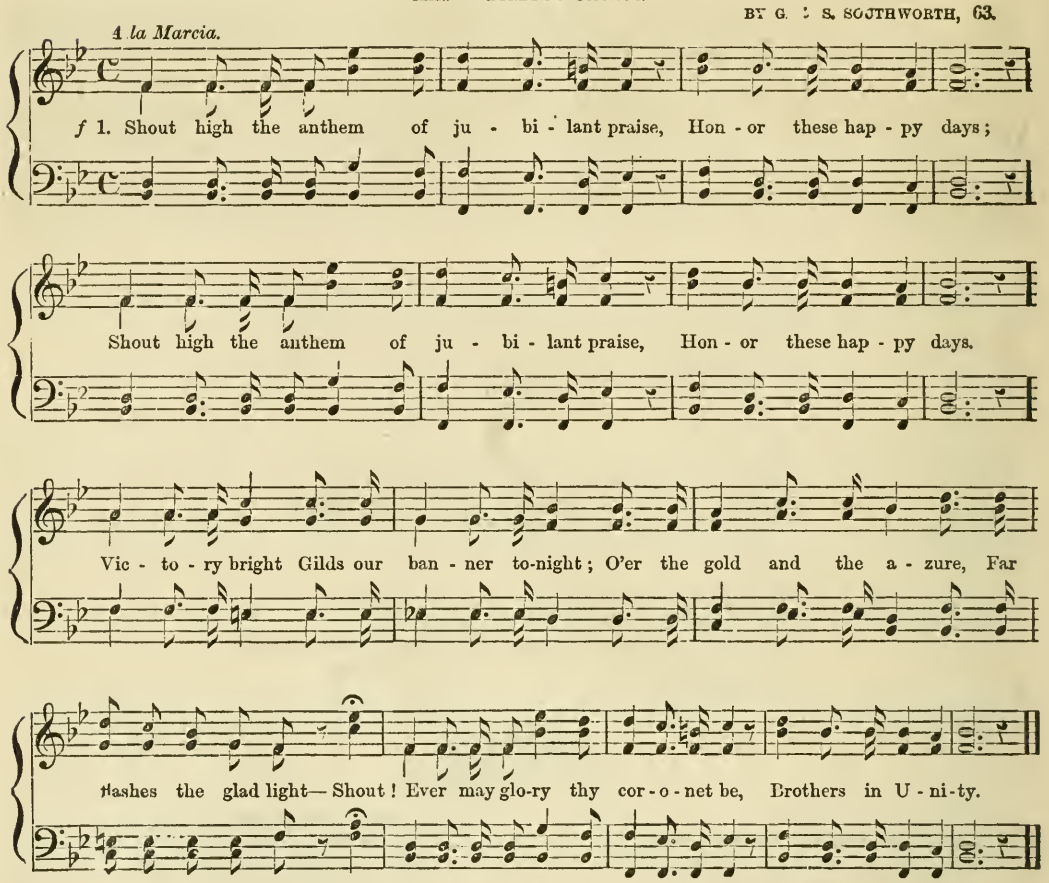
7 Ye plodders dull in all the classes,
Your sad condition we deplore;
In knowledge's road ye are but asses,
While we our ponies ride before;
Ho! clear the track and flee afar,
Make way for bold Audacia.

8 Audacia! it still shall bear me
Along the rugged path of life;
For every scene it shall prepare me·
At least, it must procure a wife;
Then onward to life's earnest war,
Lead on the charge—Audacia.

SHOUT HIGH THE ANTHEM.

AIR.—"PIRATE'S CHORUS."

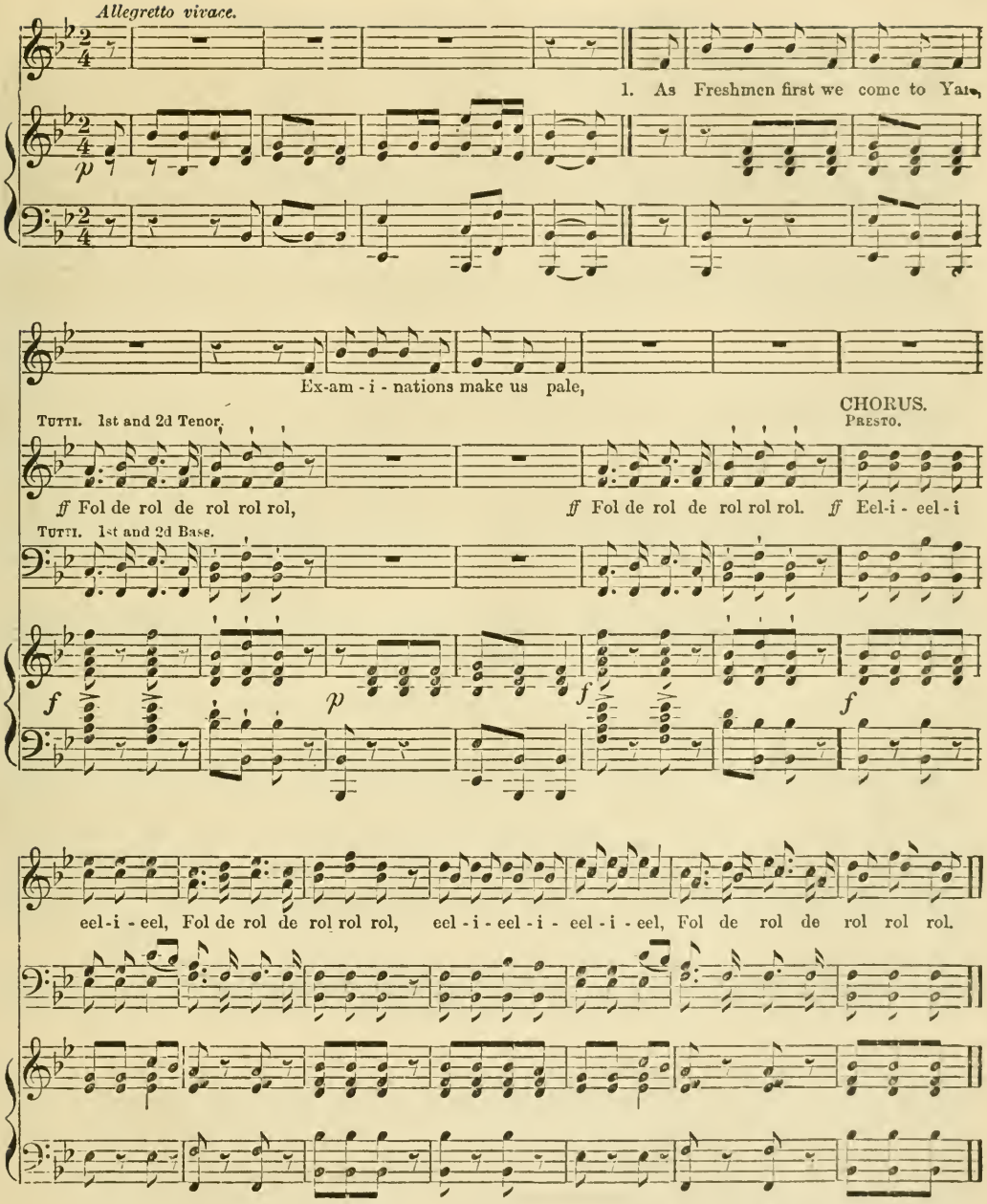
BY G. [illegible] S. SOUTHWORTH, 63.


A la Marcia.
f 1. Shout high the anthem of ju - bi - lant praise, Hon - or these hap - py days;
Shout high the anthem of ju - bi - lant praise, Hon - or these hap - py days.
Vic - to - ry bright Gilds our ban - ner to-night; O'er the gold and the a - zure, Far
flashes the glad light— Shout! Ever may glo-ry thy cor - o - net be, Brothers in U - ni-ty.

2 Gentle and sacred the covenant tie,
Binding our hearts for aye;
Altars above
Waft their incense of love,
On soft pinions of pleasure,
Wherever we may rove,— Shout!
Ever may glory thy coronet be,
Brothers in Unity.

3 Pledged by this altar our holiest shrine,
Girded with love divine;
Pealing our cry,
Of the battle, on high,
On, onward press proudly,
To conquer or die,— Shout!
Ever may glory thy coronet be,
Brothers in Unity.

I-EEL.*


Allegretto vivace.
1. As Freshmen first we come to Yale,
Ex-am - i - nations make us pale,
CHORUS.
PRESTO.
TUTTI. 1st and 2d Tenor,
ff Fol de rol de rol rol rol,
ff Fol de rol de rol rol rol.
ff Eel-i - eel-i
TUTTI. 1st and 2d Bass.
eel-i - eel, Fol de rol de rol rol rol, eel - i - eel - i - eel - i - eel, Fol de rol de rol rol rol.

2 As Sophomores we have a task ;
'Tis best performed with torch and mask.

3 In Junior year we take our ease,
We smoke our pipes, and sing our glees.

4 In Senior year we act our parts,
In making love, and winning hearts.

5 And then into the world we come ;
We've made good friends, and studied some.

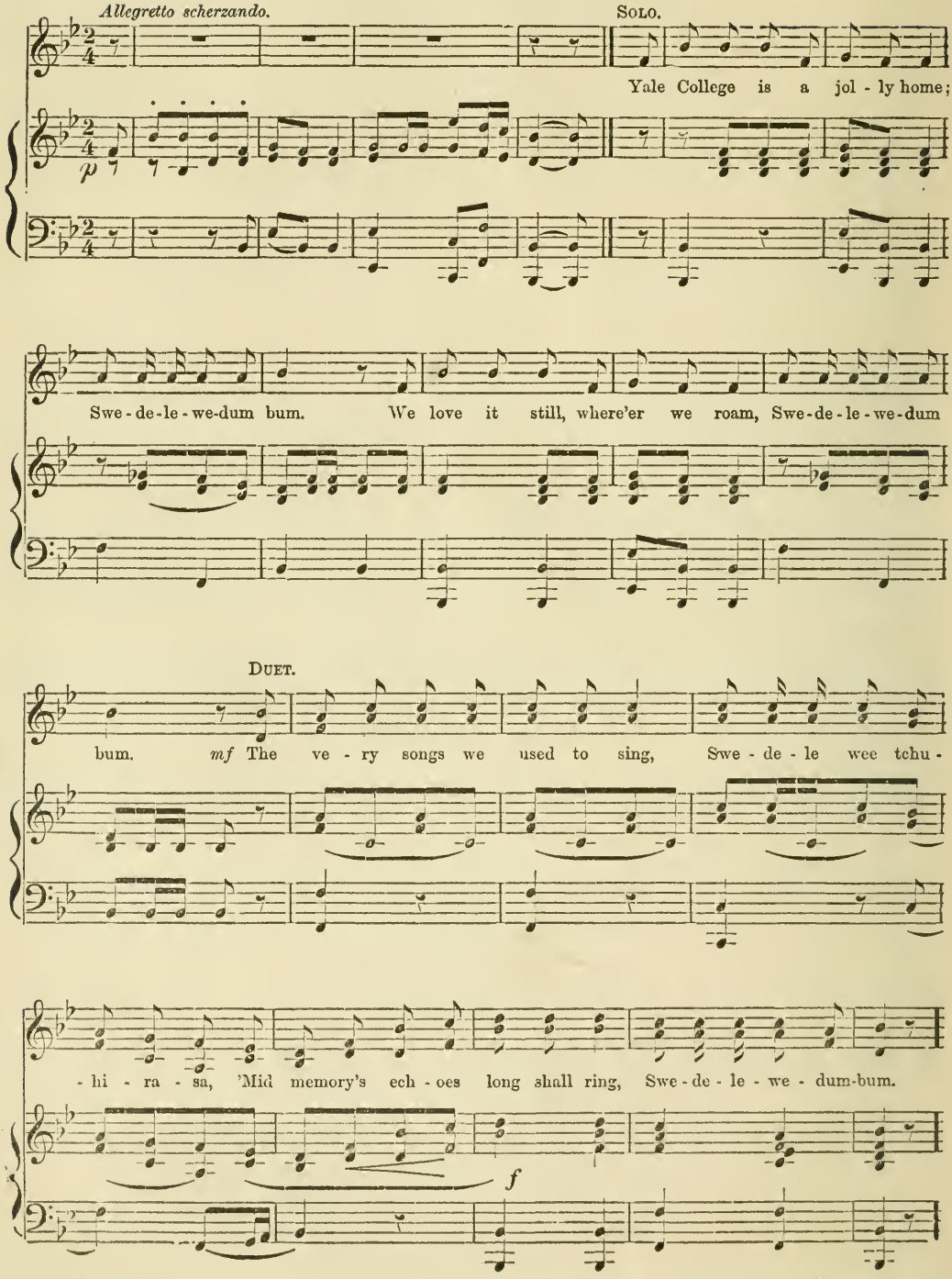
Adagio. 6 The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid our friends farewell.

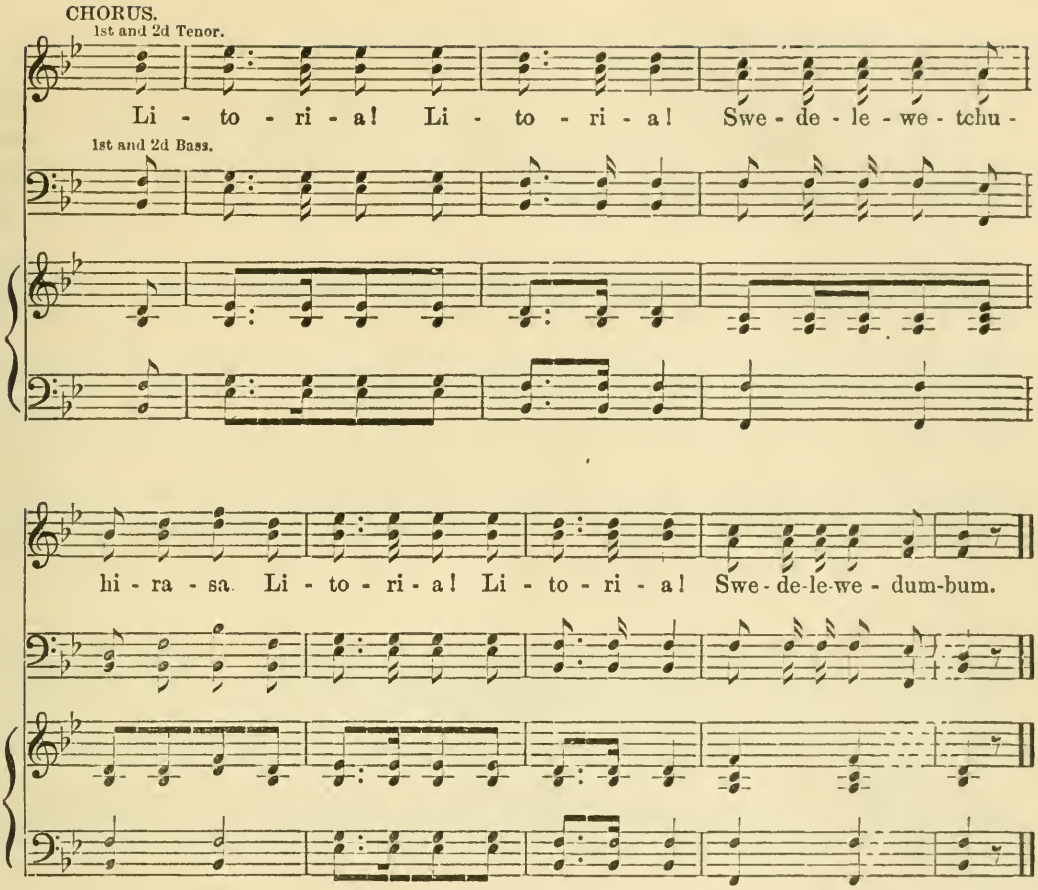
a tempo. 7 And till the sun and moon shall pale,
We'll love and reverence Mother Yale.

* A modified version of LITORIA. "Eel-i-eel" is an abbreviation of Elihu, the refrain being in honor of ELIHU YALE, the founder of the College.

LITORIA.

ARRANGED AS A SOLO, DUET AND CHORUS.


Allegretto scherzando.
SOLO.
Yale College is a jol - ly home;
p
Swe - de - le - we - dum bum. We love it still, where'er we roam, Swe - de - le - we - dum
DUET.
bum. mf The ve - ry songs we used to sing, Swe - de - le wee tchu -
- hi - ra - sa, 'Mid memory's ech - oes long shall ring, Swe - de - le - we - dum - bum.
f



2

As Freshmen first we come to Yale,
Examinations make us pale;
But when we reach our Senior year,
Of such things we have lost our fear.
CHORUS.

3

As Sophomores we have a task—
'Tis best performed by torch and mask;
For Euclid dead the students weep,
And bury him, while Tutors sleep.
CHORUS.

4

In Junior year we take our ease,—
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees;
When College life begins to swoon,
It drinks new life from the Wooden Spoon
CHORUS.

In Senior year we act our parts
In making love, and winning hearts
The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid our friends farewell
CHORUS.

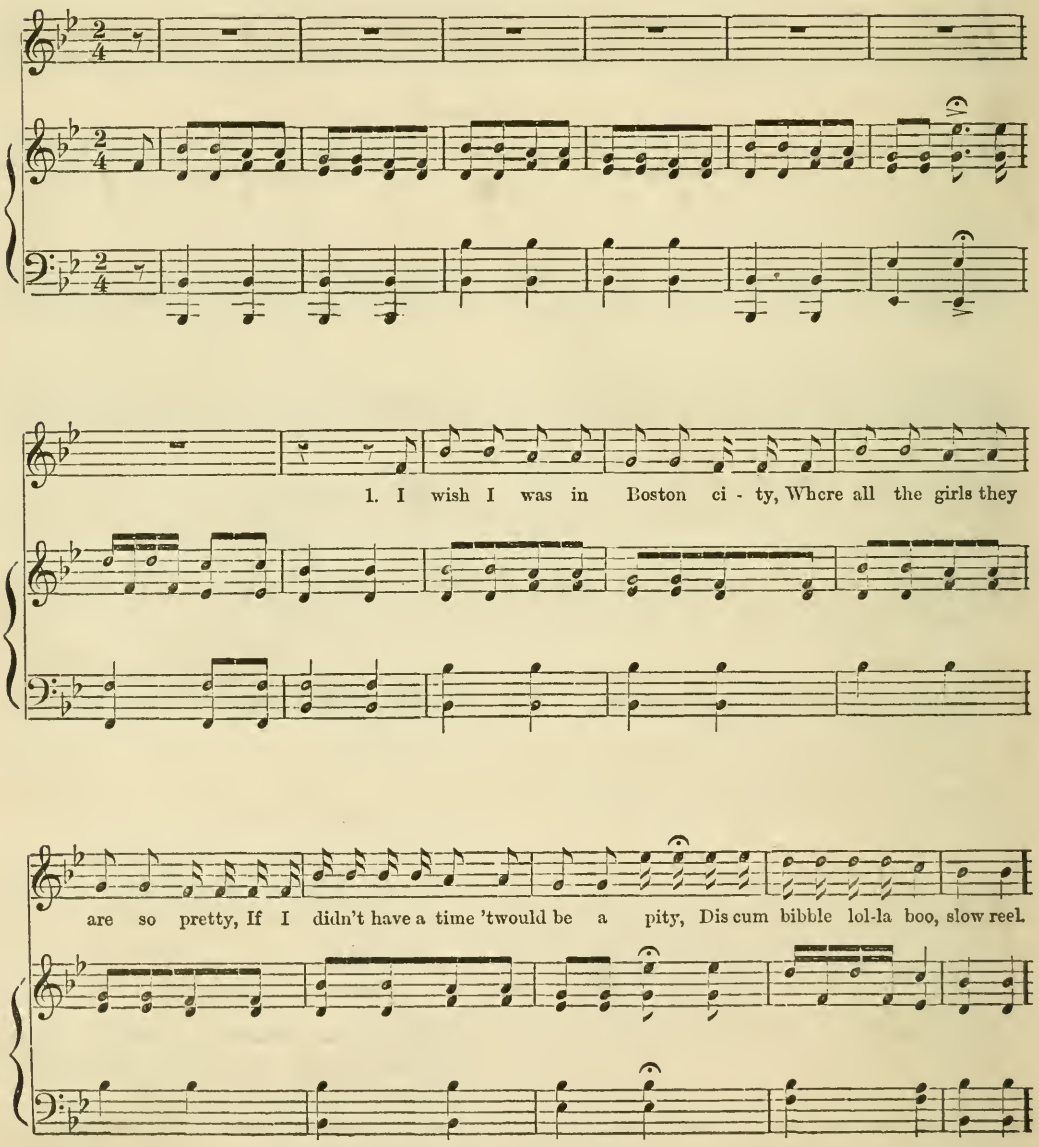
6

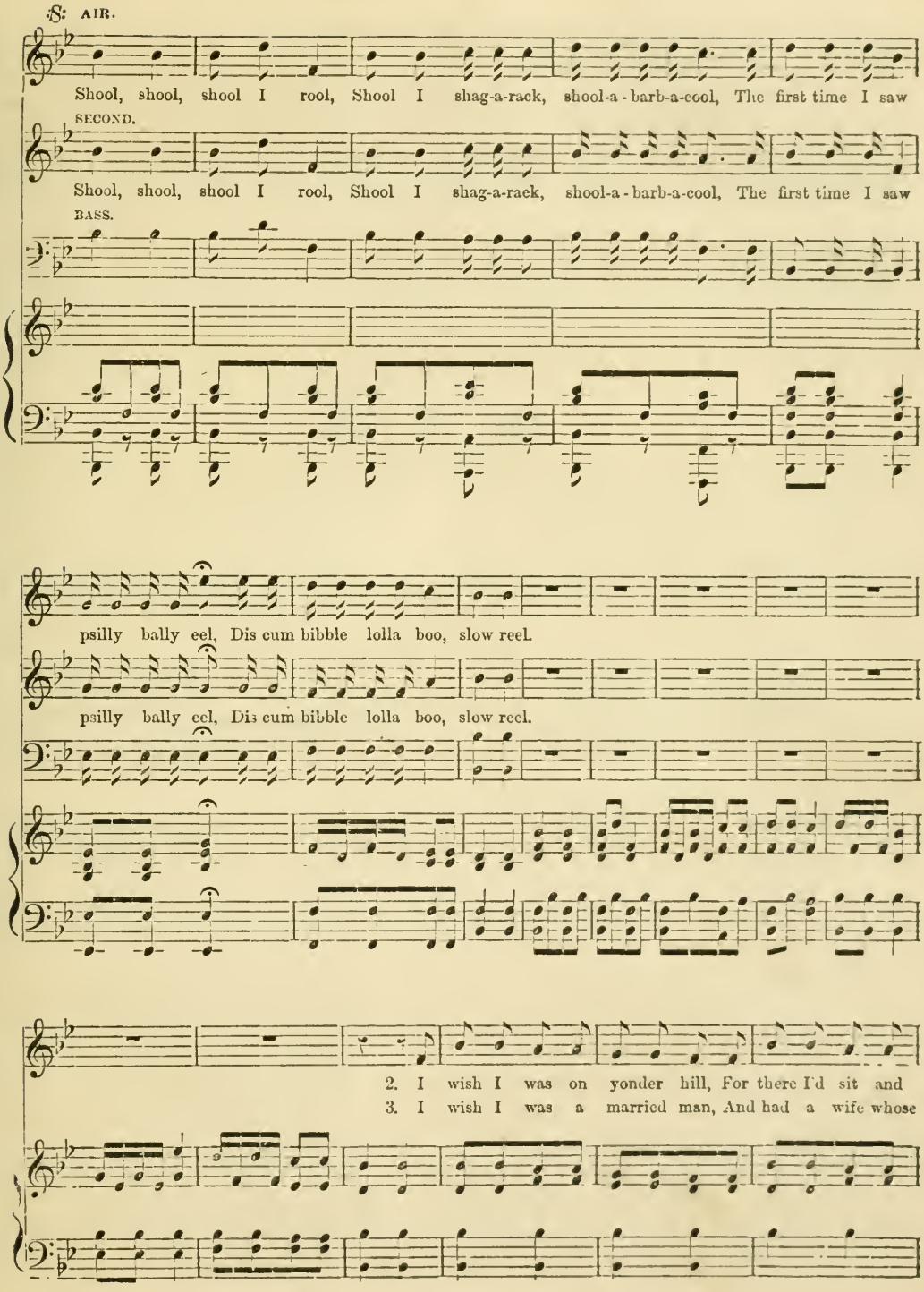
And then into the world we come,
We've made good friends, and studied some
And till the sun and moon shall pale,
We'll love and reverence mother Yale.
CHORUS.

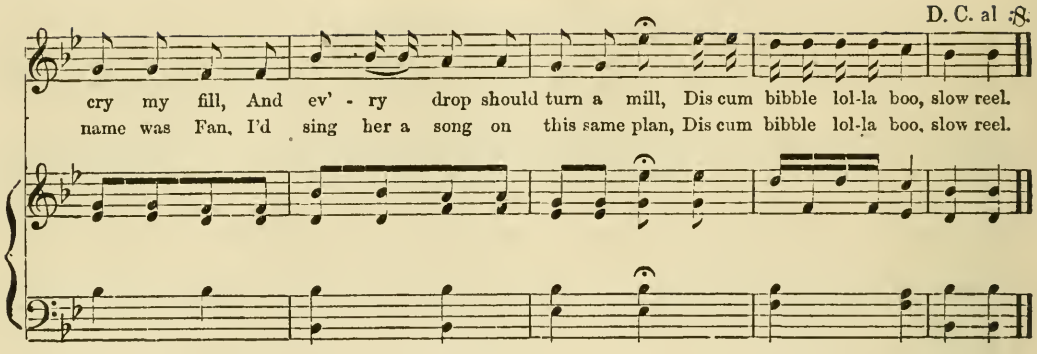
"SHOOL."

AN AMERICAN STUDENT-SONG:

As sung at Yale College: a kind of *nonsense-song*—the words being somewhat of the same classic quality as the melodies of the immortal Mother Goose—the outbreak of sheer exuberance of spirits; when the student feels that he has been wise long enough, and is determined to *let-up* and be foolish for a while, just for the variety of the thing. The music will be found to go of itself.


1. I wish I was in Boston ci - ty, Where all the girls they
are so pretty, If I didn't have a time 'twould be a pity, Dis cum bibble lol-la boo, slow reel.


S: AIR.
Shool, shool, shool I rool, Shool I shag-a-rack, shool-a-barb-a-cool, The first time I saw
SECOND.
Shool, shool, shool I rool, Shool I shag-a-raek, shool-a-barb-a-cool, The first time I saw
BASS.
psilly bally eel, Dis cum bibble lolla boo, slow reel.
psilly bally eel, Dis cum bibble lolla boo, slow reel.
2. I wish I was on yonder hill, For there I'd sit and
3. I wish I was a married man, And had a wife whose


D. C. al 8.
cry my fill, And ev' - ry drop should turn a mill, Dis cum bibble lol-la boo, slow reel.
name was Fan, I'd sing her a song on this same plan, Dis cum bibble lol-la boo, slow reel.

TELL ME NOT.

AIR—"*Cocachelunk.*"

1 Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Of long nights of weary toil;
Broken and uneasy slumbers,
And the wasting "midnight oil."

CHORUS

Cocachelunk chelunk chelaly,
Cocachelunk chelunk chela,
Cocachelunk chelunk chelaly,
Hi! O, chickachelunk chela.

2 Tell me not of unshorn whiskers,
Of each gloomy Sophomore,
Contemplating *Sophroniscus*,
Cramming *Euclid* o'er and o'er.
Cocachelunk, etc.

3 Tell me not of old *Alcestis*,
How she carried on of yore;
She forever now at rest is,
Though she was a precious bore.
Cocachelunk, etc.

4 Tell me not of fearful pleasures
In the new Alumni Hall,
How the tutors brought forth treasures,
Hidden till Biennial.
Cocachelunk, etc.

5 For Biennials are fleeting,
And our hearts are stout and brave;
And to-day, together meeting,
Sing we o'er our tyrant's grave.
Cocachelunk, etc.

6 But we did not wander blindly
Through our Latin and our Greek;
Let us think a moment kindly
Of our quadrupeds so sleek.
Cocachelunk, etc

7 Through our labors swift they bore us,
("Bore us," not as tutors do,)
Singing here to-day our chorus,
Think we of our *ponies* too.
Cocachelunk, etc.

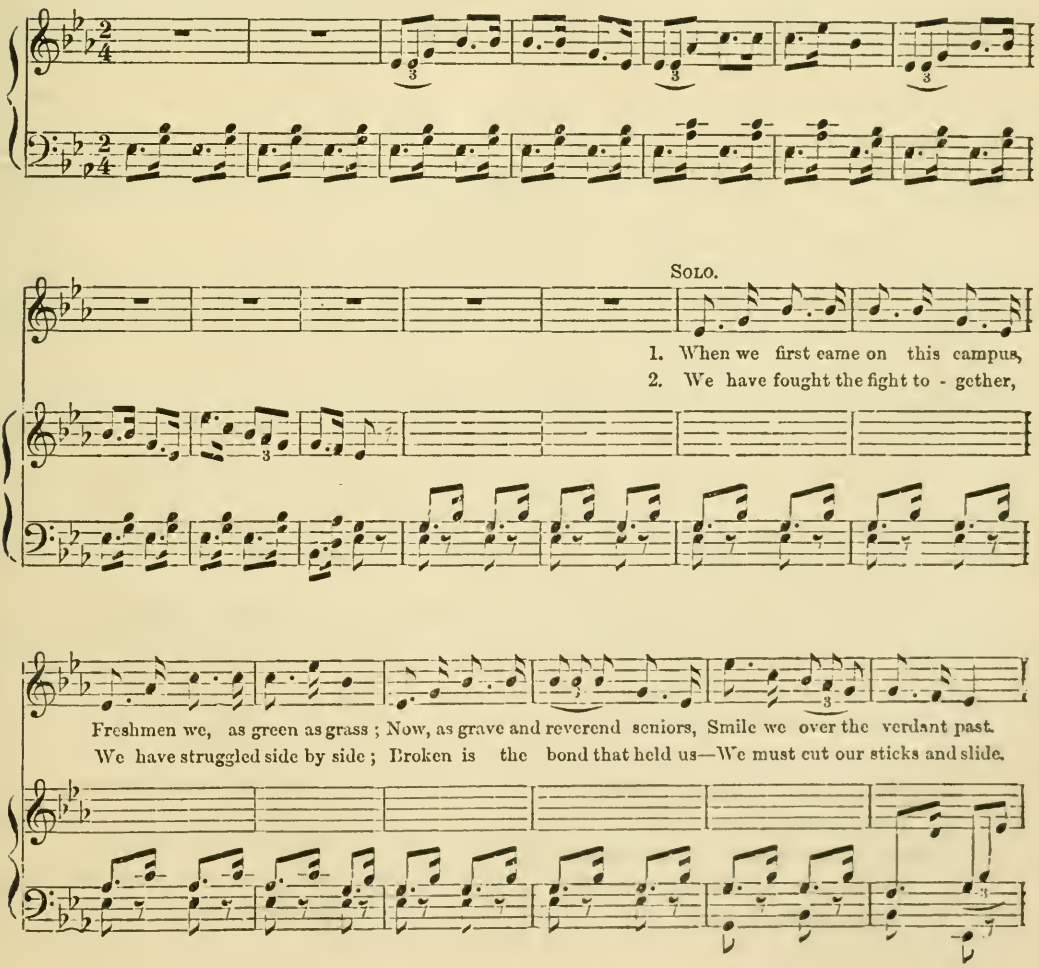
8 But our cramming days are over;
Gone are *Bulbus*, *Euclid*.—all;
If we can, we will recover
From that dread Biennial.
Cocachelunk, etc.

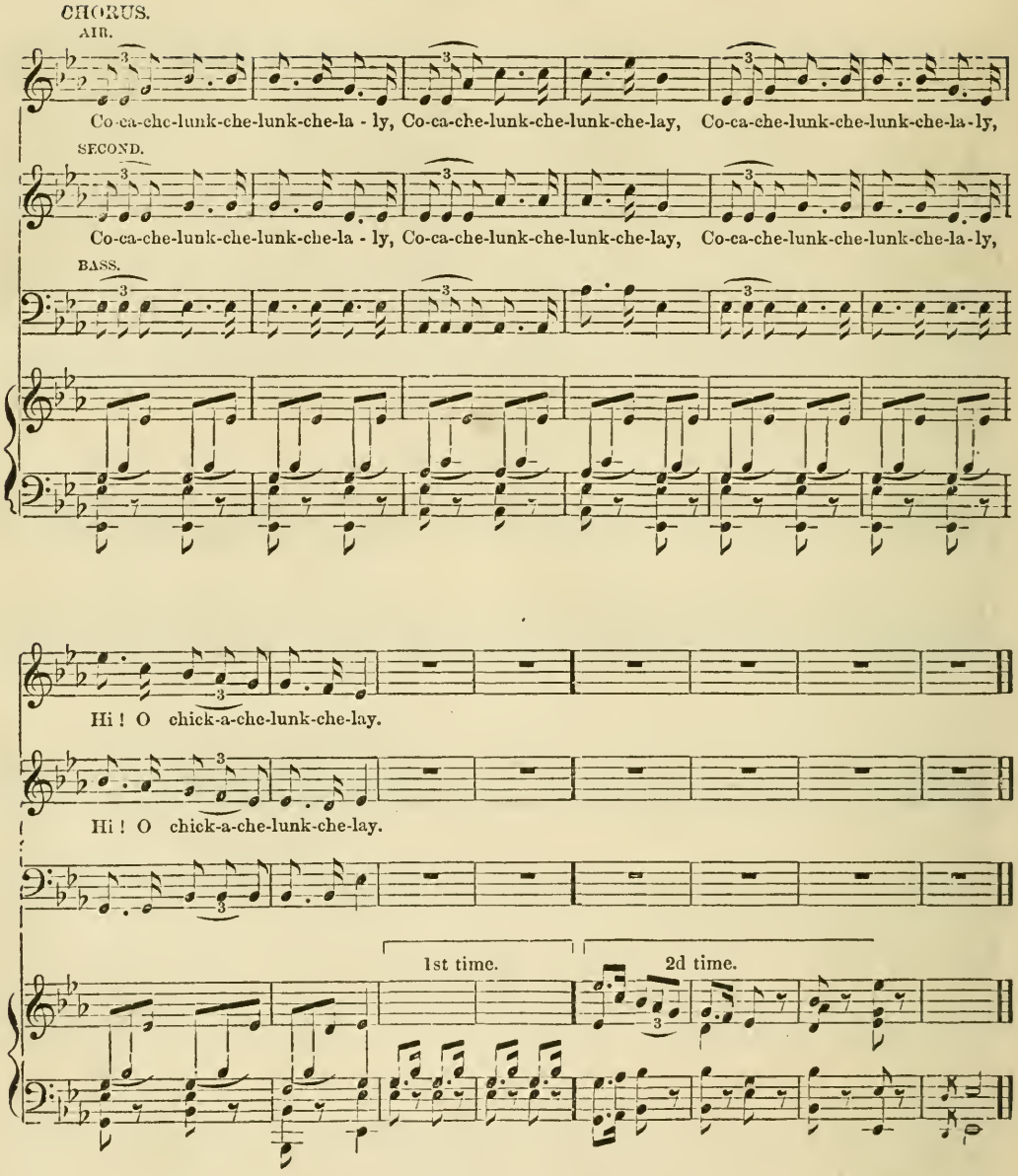
9 Bright the sky is beaming o'er us,
Fresh and Soph'more years are o'er;
Juniors, join in singing chorus,
Sing, "Biennials are a bore!"
Cocachelunk, etc.

CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.

A student song, as sung at Yale College on "Presentation" day; so called from the presentation by the senior tutor of the graduating class to the President, as candidates for graduation. In the morning the class listen to an oration and poem from an orator and poet chosen by themselves: the Faculty thereafter give them a dinner, and, in the afternoon, the class gathers on the college green, where they incontinently have a "good time." When we were a college boy, the *bully-club* used to be "presented" on this occasion to the in-coming senior class. In the earliest history of the college, the same feuds between the students and townsmen used to exist, which to so much less an extent (fortunately) now prevail; and in the furious "actions" that frequently came off, college leaders were necessary. Two fellows were therefore chosen from each class, the stoutest and most active, and the smallest: one was called the "major bully," the other the "minor." Each had his bully-club presented him at the commencement of Freshman year, by the class; but the bully-club, *par excellence*, was a huge, knotty, black customer, captured on some "charge at Balaclava" or other, from the enemy, and held always by the senior bully. In later years the fighting was wisely given over for the most part; the bullies were more the *intellectual* stoutest, than the physical; and finally the Faculty abolished the whole system. The old bully-club mysteriously disappeared. What has become of it? This, we believe, is now a profound college secret.

After dinner, then, the college orchestra, formed of a combination of instruments not known in the instrumental scores of Mozart, play up: and we *used* to execute, *ensemble*, a so-called "stag-dance," the figures of which were equally unknown to the masters of the *Ballet*. Now, we believe, speeches are made, jokes cracked, letters are read from those who have *graduated prematurely*, etc. The stag-dance we executed around the accumulated clay pipes, last smoked in college, which were run upright into the grass; and at the close, all rushed in and trampled them significantly down, as an end to their college smoke. The last act of the seniors is to attend prayers in the college chapel, and take their seats in the gallery as *outsiders;* their former places being then occupied by their successors. The following song is *one* of the things, in the singing of which the seniors have a "good time."


Solo.
1. When we first came on this campus,
2. We have fought the fight to - gether,
Freshmen we, as green as grass; Now, as grave and reverend seniors, Smile we over the verdant past.
We have struggled side by side; Broken is the bond that held us—We must cut our sticks and slide.



3

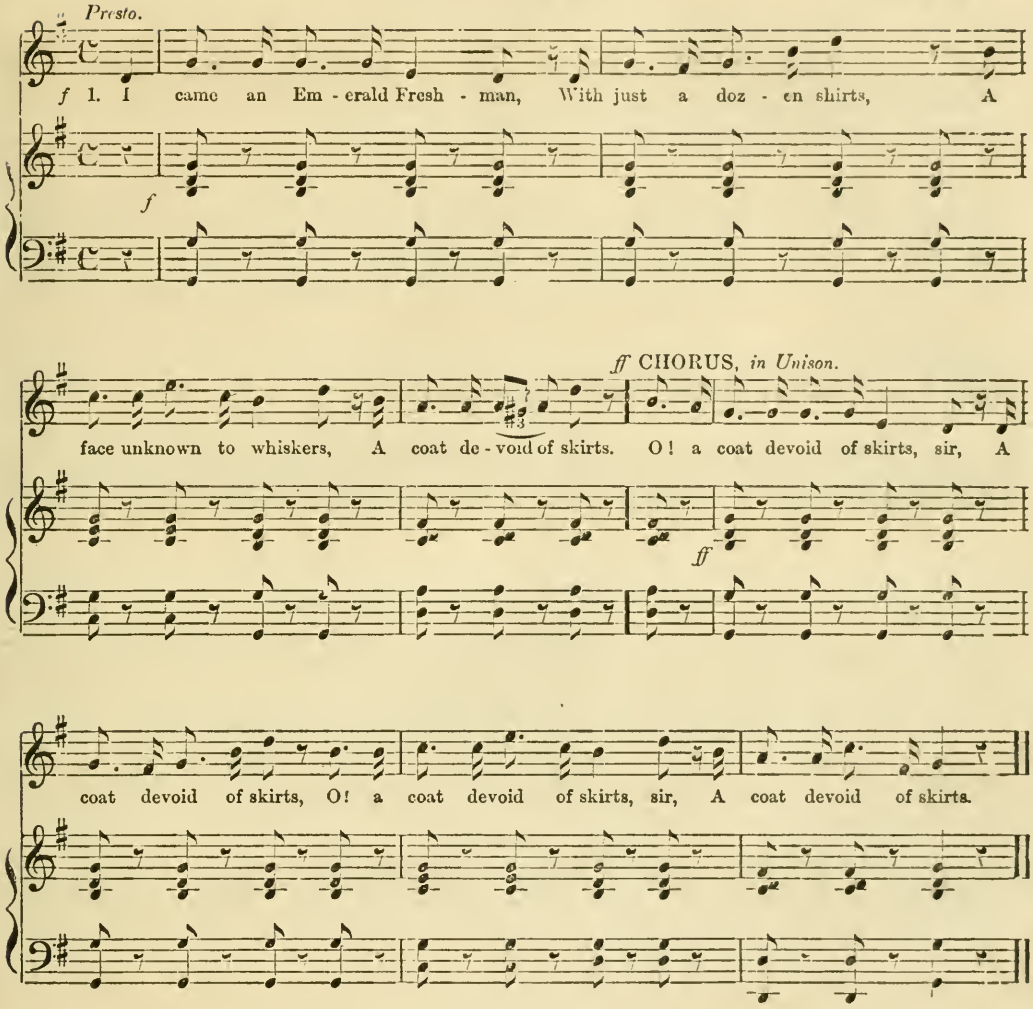
Some will go to Greece or Hartford,
Some to Norwich or to Rome;
Some to Greenland's icy mountains—
More, perhaps, will stay at home.
Cocachelunk, etc.

4

When we come again together,
Vigintennial to pass,
Wives and children all included,—
Won't we be an uproarious class?
Cocachelunk, etc.

I CAME, AN EMERALD FRESHMAN.

AIR.—"*Derby Ram.*" CLASS OF '54.


Presto.
f 1. I came an Em - erald Fresh - man, With just a doz - en shirts, A
face unknown to whiskers, A coat de - void of skirts. O! a coat devoid of skirts, sir, A
ff CHORUS, in Unison.
coat devoid of skirts, O! a coat devoid of skirts, sir, A coat devoid of skirts.

2 On knowledge was I bent, sir,
For learning I did pant;
So, to College I was sent, sir,
To see the Elephant.
O, to see, etc.

3 The animal is "some," sir,
I've scrutinized him through,
From trunk to tip of tail, sir;
I rather think I'll do.
O, I rather, etc.

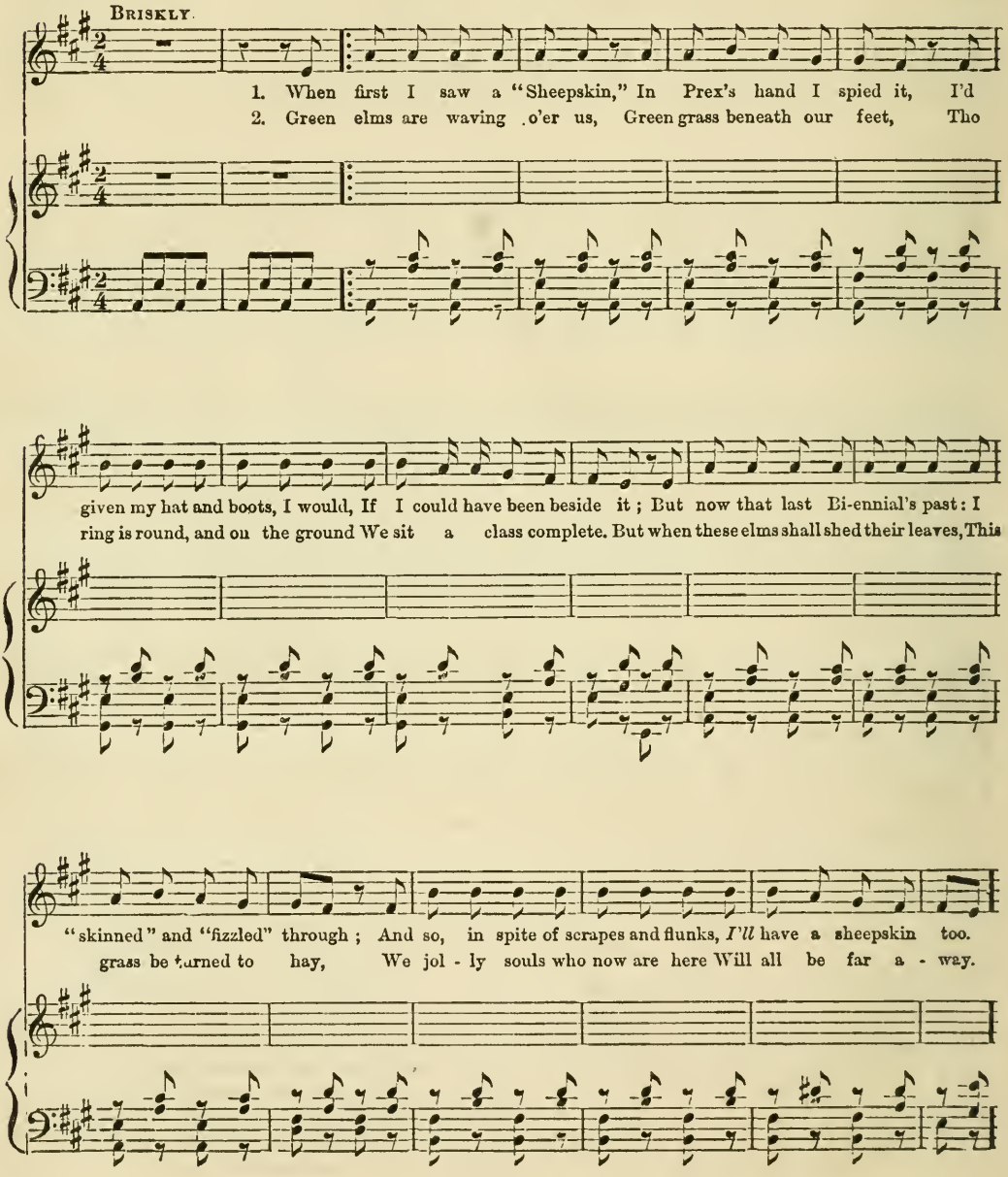
4 O, College is the place, sir,
For jollity and fun;
For four years take your ease, sir,
Repent when you have done.
O, repent, etc

5 But now old Yale, I leave her,
To breast the waves of life;
I'm going to serve my country,
And sport a pretty wife.
O, and sport, etc.

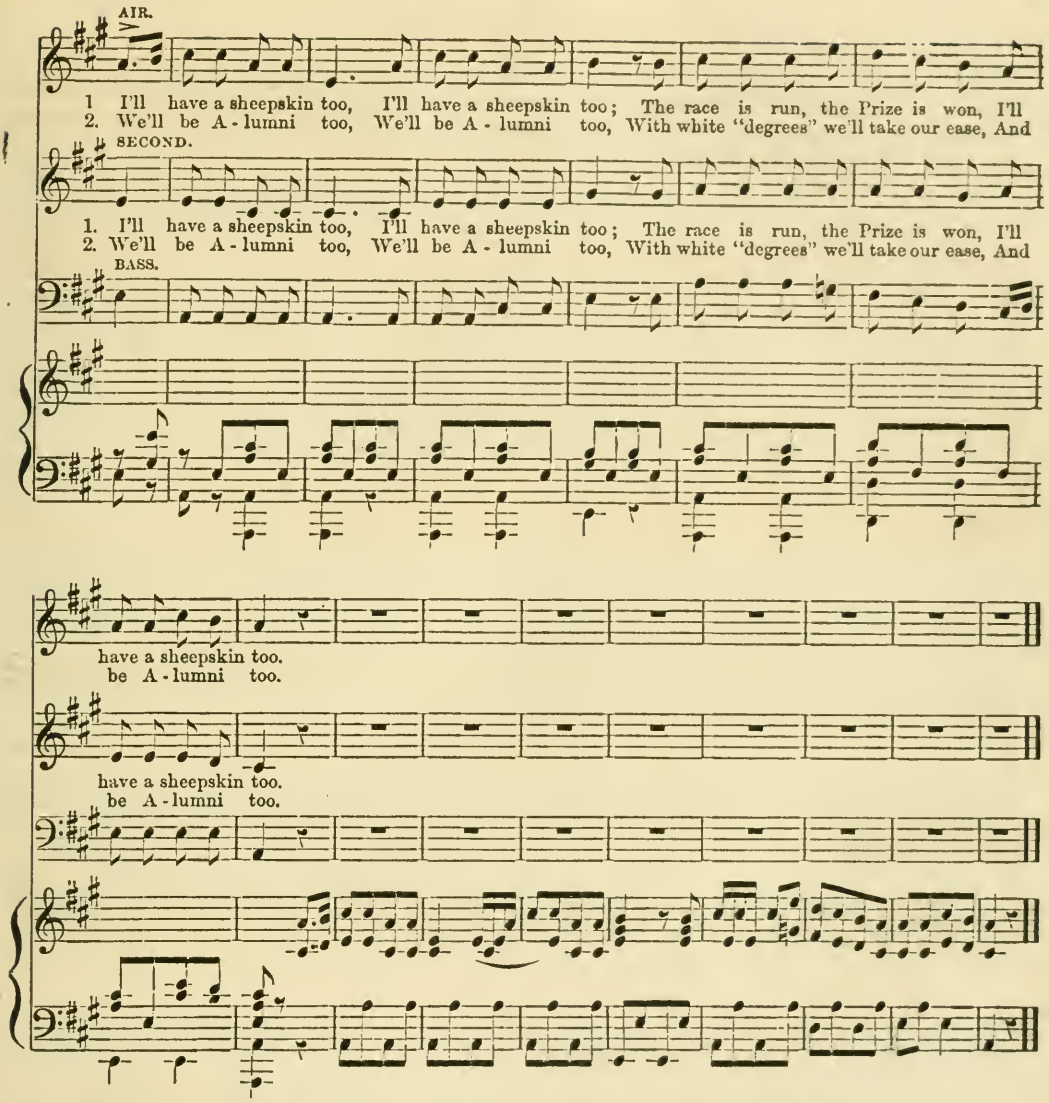
6 When I get into business,
And count my numerous boys,
I'll send them to old Yale, sir,
To taste her bunkum joys.
O, to taste, etc.

THE SHEEP-SKIN.

AN AMERICAN STUDENT-SONG:

As sung at Yale College on "presentation day,"—an occasion described in a former song of this series. To the uninitiated it may, perhaps, be well to say, that "sheepskin" is the *vulgus* for a diploma; and that the *biennial* examination determines the conferring of this diploma by the college faculty.

BRISKLY.
1. When first I saw a "Sheepskin," In Prex's hand I spied it, I'd
2. Green elms are waving o'er us, Green grass beneath our feet, Tho
given my hat and boots, I would, If I could have been beside it; But now that last Bi-ennial's past: I
ring is round, and on the ground We sit a class complete. But when these elms shall shed their leaves, This
"skinned" and "fizzled" through; And so, in spite of scrapes and flunks, *I'll* have a sheepskin too.
grass be turned to hay, We jol - ly souls who now are here Will all be far a - way.

CHORUS.


AIR.
1 I'll have a sheepskin too, I'll have a sheepskin too; The race is run, the Prize is won, I'll
2. We'll be A - lumni too, We'll be A - lumni too, With white "degrees" we'll take our ease, And
SECOND.
1. I'll have a sheepskin too, I'll have a sheepskin too; The race is run, the Prize is won, I'll
2. We'll be A - lumni too, We'll be A - lumni too, With white "degrees" we'll take our ease, And
BASS.
have a sheepskin too.
be A - lumni too.
have a sheepskin too.
be A - lumni too.

3

I tell you what, my classmates,
My mind it is made up;
I'm coming back three years from this,
To take that silver cup.
I'll bring along the "*requisite*,"
A little white-haired lad,
With "bib" and "fixings" all complete,
And I shall be his "dad."
And I shall be his dad,
And I shall be his dad,
And you shall see how this "A.B."
Will look when he's a dad.

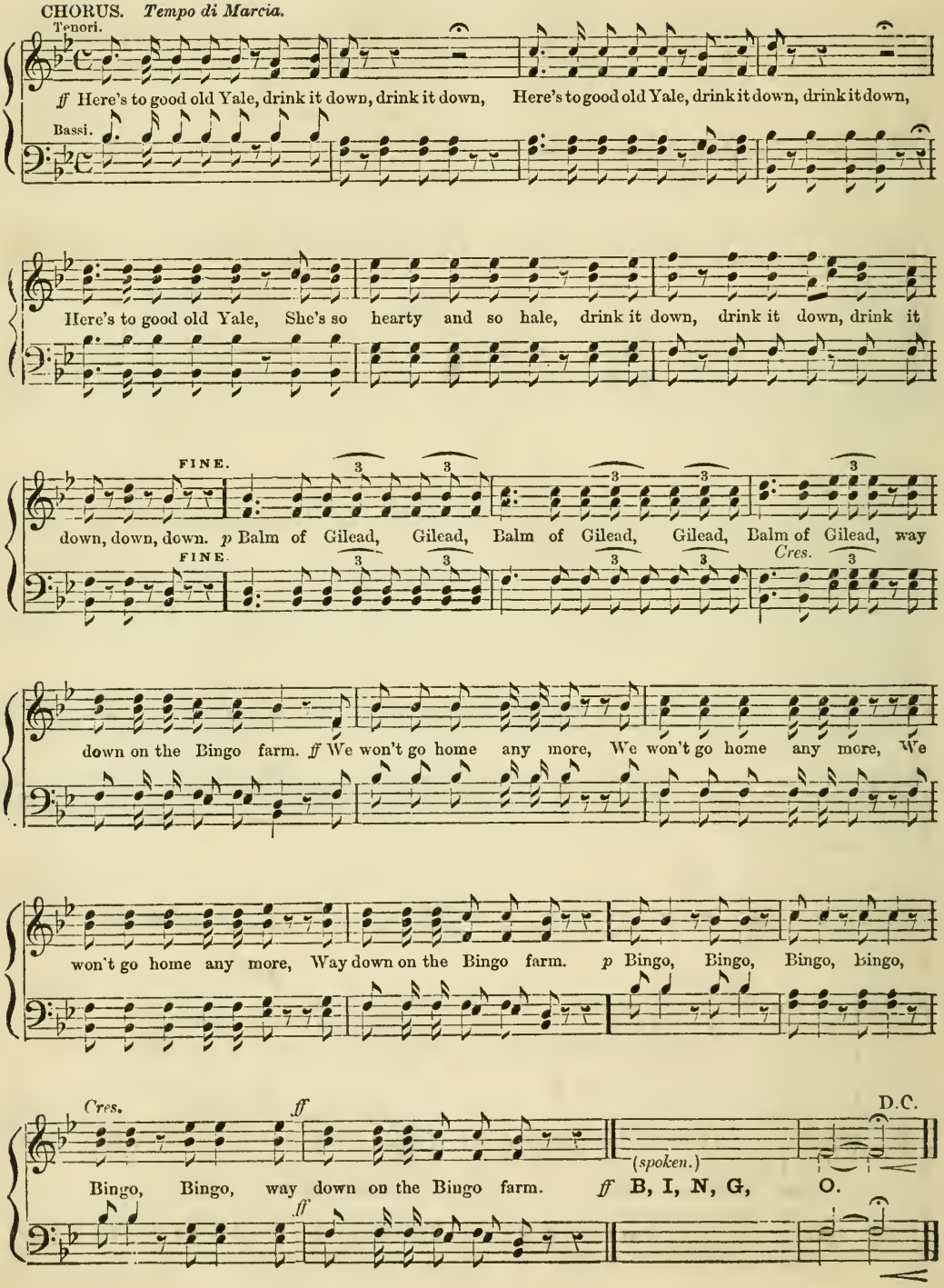
4

Then swell the chorus louder,
And make the old Elms ring!
Remember fellows, one and all,
This is our parting "sing,"
And blow the smoke and music out,
In volume full and strong,
Till old *'Grove Hall,' *'York Square,' and all,
Shall hear our farewell song,
Shall hear our farewell song,
Shall hear our farewell song,
Till old 'Grove Hall,' 'York Square,' and all,
Shall hear our farewell song.

* Young ladies' schools.

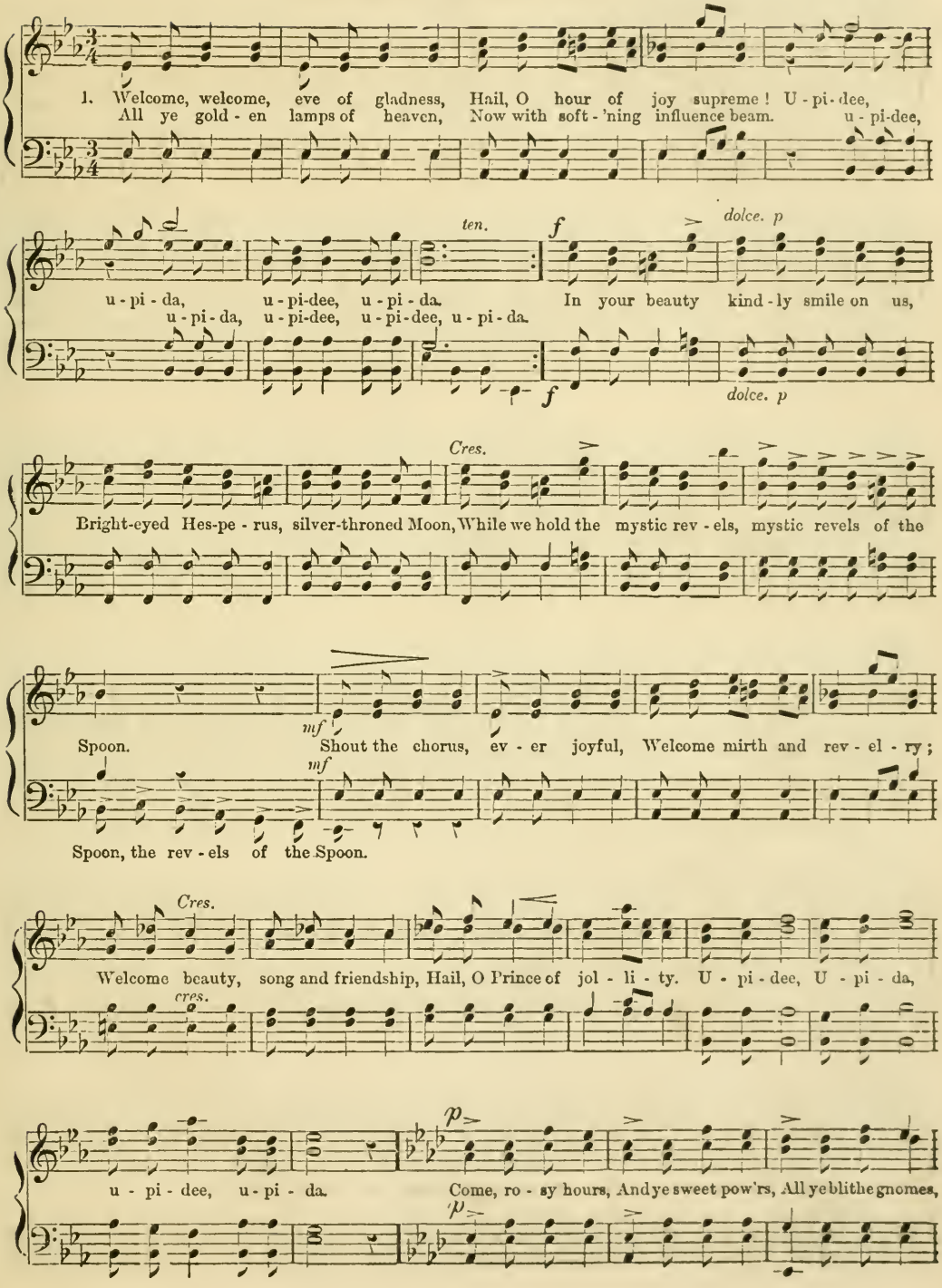
BINGO.

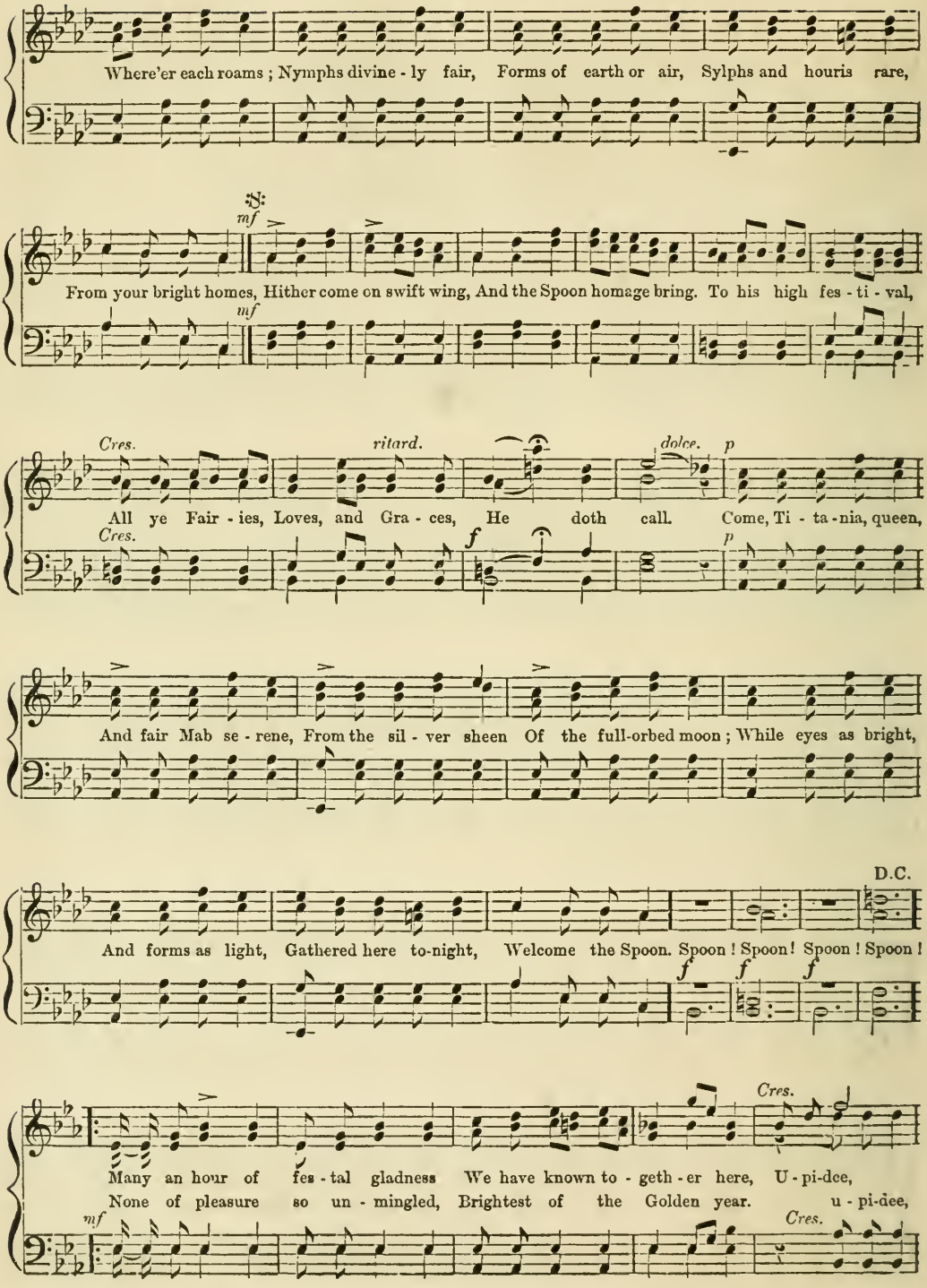
A MARCHING OR STREET SONG.

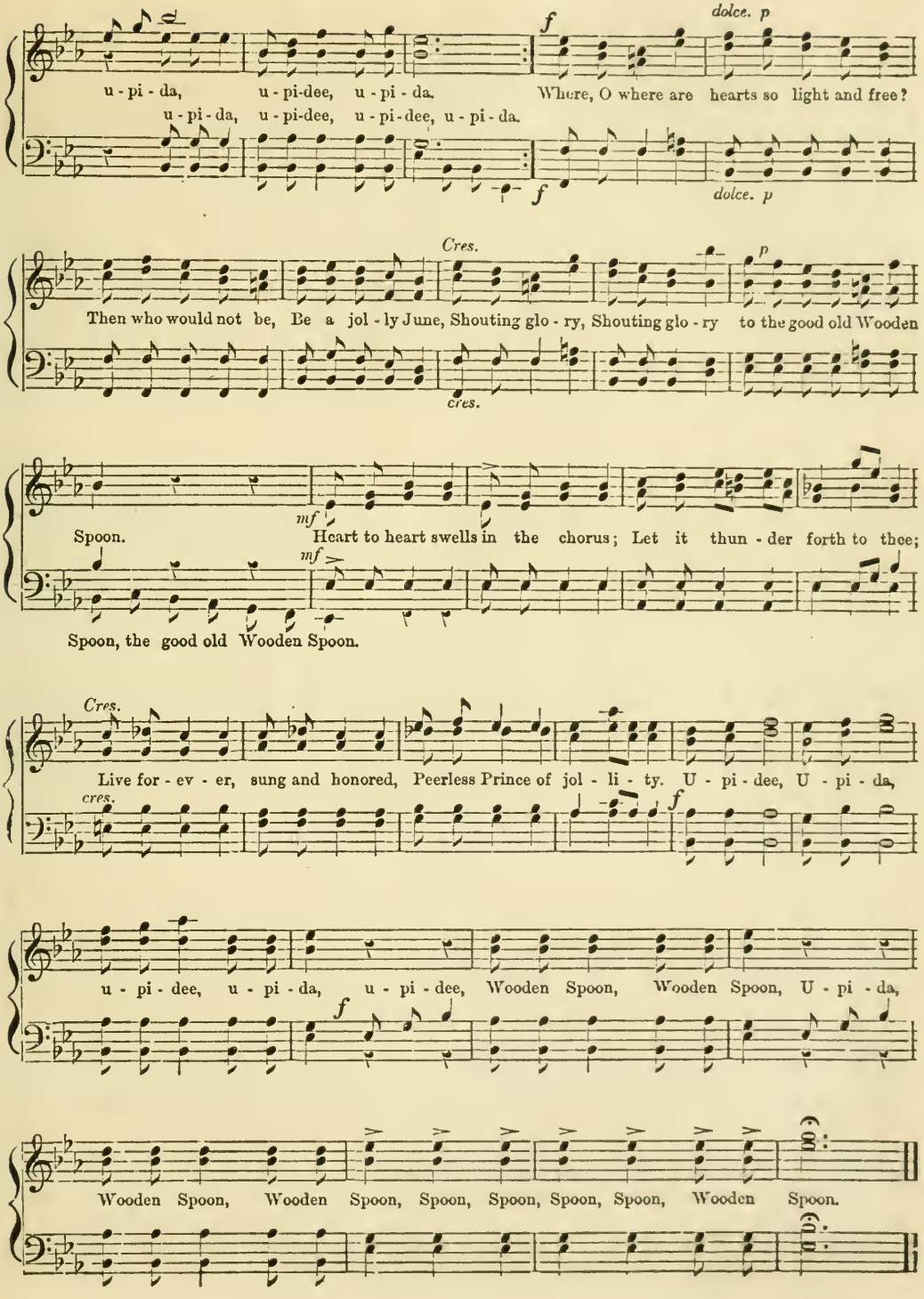

CHORUS. Tempo di Marcia.
Tenori.
ff Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down, Here's to good old Yale, drink it down, drink it down,
Bassi.
Here's to good old Yale, She's so hearty and so hale, drink it down, drink it down, drink it
FINE.
down, down, down. p Balm of Gilead, Gilead, Balm of Gilead, Gilead, Balm of Gilead, way
FINE.
Cres.
down on the Bingo farm. ff We won't go home any more, We won't go home any more, We
won't go home any more, Way down on the Bingo farm. p Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo,
Cres.
ff
D.C.
Bingo, Bingo, way down on the Bingo farm.
(spoken.)
ff B, I, N, G, O.
ff

SONG OF THE SPOON.

WORDS BY P. B. PORTER, '07.

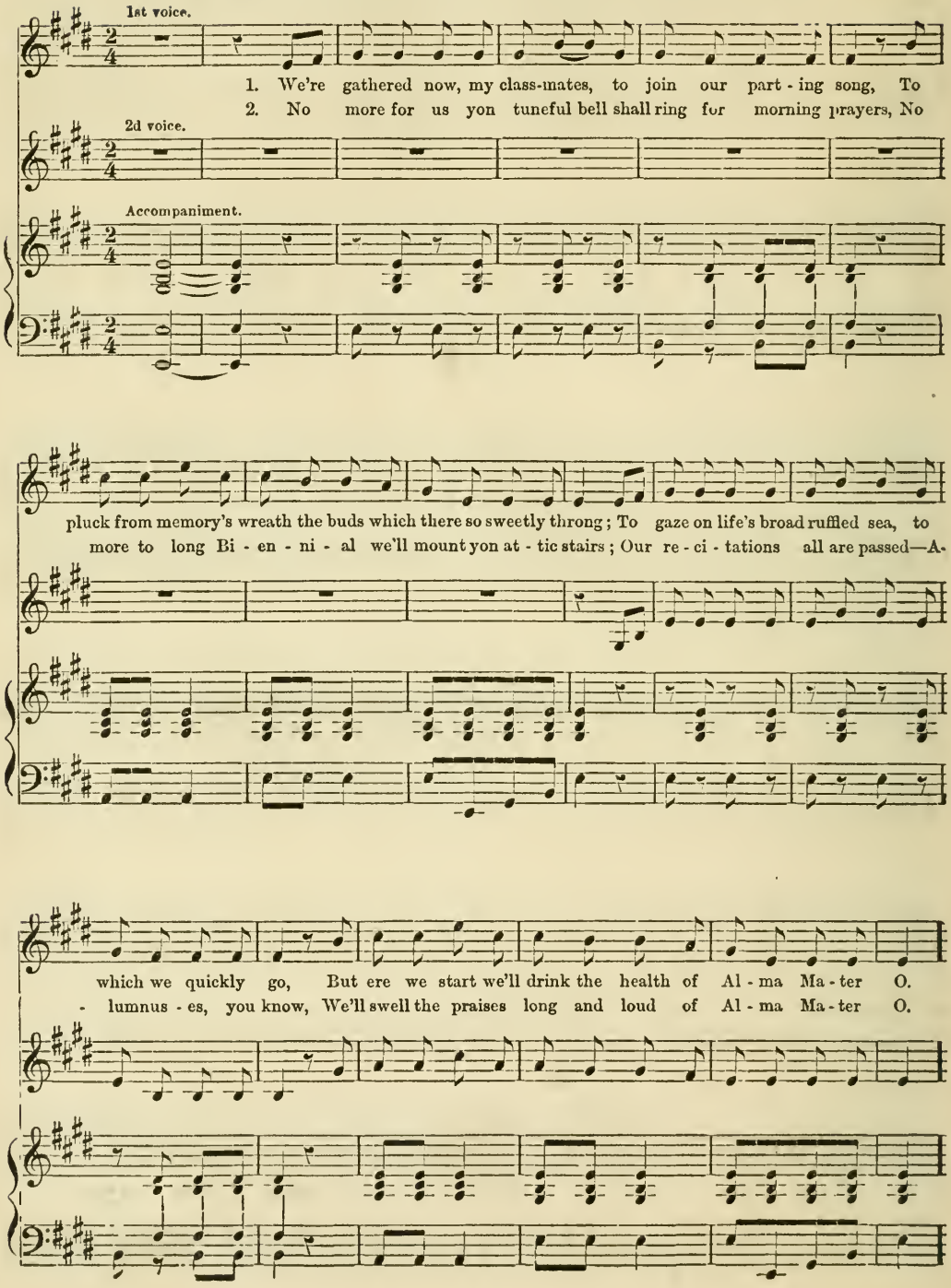

1. Welcome, welcome, eve of gladness, Hail, O hour of joy supreme! U - pi - dee,
All ye gold - en lamps of heaven, Now with soft - 'ning influence beam. u - pi-dee,
ten.
f
dolce. p
u - pi - da, u - pi-dee, u - pi - da. In your beauty kind - ly smile on us,
u - pi - da, u - pi-dee, u - pi - dee, u - pi - da.
f
dolce. p
Cres.
Bright-eyed Hes-pe - rus, silver-throned Moon, While we hold the mystic rev - els, mystic revels of the
mf
Spoon. Shout the chorus, ev - er joyful, Welcome mirth and rev - el - ry;
mf
Spoon, the rev - els of the Spoon.
Cres.
Welcome beauty, song and friendship, Hail, O Prince of jol - li - ty. U - pi - dee, U - pi - da,
cres.
p
u - pi - dee, u - pi - da. Come, ro - sy hours, And ye sweet pow'rs, All ye blithe gnomes,
p


Where'er each roams ; Nymphs divine - ly fair, Forms of earth or air, Sylphs and houris rare,
mf
From your bright homes, Hither come on swift wing, And the Spoon homage bring. To his high fes - ti - val,
mf
Cres.
ritard.
dolce.
p
All ye Fair - ies, Loves, and Gra - ces, He doth call. Come, Ti - ta - nia, queen,
Cres.
f
p
And fair Mab se - rene, From the sil - ver sheen Of the full-orbed moon ; While eyes as bright,
D.C.
And forms as light, Gathered here to-night, Welcome the Spoon. Spoon ! Spoon ! Spoon ! Spoon !
f
f
f
Cres.
Many an hour of fes - tal gladness We have known to - geth - er here, U - pi-dee,
None of pleasure so un - mingled, Brightest of the Golden year. u - pi-dee,
mf
Cres.

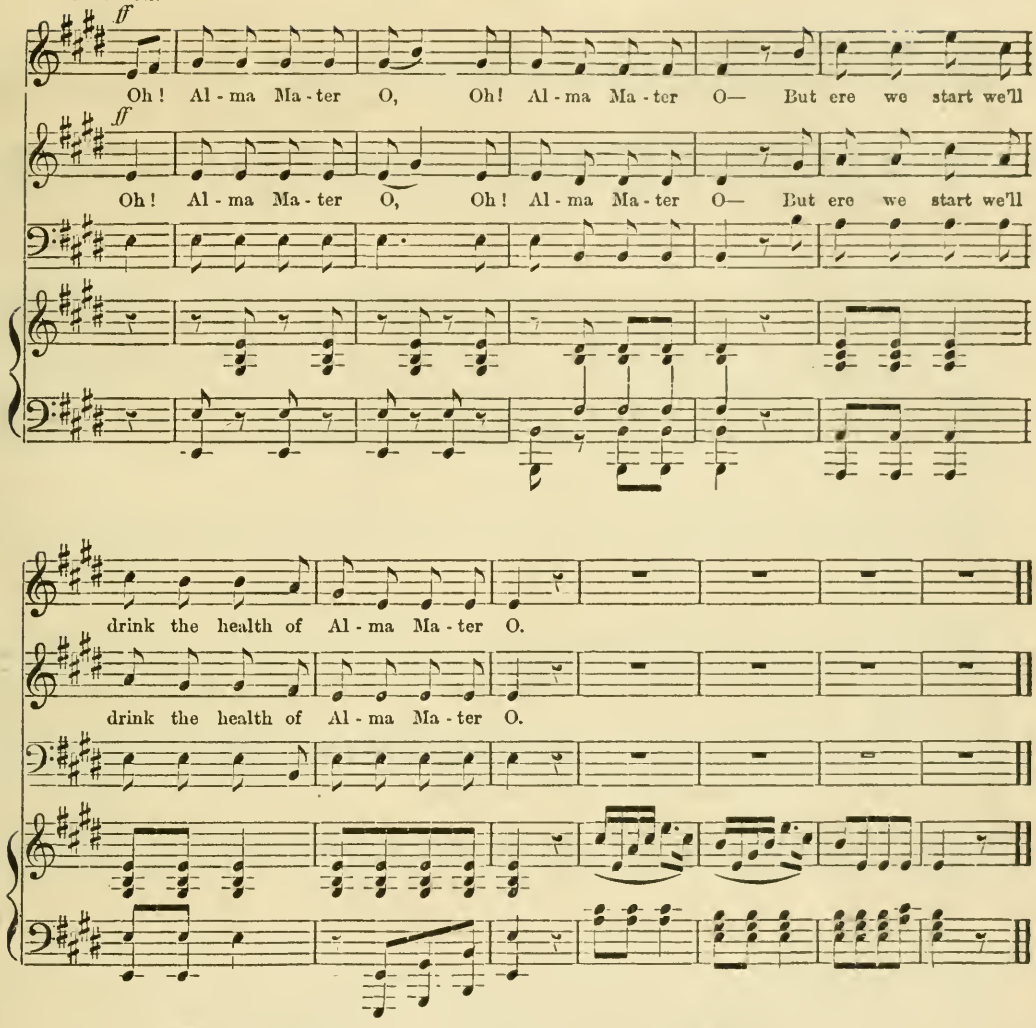

u - pi - da, u - pi-dee, u - pi - da. Where, O where are hearts so light and free?
u - pi - da, u - pi-dee, u - pi - dee, u - pi - da.
f
dolce. p
f
dolce. p
Cres.
p
Then who would not be, Be a jol - ly June, Shouting glo - ry, Shouting glo - ry to the good old Wooden
cres.
mf
Spoon. Heart to heart swells in the chorus; Let it thun - der forth to thee;
mf
Spoon, the good old Wooden Spoon.
Cres.
Live for - ev - er, sung and honored, Peerless Prince of jol - li - ty. U - pi - dee, U - pi - da,
cres.
f
u - pi - dee, u - pi - da, u - pi - dee, Wooden Spoon, Wooden Spoon, U - pi - da,
f
Wooden Spoon, Wooden Spoon, Spoon, Spoon, Spoon, Spoon, Spoon, Wooden Spoon.

ALMA MATER O.

An American Student-Song, as sung at Yale College on Presentation-Day.


1st voice.
1. We're gathered now, my class-mates, to join our part - ing song, To
2. No more for us yon tuneful bell shall ring for morning prayers, No
2d voice.
Accompaniment.
pluck from memory's wreath the buds which there so sweetly throng; To gaze on life's broad ruffled sea, to
more to long Bi - en - ni - al we'll mount yon at - tic stairs; Our re - ci - tations all are passed—A-
which we quickly go, But ere we start we'll drink the health of Al - ma Ma - ter O.
- lumnus - es, you know, We'll swell the praises long and loud of Al - ma Ma - ter O.

CHORUS.


ff
Oh! Al - ma Ma - ter O, Oh! Al - ma Ma - ter O— But ere we start we'll
ff
Oh! Al - ma Ma - ter O, Oh! Al - ma Ma - ter O— But ere we start we'll
drink the health of Al - ma Ma - ter O.
drink the health of Al - ma Ma - ter O.

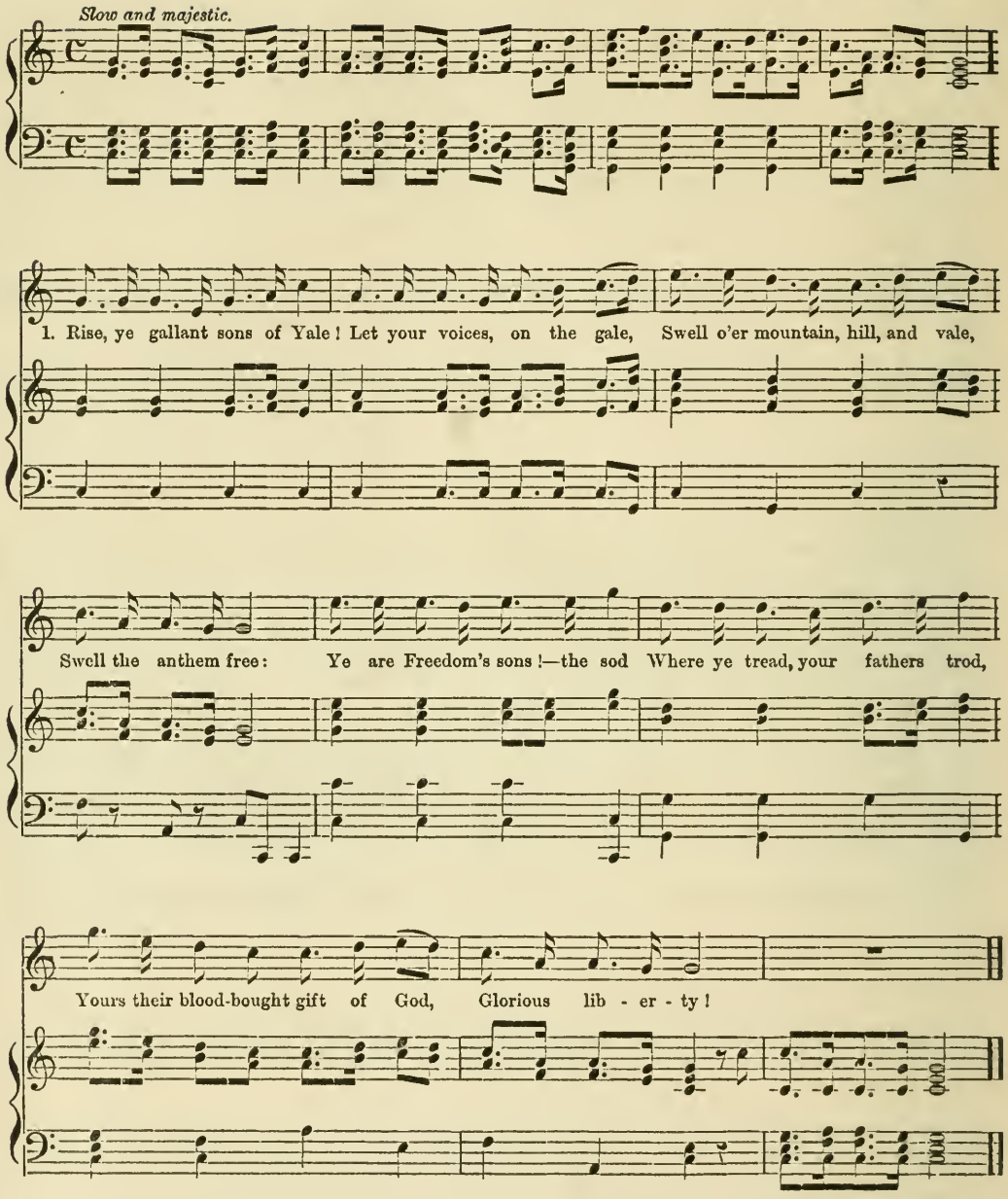
3 We go to taste the joys of life, like bubbles on its tide,
Now glittering in its sunbeams, and dancing in their pride;
But bubble like they'll break and burst, and leave us sad, you know,
There's none so sweet as memory of Alma Mater O.
Oh! Alma Mater O, etc.

4 Hither we came with hearts of joy, with joy we now will part,
And give to each the parting grasp which speaks a brother's heart;
United firm in pleasing words, which can no breaking know,
For Sons of Yale can ne'er forget their Alma Mater O.
Oh! Alma Mater O, etc.

5 Then brush the tear drop from your eye, and happy let us be,
For joy alone should fill the hearts of those as blest as we;
One cheerful chorus, ringing loud, we'll give before we go,
The memory of college days and Alma Mater O.
Oh! Alma Mater O, Oh! Alma Mater O,
Hurrah! hurrah! for college days and Alma Mater O.

SONS OF YALE.

WORDS BY W. S. COLTON, '50.


Slow and majestic.
1. Rise, ye gallant sons of Yale! Let your voices, on the gale, Swell o'er mountain, hill, and vale,
Swell the anthem free: Ye are Freedom's sons!—the sod Where ye tread, your fathers trod,
Yours their blood-bought gift of God, Glorious lib - er - ty!

2 Will ye shame your noble sires?
Will ye not, with pure desires,
Light afresh her altar fires,
Ere they fade and die?
Brothers! will ye too be men,
Fight her battles o'er again,
Not with sword, but with the pen,
Winning victory!

3 Trusting in the God of might,
Turning not your backs for flight,
Scholar-soldiers! for the right,
Face the coward foe!
Error—hurl him from his throne,
Truth's bright banner wave alone,
With it, trophies all your own,
Conquer, where ye go.

SONS OF YALE. Concluded.

4 Who would wear a craven soul?
Who, while life's red currents roll,
Will not stretch him to the goal,
Grasp the glittering prize?
While great voices and sublime,
Sounding up the march of Time,
Cry "who glory's mount would climb,
Here her summits rise!"

5 Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Go, YALENSIA'S noble band,
In your love united stand,
Scorn the tempter's snare,
Pressing forward evermore
To the Great Life, that before,
Vast, a sea without a shore,
Waits your presence there.

6 Gaze ye on each other's face,
Give ye each the last embrace;
Earnest, then, begin the race,
Leading on the van;
Putting ignorance to shame,
And with deeds of worthiest name,
Striving, with an heavenward aim,
For the good of man.

7 And when ye that race have run,
And each soldier's setting sun—
Setting when the battle's won—
Sinks behind the west,
Stretched upon the tented field,
Each beneath his battered shield,
Where your shout of "victory!" pealed,
Find your glorious rest.

GATHER YE SMILES.

BY F. M. FINCH, '49.

AIR—"*Sparkling and bright.*"

1 Gather ye smiles from the ocean isles,
Warm hearts from river and fountain,
A playful chime from the palm-tree clime,
From the land of rock and mountain;
And roll the song in waves along,
For the hours are bright before us,
And grand and hale are the elms of Yale,
Like fathers bending o'er us.

2 Summon our band from the prairie land,
From the granite hills dark frowning,
From the lakelet blue, and the black bayou,
From the snows our pine peaks crowning;
And pour the song in joy along,
For the hours are bright before us,
And grand and hale are the towers of Yale,
Like giants watching o'er us.

3 Count not the tears of the long gone years,
With their moments of pain and sorrow,
But laugh in the light of their memories bright,
And treasure them all for the morrow;
Then roll the song in waves along,
While the hours are bright before us,
And high and hale are the spires of Yale,
Like guardians towering o'er us.

4 Dream of the days when the rainbow rays
Of hope, on our hearts fell lightly,
And each fair hour some cheerful flower,
In our pathway blossomed brightly;
And pour the song in joy along,
Ere the moments fly before us,
While portly and hale the sires of Yale,
Are kindly gazing o'er us.

5 Linger again in memory's glen,
'Mid the tendrilled vines of feeling,
Till a voice or a sigh floats softly by,
Once more to the glad heart stealing;
And roll the song in waves along,
For the hours are bright before us,
And in cottage and vale are the brides of Yale,
Like angels watching o'er us.

6 Clasp ye the hand 'neath the arches grand,
That with garlands span our greeting,
With a silent prayer that an hour as fair,
May smile on each after meeting;
And long may the song, the joyous song,
Roll on in the hours before us,
And grand and hale may the elms of Yale,
For many a year bend o'er us.

NOW, AS THE SHADOWS FALL.

BY H. A. BROWN, '65.

AIR—"*St. Olaff.*"

1 Now, as the shadows fall
Around this sacred shrine,
Beneath the gray old wall
We plant our little vine.

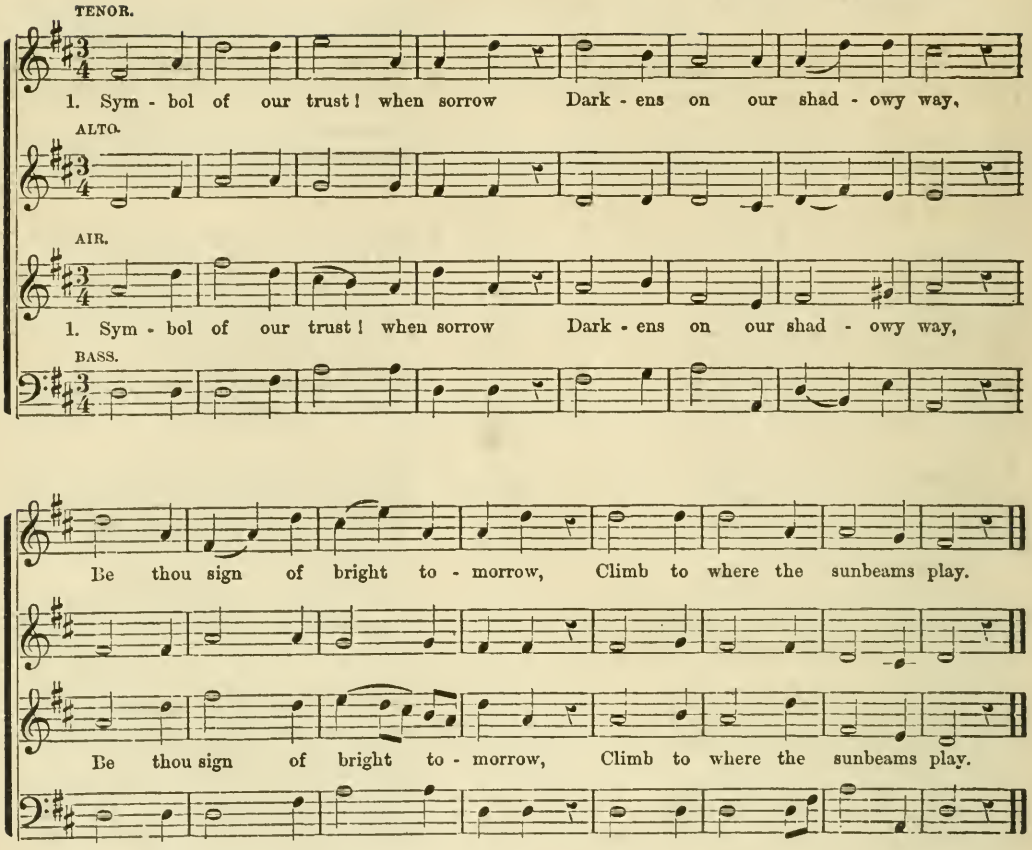
2 As grows the Ivy there
Toward the silent sky,
The letters, graven fair,
Shall tell of days gone by.

3 O, may the hand of Time
Carve on eternal stone
Our names, 'neath flowers that climb
Up to the Master's throne.

4 Soft voices of the Past,
Chime, sweet as vesper bell;
The night is falling fast;
Dear Brothers, fare ye well.

IVY SONG.

WORDS BY JAMES BRAND, '56.


TENOR.
1. Sym - bol of our trust! when sorrow Dark - ens on our shad - owy way,
ALTO.
AIR.
1. Sym - bol of our trust! when sorrow Dark - ens on our shad - owy way,
BASS.
Be thou sign of bright to - morrow, Climb to where the sunbeams play.
Be thou sign of bright to - morrow, Climb to where the sunbeams play.

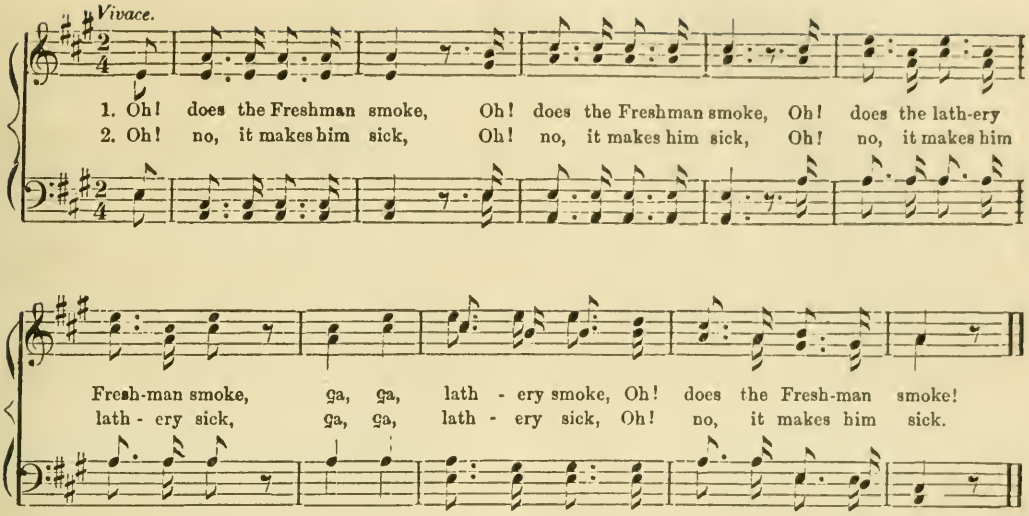
2 Be thou mightier to inspire,
Truer than the sculptured bust;
And while clinging, climbing, higher,
Tell that we are more than dust.

3 Symbol, too, of patient waiting,
Waiting for the tardy years,
Torn by storms, but still creating
Leaves of hope and charms for tears;—

4 Planted thus by Friendship's fingers,
Silently to strengthen there,
Seal the thought that round thee lingers,
Witness our last, saddest prayer.

5 Frail memento! softly waking
Memories set in checkered light,
Of our meeting and our breaking,
Thee we leave to God and night.

LATHERY.


Vivace.
1. Oh! does the Freshman smoke, Oh! does the Freshman smoke, Oh! does the lath-ery
2. Oh! no, it makes him sick, Oh! no, it makes him sick, Oh! no, it makes him
Fresh-man smoke, ga, ga, lath - ery smoke, Oh! does the Fresh-man smoke!
lath - ery sick, ga, ga, lath - ery sick, Oh! no, it makes him sick.

1. What cometh there from the hills,
   What cometh there from the hills,
   What cometh there from the lathery hills,
   ga, ga, lathery hills,
   What cometh there from the hills?
2. There cometh a tutor grim, etc.
3. What bringeth he in his hand, etc.
4. He bringeth a condition, etc.
5. He bringeth it not for me, etc.
6. For my stand is over three, etc.
7. He bringeth it for you, etc.
8. For your stand is under two, etc.

BROTHERS' CAMPAIGN SONG.

BY H. A. BROWN, '65.

AIR—"*Il Puritani.*"

Brothers, now the time has come,
  To win undying fame,
To add new brighter lustre
  To brothers' glorious name.
Fortune, fickle though she be,
  Smiles always on the brave.
And vic'try ever follows on
  Where their banners wave.
CHORUS.—Unfurl, unfurl that banner blue,
    O wave that flag on high,
  Loud let our conquering paeans ring,
    Our motto victory.

Now new figures gather round
  'Neath the wide spread elms
Soon to join our happy band,
  In dear Yalensian realms;
Meet them with a cordial grasp,—
  Bring them to our hall,
Where love and friendship, joy and truth,
  In unity bind all.
CHO.—Unfurl, etc.

Onward, then, bound heart to heart,
  Brothers loved we go;
With one accord we proudly shout,
  Defiance to the foe!
Across life's trackless, stormy sea,
  We hopefully set sail,
Undaunted 'mid the raging waves,
  The lightning and the gale.—Hurrah.
CHO.—Nail to the mast, that banner blue, etc.

SOFT EYES ARE DREAMING.

BY JOHN M. HOLMES, '57.

AIR—"*Ellen Bayne.*"

1 Soft eyes are dreaming
Round us to-night,
Tenderly gleaming,
Floating in light.
Born 'mid the brightness,
Plainly I see
Love from her ambush,
Aiming at me.

CHORUS.—Welcome be those starry eyes,
Clothed in beauty's magic guise
Bidding joy and mirth arise—
Dreaming of me.

2 Sweet smiles are wreathing
Fair lips to-night,
Lips that are breathing
The spirit's delight;
Telling of gladness,
Telling of glee;
O! that their music
Murmured for me.

CHORUS.—Welcome be the fairy smile,
Charming with its magic wile,
Yet, without a thought of guile,
Beaming on me.

3 Warm hearts are beating
Round us to-night,
Giving to manhood
Maidenly might;
Away with foreboding,
It cannot but be
That some heart is waiting
Somewhere for me.

CHORUS.—Welcome be that waiting heart,
Loving truth and spurning art,
Of my hope, my life, a part,
Beating for me.

SMOKING SONG.

BY F. M. FINCH, '49.

AIR—"*Sparkling and bright.*"

1 Floating away like the fountains' spray,
Or the snow-white plume of a maiden,
The smoke-wreaths rise to the star-lit skies
With blissful fragrance laden.
Then smoke away till a golden ray
Lights up the dawn of the morrow,
For a cheerful cigar, like a shield, will bar
The blows of care and sorrow.

2 The leaf burns bright, like the gems of light
That flash in the braids of Beauty;
It nerves each heart for the hero's part
On the battle-plain of duty.

3 In the thoughtful gloom of his darkened room,
Sits the child of song and story;
But his heart is light, for his pipe beams bright,
And his dreams are all of glory.

4 By the blazing fire sits the gray-haired sire,
And infant arms surround him;
And he smiles on all in that quaint old hall,
While the smoke-curls float around him.

5 In the forests grand of our native land,
When the savage conflict's ended,
The "Pipe of Peace" brought a sweet release,
From toil and terror blended.

6 The dark-eyed train of the maids of Spain,
'Neath their arbor shades trips lightly,
And a gleaming cigar, like a new-born star,
In the clasp of their lips burns brightly.

7 It warms the soul, like the blushing bowl,
With its rose-red burden streaming,
And drowns it in bliss, like the first warm kiss
From the lips with love-buds teeming.

MUST WE LEAVE THEE?

BY W. W. BATTERSHALL, '64.

AIR—"*Abschied.*"

1.

Must we leave, must we leave these dear, hallowed halls,
Dear, hallowed halls,
To join the fray of life?
Then farewell, then farewell, ye gray, olden walls,
We go to meet the strife.
To-day we hide each anxious fear,
And dash aside the tear;
Then farewell, then farewell, ye gray, olden walls,
Gray, olden walls,
We go to meet the strife.

2.

Hand to hand, hand to hand, we now circling stand,
Now circling stand;
We've toiled together long:
Let us pledge, let us pledge our heart-united band,
Heart-united band,
While we raise the parting song,
And three times three for Mother Yale,
Her glories ne'er shall pale.
Let us pledge, let us pledge our heart-united band,
Heart-united band,
While we raise the parting song.

BROTHERS OF YALE.

BY H. M. DUTTON, '57.

AIR—"*Eilen Bayne.*"

1 Burthened with fragrance, breezes float by,
Laden with gladness, hours o'er us fly;
Drown we our sorrow, in music and mirth,
This meeting may be, our last one on earth,
CHORUS.—Pleasant seem our college days,
Dimm'd by memory's golden haze,
Be this last their brightest phase,
Brothers of Yale.

2 Elms arching o'er us, glorious and green,
Mellow the sunlight,—hallow the scene;
Fond arms of shadow, round us they throw,
And tell of the future, whispering low. CHO.

3 Brightly the future, smiles on us now,
A vast summer ocean, tempting the prow;
Leave us our dream life, breaking the spell,
Clasp we our armor, brothers! farewell!

DRY UP.

BY J. RILEY, '58.

AIR—"*Crambambuli.*

1 As down the tide of time we're rowing,
One song we'll sing with right good will;
We'll wake the echoes while we're going,
And sing "Dry up," to every ill.
Then boatmen, sing it, loud and long,
And shout the chorus stout and strong,
Dry up! shall be the song, dry up! dry up!

2 Whene'er the chapel bell is swinging,
And tinkling in the frosty morn,
We waken with the dismal ringing,
And ponder at our fate forlorn,
We pull the coverlid high up,
And grumbling growl, dry up! dry up!
Dry up! we say, dry up! dry up! dry up!

3 If e'er unfortunately smitten
By passion for some faithless fair,
From her we get the mystic mitten,
We'll sing, dry up, but never swear,
Though visions of the "silver cup,"
Should thus be turned the wrong side up,
Who cares while we can sing, dry up! dry up!

5 When tailors bring us bills for breeches,
And gravely talk of needed cash,
We tell them as our pocket itches,
Politely, they may go to smash,
We roll the whites of each eye up,
And muttering, sing to them, dry up!
Dry up! we sing, dry up! dry up! dry up!

5 No gloomy clouds shall dim his vision,
Who sings dry up to all his woes!
But hastening on to joys Elysian,
These words shall cheer him as he goes.
Then give all grief and sighing up,
And put your trust in drying up,
And gaily sing, dry up! dry up! dry up!

BELLS OF YALE.

BY THERON BROWN, '56.

AIR—"*Awd Lang Syne.*"

1 O! sad the light must fall to-night,
And pensive blow the gale,
That lifts and swells, with fond farewells,
The evening bells of Yale.

2 'Tis holy here! how deep and dear
Resounds the long "good-bye;"
We ne'er shall shed a sweeter tear,
Nor heave a purer sigh.

3. The daily themes, the passing schemes
Our days of study knew,
Are nothing now but dying dreams;
Adieu, my mates, adieu!

4 All, all are past, and soon the last
Will fade from look and brain,
O! give and take, for memory's sake,
The parting hand again!

5 Still in each breast, there burns, confessed
A longing to be FREE!
We gaze like eaglets from our nest,
And lift our wings to flee.

6 Away! for fame, the splendid star
Of Fame, we following, hail!
From home dismissed, no more to list
The vesper bells of Yale.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

Illiterally translated.

BY B. P. PORTER, '67.

1 Old man Horace, sprigged with bay,
Truly you do say, sir,
Time streaks faster on his way
Than *two-forty* racer.
CHO.—Give us but our rum to sip;
We don't care a clamshell,
So we kiss the pouting lip
Of the blooming damsel.

2 With bright beauty blush the grapes,—
So the women show it;
Longing for their lovely shapes.
Sings the tipsy poet:
Give us, etc.

3 Tell me what great fame avails,
Save we can hug tightly
All the jolly little "quails,"
And get somewhat *slightly*!
Give us, etc.

BROTHERS IN UNITY.

BY JOHN M. HOLMES, '57.

AIR—"*Lauriger Horatius.*"

1 Brothers all in unity,
Knit by love's attraction,
Let us gird our armor on,
Now's the time for action.
CHO.—Shake the old blue banner out,
Tell the world its story,
Let our song and watchword be,
Unity and glory.

2 Let the fires of Auld Lang Syne
In our hearts be burning;
Fires of friendship, eloquence,
Liberty and learning.
Shake the old blue banner, etc.

3 Gather in the candidates;
Golden time is fleeting;
Give to each a brother's right,
Give a brother's greeting.
Shake the old blue banner, etc.

4 Shall we basely bend the knee
To Linonia? Never!
Hand in hand we'll firmly stand,
Victorious forever.
Shake the old blue banner, etc.

LINONIA SONG.

AIR—"*Lauriger Horatius.*"

1 "Brothers all in unity,"
Mourning to distraction,
Sitting 'round with faces blue,
Waiting strength for action:
With their "old blue banner" down,—
Sobbing out the story,
"This is all that's left behind
Of David Humphrey's glory."

2 While beneath their banner blue,
Brother hosts draw near us;
To Linonia's standard true,
Soon that host will fear us.
And their banner, in their flight,
Shall tell the mournful story,
"This is all that's left behind
Of David Humphrey's glory."

3 Linonia, invincible,
Can, whene'er she pleases,
Pull that "old blue banner" down,
And tear it all to pieces.
Pull that "old blue banner" down,
Tell the world the story,
"This is all that's left behind
Of David Humphrey's glory."

LINONIA, THE WREATHS OF GLORY

AIR—"*Crambambuli.*"

F. M. FINCH, '49.

1 Linonia, the wreaths of glory
Sit lightly on thy peerless brow;
With graceful song, and thrilling story,
Thy name and praise are woven now.
Then, brothers, let the loud huzza
Re-echo for Linonia!
Long live Linonia,—Linonia!

2 From Northern rock and Southern valley,
From crystal lake and prairie land,
Her children at her summons rally,
And gather round her, hand in hand.
Then let ring the loud huzza,
For gallant, gay Linonia!
Long live Linonia,—Linonia!

3 Her ancient halls have oft resounded
With shout and song of victory;
By warm and fearless hearts surrounded,
Her banners all wave merrily.
Then onward, all! huzza! huzza!
Fight bravely for Linonia!
Long live Linonia,—Linonia!

4 Along the patient path of duty,
Her voice shall cheer our weary way;
Beneath the trustful smile of beauty,
Our thoughts to her shall often stray;
And ere our children lisp "mama,"
We'll make them sing Linonia,
Long live Linonia,—Linonia!

5 Then, brothers, let the swelling chorus
Our mingled pride and joy proclaim;
Linonia's shield is blazing o'er us,
It lights the winding path of fame.
Then let it ring,—the proud huzza!
Three cheers for brave Linonia!
Long live Linonia,—Linonia!

SONG OF THE SILVER CUP.

CLASS OF '55.

AIR—"*Benny Havens, O!*"

1 Come join together, classmates, a little song we'll sing,
About the changes of three years, while Time's been on wing.
Of how we once were boys, and though we now are reckoned men,
Despite the years and growth of cares, we all are boys again.
We all are boys again, etc.

2 And though we may have been rough shod, since last we parted here,
Although through tangled ways our path we may have had to clear,
And though we may have sober grown, since College boys we came,
Yet looking 'round us, we are sure our hearts are just the same.
Our hearts are just the same, etc.

3 There's dignity and stateliness about each married man,
A sort of "I'm above you" air, "Do likewise when you can."—
And some in a paternal way, when asked what they have done,
Will look a trifle wise, and then present the little one.
Present the little one, etc.

4 There are Cœlibes among us too,—all growling at the girls,
Who savage say that every one should hang in her own curls,
And others of a milder mood, who'd never like them be,
Are glad to-morrow they can change their Bachelor's degree!
Their Bachelor's degree, etc.

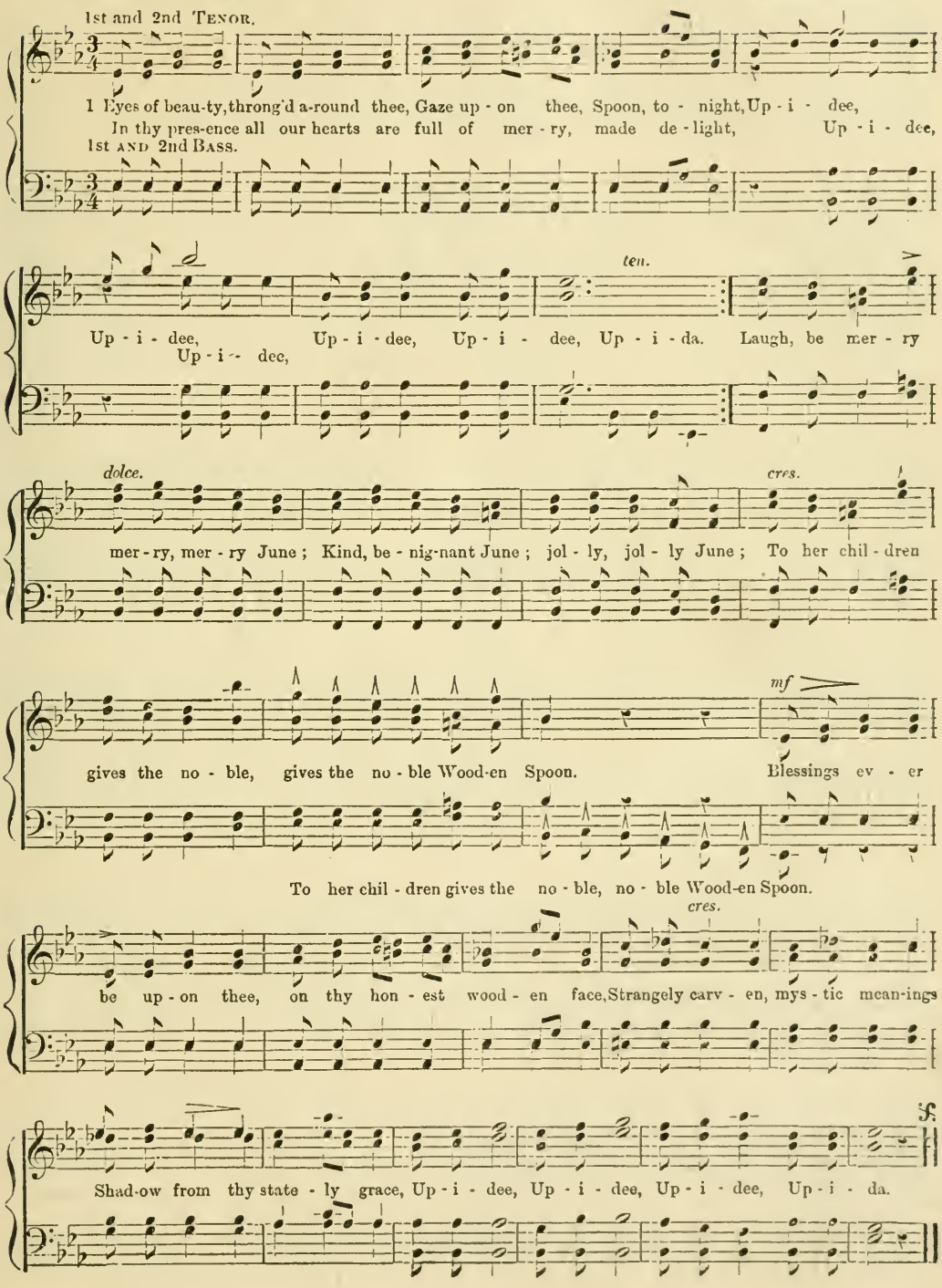
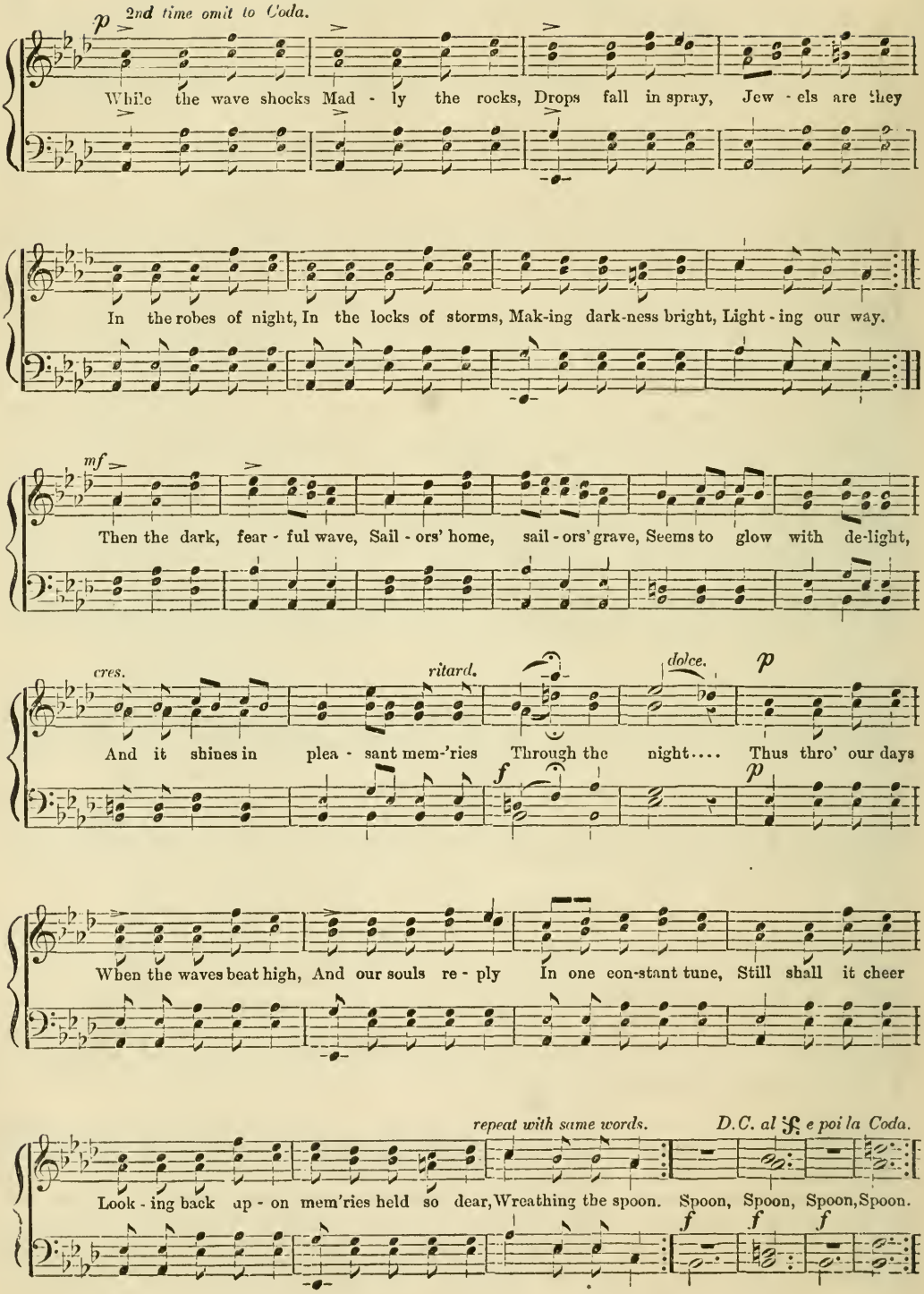
5 But Bachelors and Benedicks, all think alike to-night,
We come, a class to greet "our boy," to see him started right,
Let Livy, Balbus, and Jim Dwight, far back in memory fall,
Because a little Roman's here, the noblest of them all!
The noblest of them all, etc.

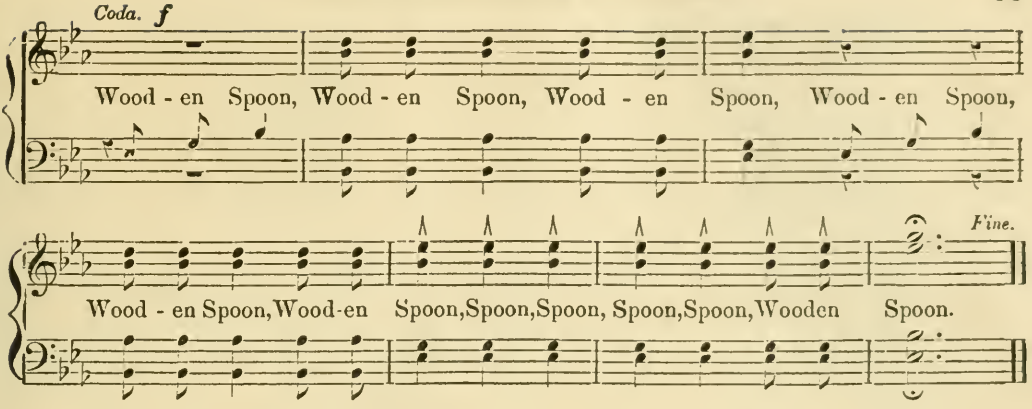
6 And as we bid the lad "God-speed," and give to him the cup,
We wish him never to creep down, but always to climb up;
And as we watch our god-son's course, old scenes spring up again,
And here once more we live again our lives as college men.
Our lives as col'ege men, etc.

7 Then let us join each brother's hand, let's pledge one beaker brimmed,
To the glad brightness of that past whose lustre is not dimmed,
And as our thoughts will cluster round each old familiar scene,
We'll live again the dear old time, and keep its memories green—
And keep its memories green, etc.

SONG OF THE SPOON.

WORDS BY R. E. SMYTHE, '66. MUSIC BY OTTO.


1st and 2nd TENOR.
1 Eyes of beau-ty, throng'd a-round thee, Gaze up - on thee, Spoon, to - night, Up - i - dee,
In thy pres-ence all our hearts are full of mer - ry, made de - light, Up - i - dee,
1st AND 2nd BASS.
ten.
Up - i - dee, Up - i - dee, Up - i - dee, Up - i - da. Laugh, be mer - ry
Up - i - dee,
dolce.
cres.
mer - ry, mer - ry June; Kind, be - nig-nant June; jol - ly, jol - ly June; To her chil - dren
mf
gives the no - ble, gives the no - ble Wood-en Spoon. Blessings ev - er
To her chil - dren gives the no - ble, no - ble Wood-en Spoon.
cres.
be up - on thee, on thy hon - est wood - en face, Strangely carv - en, mys - tic mean-ings
ff
Shad-ow from thy state - ly grace, Up - i - dee, Up - i - dee, Up - i - dee, Up - i - da.

p
2nd time omit to Coda.
While the wave shocks Mad - ly the rocks, Drops fall in spray, Jew - els are they
In the robes of night, In the locks of storms, Mak-ing dark-ness bright, Light - ing our way.
mf
Then the dark, fear - ful wave, Sail - ors' home, sail - ors' grave, Seems to glow with de-light,
cres.
ritard.
dolce.
p
And it shines in plea - sant mem-'ries Through the night.... Thus thro' our days
f
p
When the waves beat high, And our souls re - ply In one con-stant tune, Still shall it cheer
repeat with same words.
D.C. al 𝄋 e poi la Coda.
Look - ing back up - on mem'ries held so dear, Wreathing the spoon. Spoon, Spoon, Spoon, Spoon.
f
f
f


Coda. f
Wood - en Spoon, Wood - en Spoon, Wood - en Spoon, Wood - en Spoon,
Fine.
Wood - en Spoon, Wood-en Spoon, Spoon, Spoon, Spoon, Spoon, Wooden Spoon.

1 But another year together,
And with faces sad and pale,
Upidee, upidee, etc.
We must leave thee, and whatever
We have had most dear at Yale.
Upidee, upidee, etc.
Other voices merrily will sing
Thee a very king,
Till the startled moon
Yields her homage to the noble Wooden Spoon.
Through the ages, ever dearer,
Shall thy glory move along,
And forever, louder, clearer,
Shall thy praises swell the song.

2 Scatter flowers, scatter laughter,
In his path who bears the Spoon;
Upidee, upidee, etc.
And around him ever after,
Still shall ring the merry tune.
Upidee, upidee, etc.
Smile upon him, fairest of the fair;
Let your beauty rare
Grace the peerless boon;
Brightest, dearest, noblest treasure, Wooden Spoon.
And an honor shall it ever
Be to him, the highest, best,
'Till our college bond shall sever,
And the parting hand be pressed.

WOODEN SPOON SONG.

BY P. B. PORTER, '67.

AIR—"*Song of the Spoon.*"

1 Welcome, welcome, eve of gladness
Hail, O hour of joy supreme!
All ye golden lamps of heaven
Now with softest influence beam.
In your beauty kindly smile on us,
Bright-eyed Hesperus,
Silver-throned Moon.
While we hold the mystic revels of the Spoon.
Shout the chorus ever joyful;
Welcome, Mirth and Revelry,
Welcome, Beauty, Song, and Friendship;
Hail, O Prince of Jollity!

Come rosy hours
And ye sweet powers;
All ye blithe gnomes,
Where'er each roams;
Nymphs divinely fair,
Forms of earth or air,
Sylphs and houris rare,
From your bright homes
Hither come on swift wing,
And the Spoon homage bring.

To his high festival
All ye Fairies, Loves, and Graces,
He doth call.
Come Titania, queen,
And fair Mab serene,
From the silver sheen
Of the full orb'd moon;
While eyes as bright
And forms as light,
Gathered here to-night,
Welcome the Spoon.

3 Many an hour of festal gladness
We have known together here:
None of pleasure so unmingled—
Brightest of the golden year.
Where, O where are hearts so light and free!
Then who would not be,
Be a jolly June,
Shouting glory to the good old Wooden Spoon!
Heart to heart swells in the chorus;
Let it thunder forth to thee;
Live forever, sung and honored,
Peerless Prince of Jollity.

BIENNIAL JUBILEE SONG.

BY CHAS. H. OWEN, '60.

AIR—"*Nelly Bly.*"

1 Sophs were groaning
And condoling,
Round Alumni Hall,
Tutors thundered
"No 'Old Hundred'
Should be sung at all."
But a hundred
Voices muttered,
Darkly 'round the door;
Sad the moan
And deep the groan,
Biennials are a bore.

2 They searched our pockets,
Watches, lockets,
When we all came in;
They watched us, too,
The morning through,
As though *we* meant "to skin."
But they didn't
Think a minute,
Of the water jug;
We could keep
A pony leaf
In the bottom of the mug.

3 Ladies pretty
Showed us pity,
In Biennial;
But the tutors,
Gallant tutors,
Drove them from the hall;
Then a hundred
Tables thundered,
Banged about the floor;
Sad the moan
And deep the groan,
Biennials are a bore.

4 Tutor spies
Shut their eyes,
When they go to sleep;
Then how spry
The "Equuli"
When there's none to peek.
Oh, tutors!
Sleepy tutors!
Lots of pony leaves,
Rolled up tight,
Out of sight,
Carried in our sleeves!

5 Now we're Junes,
Jolly Junes,
Biennial is done;
Nothing now
The whole year through
But jollity and fun.
Sophomore!
Bow before
Our magnificence!
Freshman brat
Take off your hat—
No impertinence.

UPIDEE, (YALE VERSION.)

AIR—"*Upidee.*"

1 The shades of night were comin' down swift,
Upidee, upida.
The snow was heapin' up, drift on drift,
Upidee-i-da.
Through a Yankee village a youth did go,
Carryin' a flag with this motto—
Upidee, etc.

2 O'er his high forehead curled copious hair,
He'd a Roman nose, and complexion fair;
He'd a light blue eye, and an auburn lash,
And he ever kep' a shoutin' through his moustache.

3 He saw thro' the windows, as he kept gettin' upper,
A number of families sittin' at supper;
But he eyed those slippery rocks very keen,
And fled as he cried, and cried while a fleein'.

4 "O, take care, you," said an old man, "stop!
It's blowin' gales up there on top;
You'll tumble off on the tother side!"
But the hurryin' stranger still replied,—

5 "Oh, don't go up such a shocking night;
Come, sleep on my lap," said a maiden bright.
On his Roman nose a tear-drop come,
But still he remarked, as he upward clumb,—

6 "Look out for the branch of the sycamore tree!
Dodge rollin' stones, if any you see!"
Sayin' which, the farmer went to bed,
And the singular voice replied, overhead,—

7 About a quarter past six the next forenoon,
A man accidentally goin' up soon,
Heard spoken above him, as much as twice,
These very same words, in a very weak voice.—

8 Not far, I believe, from a quarter of seven,
He was slow gettin' up, the road bein' uneven,
He found, buried up in the snow and ice,
The boy, and his flag with the strange device.—

9 He's dead, defunct, without any doubt;
The lamp of his life entirely gone out;
On the drear hill-side the youth was a-layin',
And there was no more use for him to be a-sayin'.

SONGS OF COLUMBIA.

Here's to our Alma Mater,
  Long may she live and rise;
Exalted be her banner
  Until it reach the skies.
And while we live, support we'll give,
  And ever will be true
To the colors of Columbia,
  The dashing "white and blue."

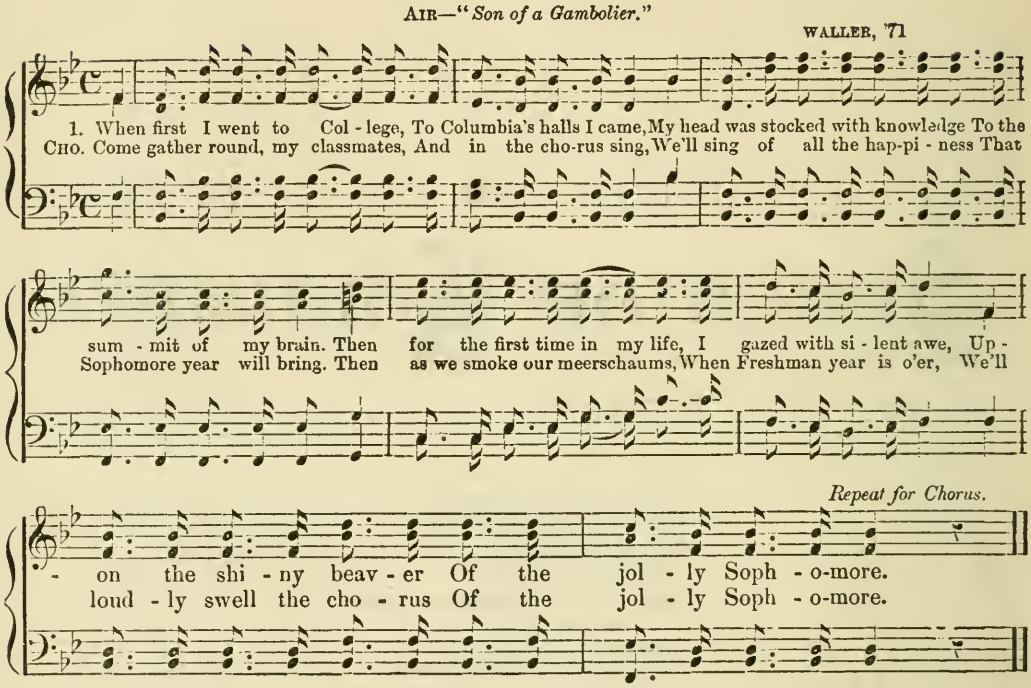
WALLER, '71.

SONGS OF COLUMBIA.

THE JOLLY SOPHOMORE.

AIR—"*Son of a Gambolier.*"

WALLER, '71


1. When first I went to Col - lege, To Columbia's halls I came, My head was stocked with knowledge To the
CHO. Come gather round, my classmates, And in the cho-rus sing, We'll sing of all the hap-pi - ness That
sum - mit of my brain. Then for the first time in my life, I gazed with si - lent awe, Up -
Sophomore year will bring. Then as we smoke our meerschaums, When Freshman year is o'er, We'll
Repeat for Chorus.
- on the shi - ny beav - er Of the jol - ly Soph - o-more.
loud - ly swell the cho - rus Of the jol - ly Soph - o-more.

2. Each morning after chapel
I walked out with my class;
I tried to gain my tutor's room,
But found I could not pass.
While from the summit of the stairs
The Seniors loudly roar:
"Now, Freshy, let us see you
Rush 'the jolly Sophomore.'"

CHORUS.

3. I worked like any Trojan,
And studied like a slave,
I touched my hat to Seniors
Most potent and most grave,
Endured all their scoffings,
For, when Freshman year was o'er,
I knew I'd walk the College
As "the jolly Sophomore."

CHORUS.

4. At last my heart's desire was gained,
And Freshman year was passed;
Again I stood in Prex's room,
A Sophomore at last.
Then e'en the lofty Senior
I boldly did ignore,
As dreaming no one better
Than "the jolly Sophomore."

CHORUS.

5. And now my course is ended,
And on the world I'm thrown.
I ofttimes pensive sit, and think
On years so quickly flown,
And as I, musing, meditate
On joys that now are o'er,
'Tis then I wish again to be
"The jolly Sophomore."

CHORUS.

ALUMNORIUM CARMEN.

BY J. MAC MULLEN, '37.

AIR.—"*Gaudeamus Igitur.*"

1. : Vivas, O Columbia!
Mentis fovens flammam ; :
Quis non esset in superbis,
Senex sit vel sit imberbis,
: Te vocare mammam. :

2. : Vivant Sophomores, vi
Viridi florentes, :
Omnia qui satis sciunt :
Professores plus non queunt
: Dare eis docentes. :

3. : Vivant Juniores, qui,
Maxime valcentes :
Lumina juventæ incedunt,
Orbem fama illi lmplebunt
: Blandi, Sapientes. :

4. : Vivat quisque Senior
Sagax et acutus :
Literis, scientiisque,
Immo rebus aliisque—
: Intime imbutus. :

5. : Vivant professores qui
Strenue laborant :
Vitam, mentem, mortem, bustum.
Carnem, aquam, vinum, mustum,
: Omnia bene explorant. :

6. : Vivat Prex nunc noster Rex
Semper vir virorum :
Caput gloriæ et honoris
Senex sed et senum floris
Faustum ejus regnium. :

7. : Vivas O Columbia !
Mentis fovens flammam :
Quis non esset in superbis,
Senex sit vel sit imberbis
: Te vocare mammam. :

WHERE, OH WHERE.

AIR—"*Hebrew Children.*"

1. Where, oh where are the verdant Freshmen!
Where, oh where are the verdant Freshmen!
Where, oh where are the verdant Freshmen!
Safe now in the Sophomore class.
They've gone out from Merriam's clutches,
They've gone out from Merriam's clutches,
They've gone out from Merriam's clutches,
Safe now in the Sophomore class.

2. Where, oh where are the jolly Sophomores! (*Ter.*)
Safe now in the Junior class.
They've gone out from Prof. Van Amrings. (*Ter.*)
Safe now in the Junior class.

3. Where, oh where are the nobby Juniors! (*Ter.*)
Safe now in the Senior class.
They've gone out from "saw my leg off," (*Ter.*)
Safe now in the Senior class.

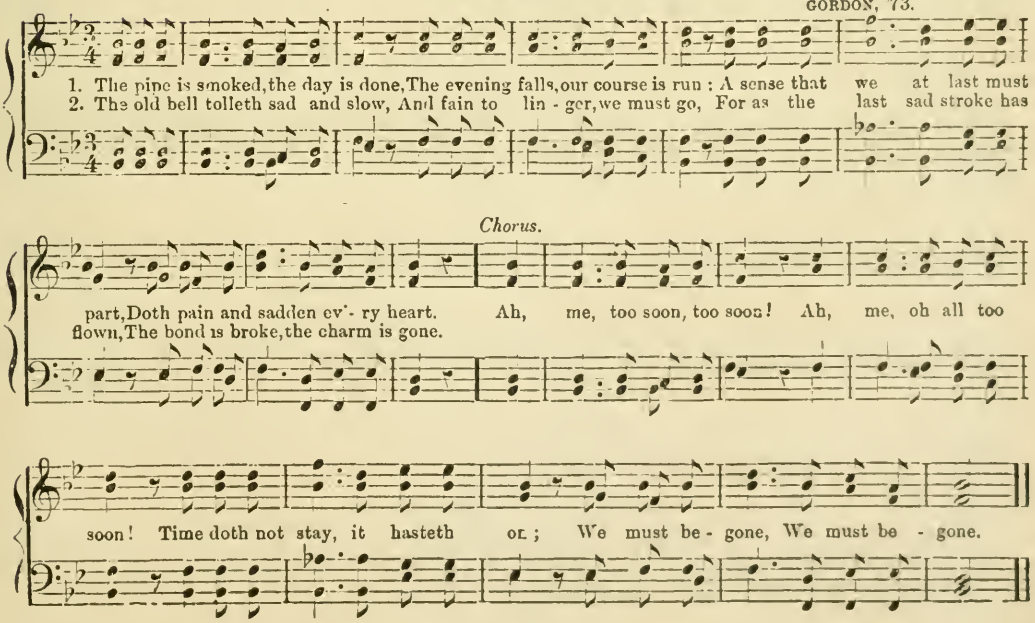
4. Where, oh where are reverend Seniors! (*Ter.*)
Safe now in the wide, wide world.
They've gone out from Billy Teck, (*Ter.*)
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

5. By and by we'll go out to meet them, (*Ter.*)
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

TOO SOON.

AIR—"*Maid of Athens.*"

GORDON, '73.

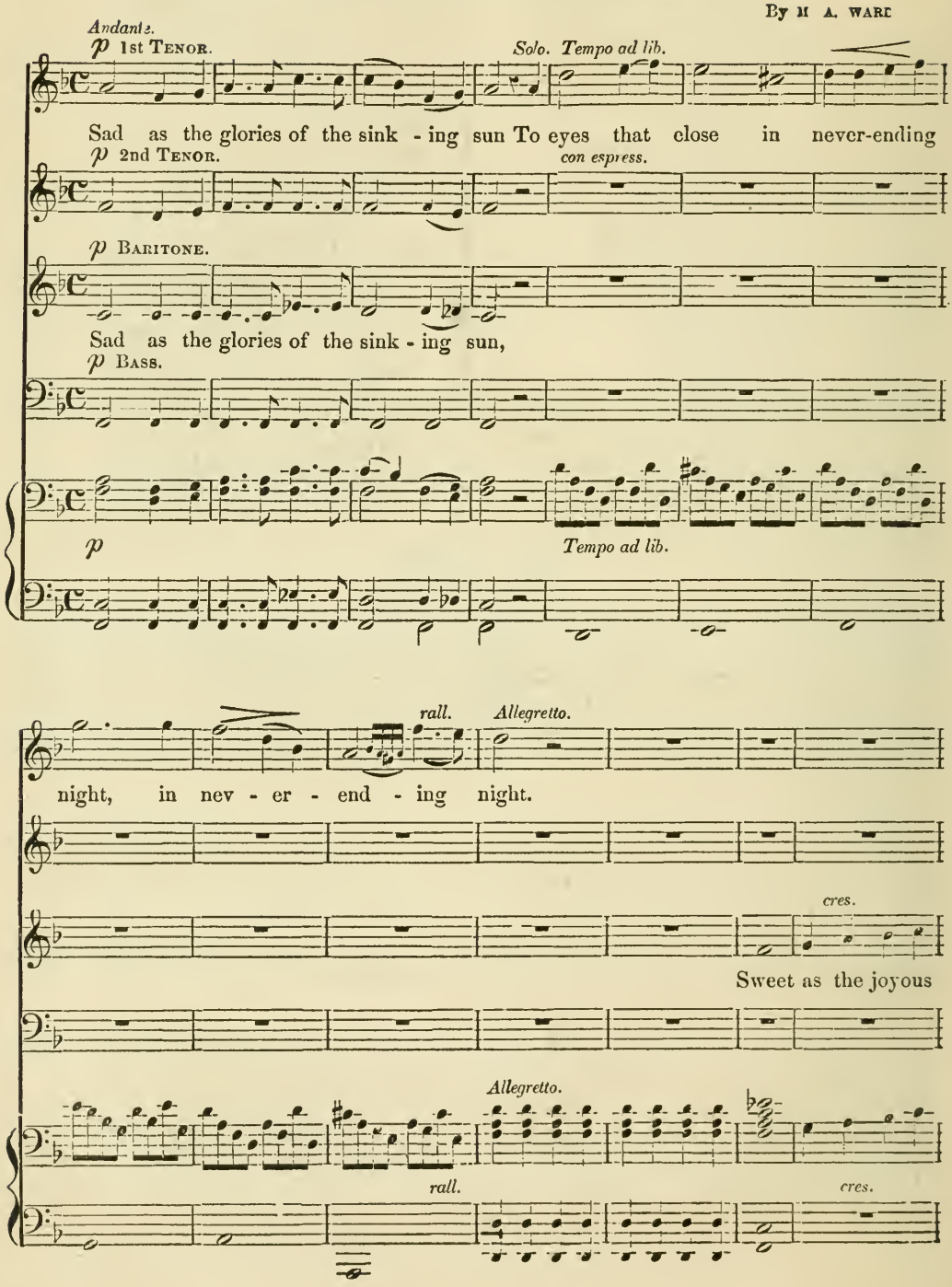

1. The pine is smoked, the day is done, The evening falls, our course is run : A sense that we at last must
2. The old bell tolleth sad and slow, And fain to lin - ger, we must go, For as the last sad stroke has
Chorus.
part, Doth pain and sadden ev'- ry heart. Ah, me, too soon, too soon! Ah, me, oh all too
flown, The bond is broke, the charm is gone.
soon! Time doth not stay, it hasteth on ; We must be - gone, We must be - gone.

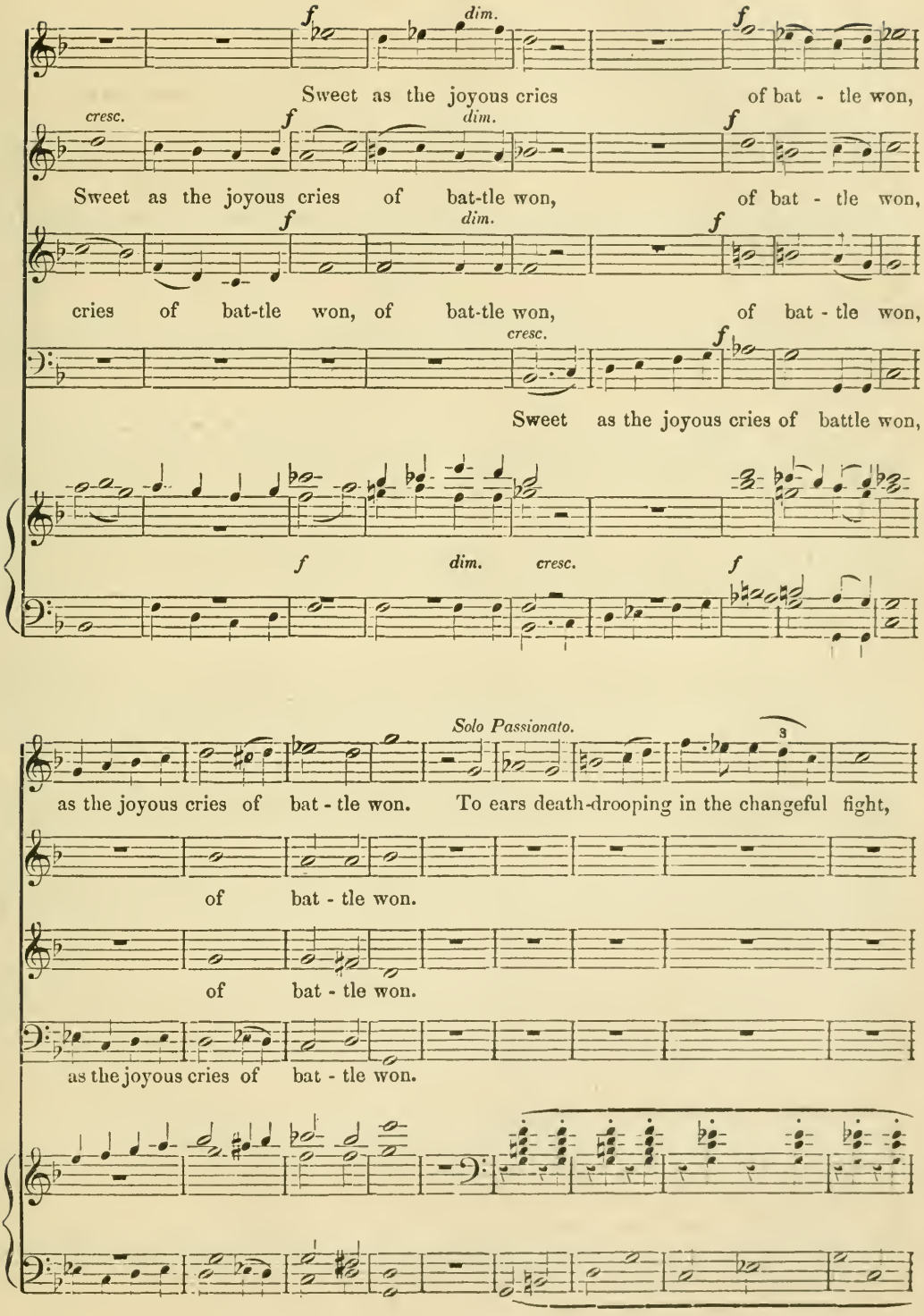
FAREWELL.

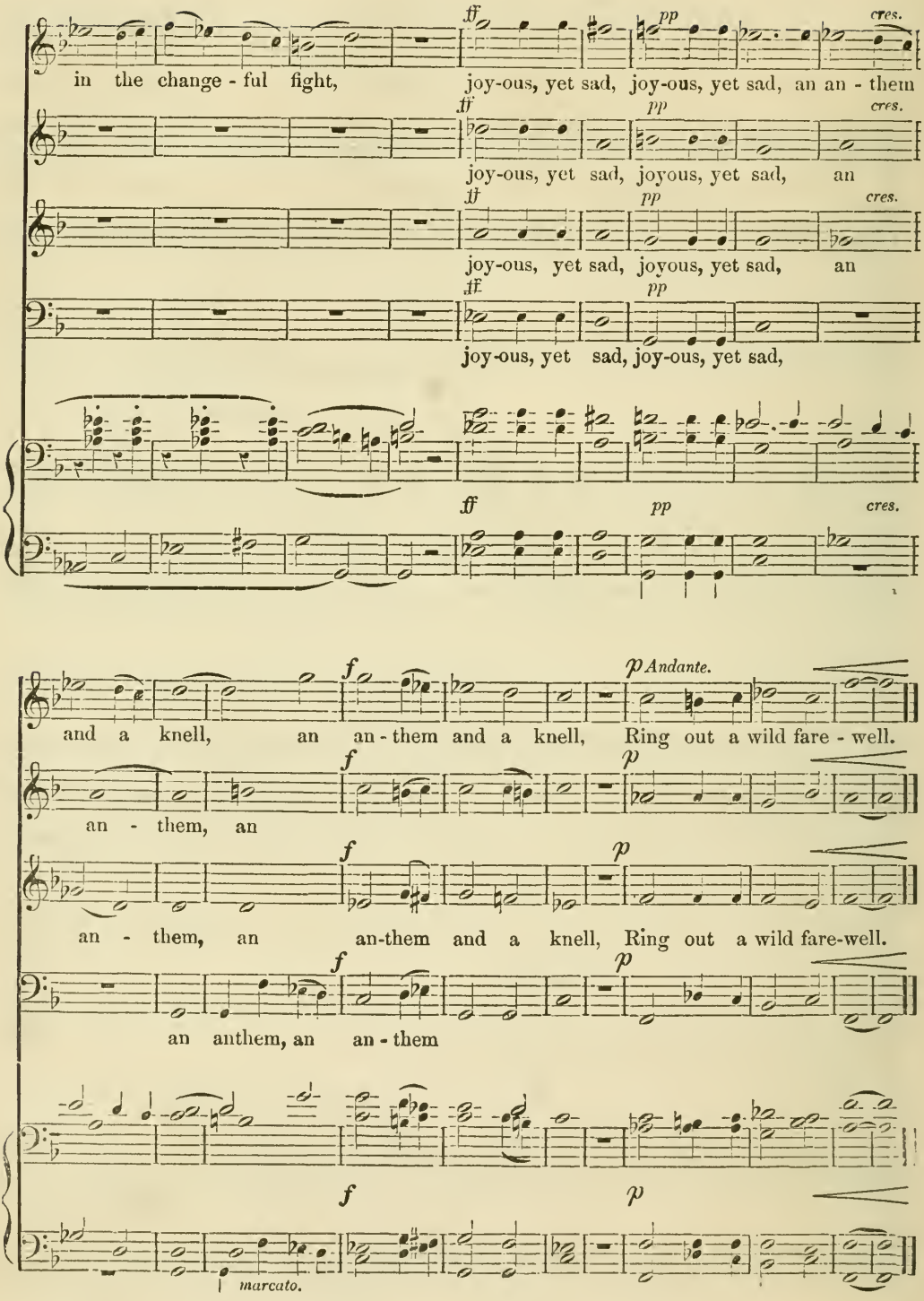
MÄNNER QUARTETTE.

(Dedicated to the Columbia Quartette of '69.)

By H. A. WARD




f
dim.
Sweet as the joyous cries of bat - tle won,
cresc.
Sweet as the joyous cries of bat-tle won, of bat - tle won,
cries of bat-tle won, of bat-tle won, of bat - tle won,
Sweet as the joyous cries of battle won,
Solo Passionato.
as the joyous cries of bat - tle won. To ears death-drooping in the changeful fight,
of bat - tle won.
of bat - tle won.
as the joyous cries of bat - tle won.


in the change - ful fight, joy-ous, yet sad, joy-ous, yet sad, an an - them
joy-ous, yet sad, joyous, yet sad, an
joy-ous, yet sad, joyous, yet sad, an
joy-ous, yet sad, joy-ous, yet sad,
ff pp cres.
and a knell, an an - them and a knell, Ring out a wild fare - well.
an - them, an
an - them, an an-them and a knell, Ring out a wild fare-well.
an anthem, an an - them
f p Andante.
marcato.

BOATING SONG.

AIR—"*Nelly Bly.*"

HARROWER, '74.

Moderato.

p

1. Light-ly dipping, gai - ly skip-ping, How the oar blades gleam!

Outward stretching, backward fetching, Dart we down the stream. 2. On-ward dash-ing, wa-ters flashing,
3. Strife is sa - vor, if fair fa - vor

f

Glide we merri - ly; Cease we nev - er our en-deav - or, Toil we cheer - i - ly.
Beam from classmates' eyes; Thus with sing - ing send we ring - ing, Challenge thro' the skies

f

RAISE A CHORUS.

By—'67.

1 Raise a chorus ere we part
To the crabbed Muses;
In the chambers where our reasons
Suffered, through departed seasons,
Academic bruises.

2 Here we met the lusty Greek,
Led by Anthon's banner,
Here we drank at learning's fountain,—
Here we climbed the classic mountain
In a stumbling manner.

3 Here scholastic Drisler sat,
Roman themes enlarging;
And with troops of Latin cronies,
Fought our cavalry of ponies,
Desperately charging.

4 Here did geographic Schmidt,
With tremendous steam on;
Start and stop at all the stations,
From the country of the Thraceans
Down to Lacedaemon.

5 Here we languished, day by day,
On pyramidal benches;
Watching joy, with features placid,
Through the fumes of gas and acid.
Propagating stenches.

6 Awful Peck we fronted here,
With knees debilitated;
Standing to receive a bruiser,
In the shape of "That will do, Sir!—
Badly demonstrated!"

7 Here with professorial wrath
Nairne would often bristle;
Teaching ratiocination
To "sub-centres of causation,"
Anxious for the whistle.

8 Here with horror we have quaked
Like hysteric ladies;
O Van Amringe! clever-pated,
Soul of Euclid transmigrated
Somewhere out of Hades.

9 Here to many startling facts
Learned Rood awoke us;
In a fashion quite galvanic,
By the aid of some satanic
Sort of hocus pocus.

CAP AND GOWN.

SENIOR DITTY.

AIR.—"*Tassels on the boots.*"

1 When, trembling Freshmen, first
We sought this classic shade,
The strongest beverage we drank
Was sweetened lemonade;
But soon we learned the trick
To "put" our lager down,
And swagger like true Freshmen,
In a College Cap and Gown.

CHORUS—College Cap and Gown,
Pride of all the town,
Didn't we think it heavy then
To wear a Cap and Gown?

2 The jolly Sophomore next,
And Junior, too, we played,
But settled down, as years rolled by,
To Senior, grave and staid.
Now, in the College halls,
We frown all "rushes" down,
And wear with easy dignity
Our Senior's Cap and Gown.

CHORUS—Senior's Cap and Gown;
Don't we do it brown;
Terrifying Freshmen,
In a Senior's Cap and Gown?

3 But soon we leave these halls
To seek an active life,
To pick our dollars up, and perhaps
To win a little wife.
E'en now upon the street,
As we go up and down,
We watch the bright sun shining
On another kind of "Gown."

CHORUS—Pretty little Gown
That don't come too far down,
To hide a number—seven,
As "She" trips along the town.

ECCLESINE, '70.

SHULE AROON.

Note.—The following song, of which the well known "SHOOL" is a modern adaptation, is an old Irish ballad, written probably towards the end of the 17th century, perhaps about the time of the siege and fall of Limerick, October 3, 1691. The garrison of that city were allowed to march out with the honors of war with arms and baggage, and had their choice to enter the service of King William, or to go over into France. Some ten thousand Irish soldiers went into voluntary exile, entered the service of Louis XIV., and formed that corps which afterwards became so famous as "The Irish Brigade." There was a steady drain of the flower of the Catholic youth of Ireland, attended by such heart-breakings as may be imagined; and "Shule Aroon" is the lament of some maiden whose lover has gone over the water on his perilous adventures.

AIR—"*Shool.*"

1 I would I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill,
Is go de tu mo murnin slàu.
Shule, Shule, Shule Aroon,
Shule go succir, agus Shule go cuire,
Shule go den durrus augus eligle glum
Is go de tu mo murnin slàu.

2 I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my only spinning wheel,
To buy for my love a sword of steel.
Is go de tu, &c.

3 I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents shall wish me dead.
Is go de tu, &c.

4 I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I had my heart again,
Is go de tu, &c.

5 But now my love has gone to France,
To try his fortune to advance,
If he e'er come back 'tis but a chance,
Is go de tu, &c.

TWO FRESHMEN.

AIR.—*One Fish-ball.*

1 Two Freshmen once, as green as grass,
By Riley's restaurant did pass.

2 Their staring eyes, and fresh, smooth chins
Showed them still young in college sins.

3 From Columbia College they had come,
With minds made up for a tearing bum.

4 Thus now as college men, they think
They will be *fast* and take a drink.

5 So in they march with pompous face,
And strutting mien, yet pallid face.

6 Though pluck runs low, and fear grows great,
Quite loud they call for whiskey straight.

7 The waiter stares and gives a grin,
Eyes them o'er from toe to chin.

8 Then roars it out with awful noise,
"We don't sell drinks to little boys."

MORAL.

9 Freshmen, keep clear of Riley's place,
The waiters know a greeny's face.

MINE HOST'S LAGER.

(*Very far*) *from the German of Uhland.*

—ANON.

1 Three students gay went over to Fritz,
And thus they spoke, for they thought themselves wits:

2 "Mine host, hast thou good wine and beer?
And say are the prices cheap or dear?

3 "My beer and wine are fresh and clear,
My terms are cash—nor are they dear."

4 Then from a keg the bung Fritz took,
And our student said with a downcast look!

5 "Ah! had I credit, thou beautiful one,
How would I drink thee from this time on!"

6 The second wiped off a tear-drop bright,
Then turned to hide the beer from sight.

7 "Alas, that I cannot pay for my beer!
Full well I loved it for many a year!

8 The third raised up a glass to his lips,
And said as he handed over the "chips":

9 "I drank beer ever, I drink beer to-day,
And I will drink beer forever and aye."

AD LENCONOEN.

Hor. Carenium. Lib. I. II.

SMYTH. '71

1 Seek not, Lenconöe, to learn
How long the time may be
The gods have given you to live,—
How much shall fall to me.

2 The Chaldee tables will not tell,
It were not right to know:
Far better, then, to calmly take
Whate'er the Fates bestow.

3 So, whether many Winters come,
Or this one be the last,
Which breaks the swollen Tuscan waves
On rocks that face the blast.

4 Prepare and purify your wine,
It is a wiser plan,
Cut short all long, delusive hope
As life is but a span.

5 E'en while we talk, has envious Time
Forever flown away.
Then cast the future from thy thoughts
And seize the passing day.

BLESS US ERE WE GO.

BARTLETT. '69

1 Alma Mater! sad to-day
Are the words we come to say,
And 'twere sweet to linger long,
Ere we sing our parting song;
As we turn with footsteps slow
Bless us, Mother, ere we go.

2 By the honors we have won
In the race already run,
Brighter hopes for future time,
Burning like the stars sublime
On the Present shed their glow—
Bless us, Mother, ere we go!

3 By the promises they make,
By the memories they wake,
By the love we bear to you,
May these visions yet be true,
So that all the world shall know;—
Bless us, Mother, ere we go!

4 Alma Mater! richly set
Is your precious coronet;
May our prayer before we part,
Strengthen every longing heart,
Till our deeds new gems bestow—
Bless us, Mother, ere we go!

LINGER YET.

CONGER. 71.

AIR.—"*Dearest Mae.*"

1 The golden glories of the sun, as in the west he falls,
Their hues of softened splendor throw o'er Alma Mater's walls
But though the daylight tarries still in western portals bright,
Its fading radiance foretells the coming of the night.

CHORUS.—Then high the chorus raise in Alma Mater's praise :
And linger yet with fond regret o'er happy college days.

2 Ere sunset's glowing wonders dim the dark'ning sky along,
To college life we bid farewell in this our parting song ;
For when again the sinking sun illumes the western air,
'Mid other scenes we'll be, afar from Alma Mater's care. CHORUS.

3 The years we've spent together here in hurrying course have flown,
As hastening clouds, borne on the breeze, are through the heavens blown ;
So, all too soon, this parting hour wings o'er us as we tell
To old acquantance, College, Class, the words of sad farewell. CHORUS.

4 Columbia, Alma Mater fair ! we'll ever render thee,
Through all the years of future time, ne'er failing fealty :
For should allurements e'er so strong our souls with longing fill,
The memory of thy gentle love shall keep us loyal still. CHORUS.

SINK, O SUN.

AIR.—"*Rousseau's Dream.*"

—'66

1 Sink, O sun ! in golden splendor,
Gently murmur, summer air,
Through the twilight soft and tender
Slowly close, O evening fair !
Stay, O Time ! thy fleeting pinion
Happy hours, awhile delay ;
Mirth and gladness hold dominion
Over every heart to-day.

2 Care, and grief, and sad repining,
Like the night have passed away ;
Round us Beauty's smile is shining,
Fair and bright as morning's ray.
'Neath the Present's fairy finger
Pleasures bloom unknown before,
Joys that in the heart shall linger,
Sweet-voiced, tuneful, evermore.

3 In this place, of all most holy,
In this hour, of all most bright,
Would we place the emblem lowly
Of the love we truly plight ;
Here, where firm and high endeavor
Through these years we oft have made,
Plant it now to twine forever,
With a bloom that ne'er shall fade.

4 In the noontide's golden splendor,
In the twilight's peaceful gloom,
'Neath the moonbeams soft and tender,
May it still in beauty bloom !
Winter snow and summer shower,
Morning mist and evening dew,
Lend it life, and grace, and power.
Ever bright and ever new !

5 Fading like a dream of beauty
Seem the years of joy, of strife,
While beyond the waves of duty
Clearly shines our future life.
Through that past, by memory lighted,
Where that future's glories blend,
Evermore we stand united,
Brave, true, happy to the end.

FOOT-BALL SONG.

AIR.—"*Nelly Bly.*"

ANONYMOUS.

1 Lightly bounding, dully sounding,
See the Foot-ball roll,
Never staying, ricochetting,
Toward the hostile goal.

2 Onward rushing, beavers crushing,
Speed we o'er the plain ;
Heads are battered, shins are shattered,
Curses rise in vain.

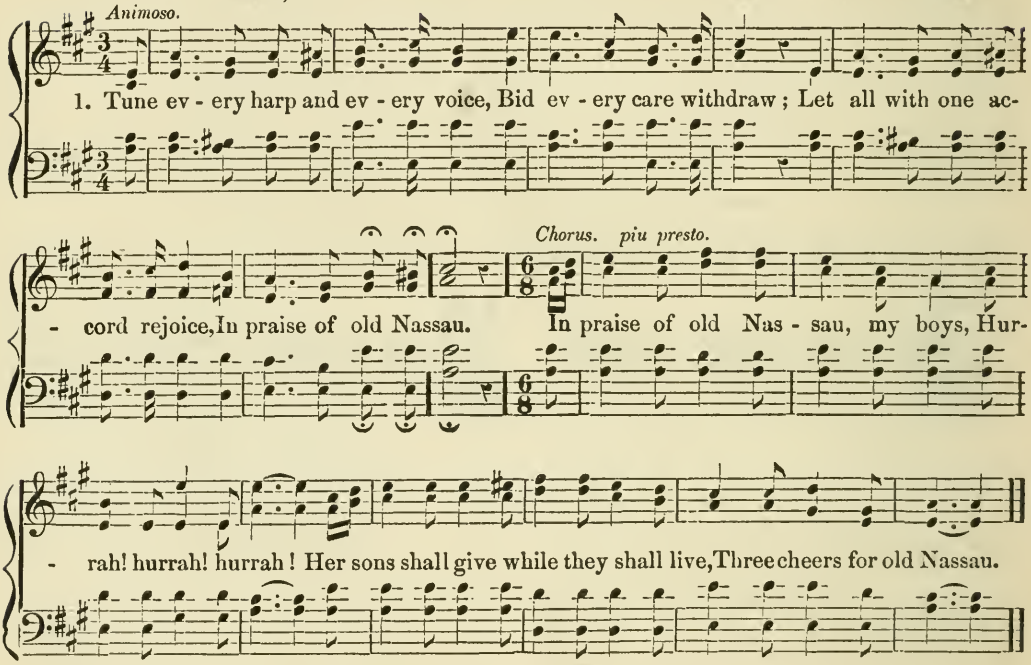
3 Pain is laughter, if thereafter,
Get we jolly tight.
Drink we lager, till we stagger,
Out into the night.

Songs of Princeton.

SONGS OF PRINCETON.

OLD NASSAU.

WORDS BY H. P. PECK, '62. MUSIC BY CARL LANGLOTZ.


Animoso.
1. Tune ev - ery harp and ev - ery voice, Bid ev - ery care withdraw; Let all with one ac-
- cord rejoice, In praise of old Nassau.
Chorus. piu presto.
In praise of old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur-
- rah! hurrah! hurrah! Her sons shall give while they shall live, Three cheers for old Nassau.

2 Let music rule the fleeting hour—
Her mantle round us draw;
And thrill each heart with all her power,
In praise of old Nassau!
CHORUS.—In praise of old Nassau, etc.

3 No flowery chaplet would we twine
To wither and decay;
The gems that sparkle in her crown
Shall never pass away!
CHO.—Shall never pass away, etc.

4 Their sheen forever shall impart
A zeal beyond compare;
And fire each ardent, youthful heart,
To boldly do and dare!
CHO.—To boldly do and dare, etc.

5 No earthly honors we bequeath,
For Truth is her great law;
And Virtue's amaranthine wreath
Shall speak for old Nassau!
CHO.—Shall speak for old Nassau, etc.

6 And when these walls in dust are laid,
With reverence and awe,
Another throng shall breathe our song,
In praise of old Nassau!
CHO.—In praise of old Nassau, etc.

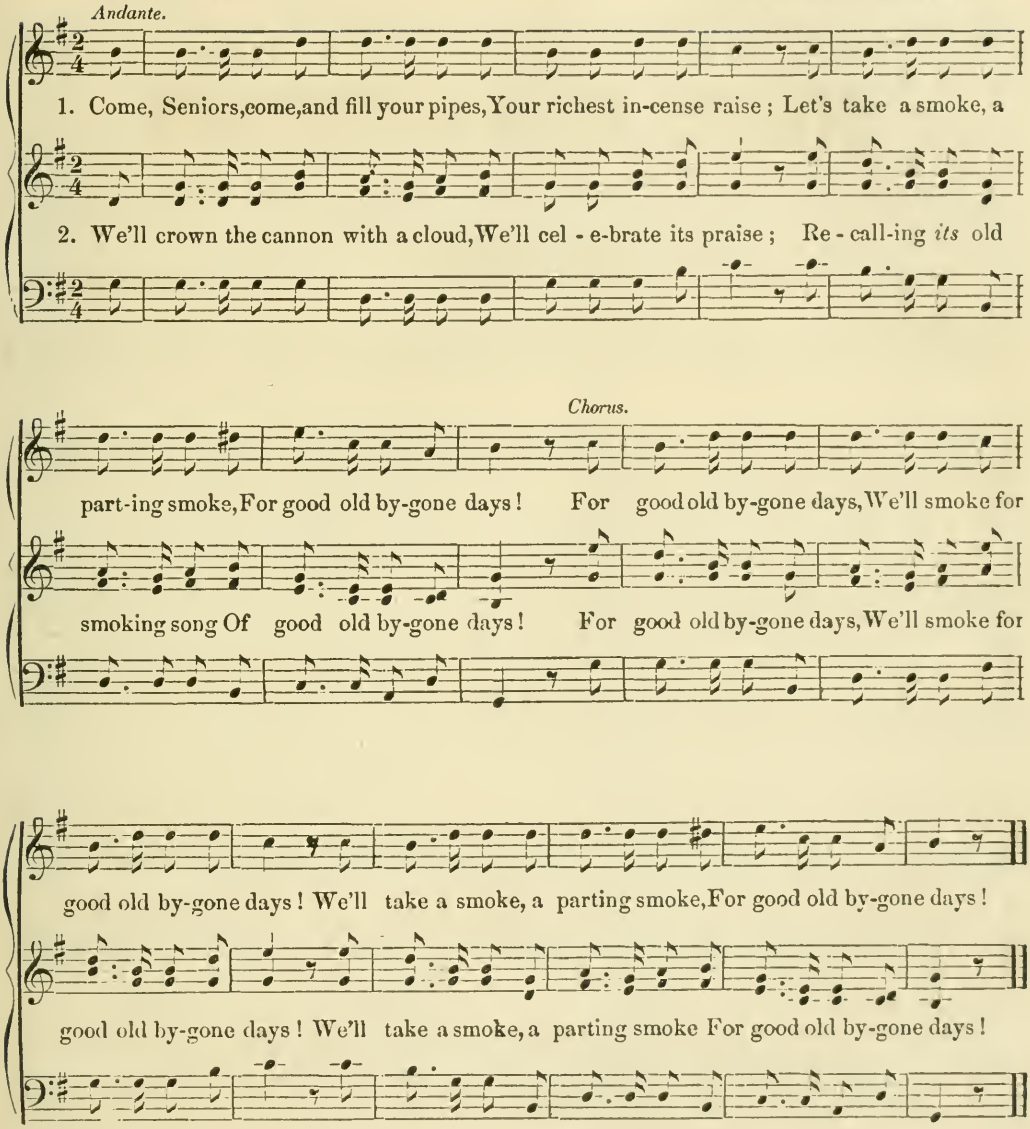
7 Till then with joy our songs we'll bring,
And while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing,
Long life to old Nassau!
CHO.—Long life to old Nassau, etc.

CANNON SONG.

BY H. P. PECK, '62.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Andante.


1. Come, Seniors,come,and fill your pipes,Your richest in-cense raise ; Let's take a smoke, a
2. We'll crown the cannon with a cloud,We'll cel - e-brate its praise ; Re - call-ing *its* old
Chorus.
part-ing smoke,For good old by-gone days ! For good old by-gone days,We'll smoke for
smoking song Of good old by-gone days ! For good old by-gone days,We'll smoke for
good old by-gone days ! We'll take a smoke, a parting smoke,For good old by-gone days !
good old by-gone days ! We'll take a smoke, a parting smoke For good old by-gone days !

3 We'll smoke to those we leave behind,
In devious college ways ;
We'll smoke to songs we've sung before,
In good old by-gone days.
CHO.—For good old by-gone days, etc.

4 We'll smoke to Alma Mater's name ;
She loves the cloud we raise !
For well she knows the "biggest guns"
Are in the coming days !
CHO.—For good old by-gone days, etc

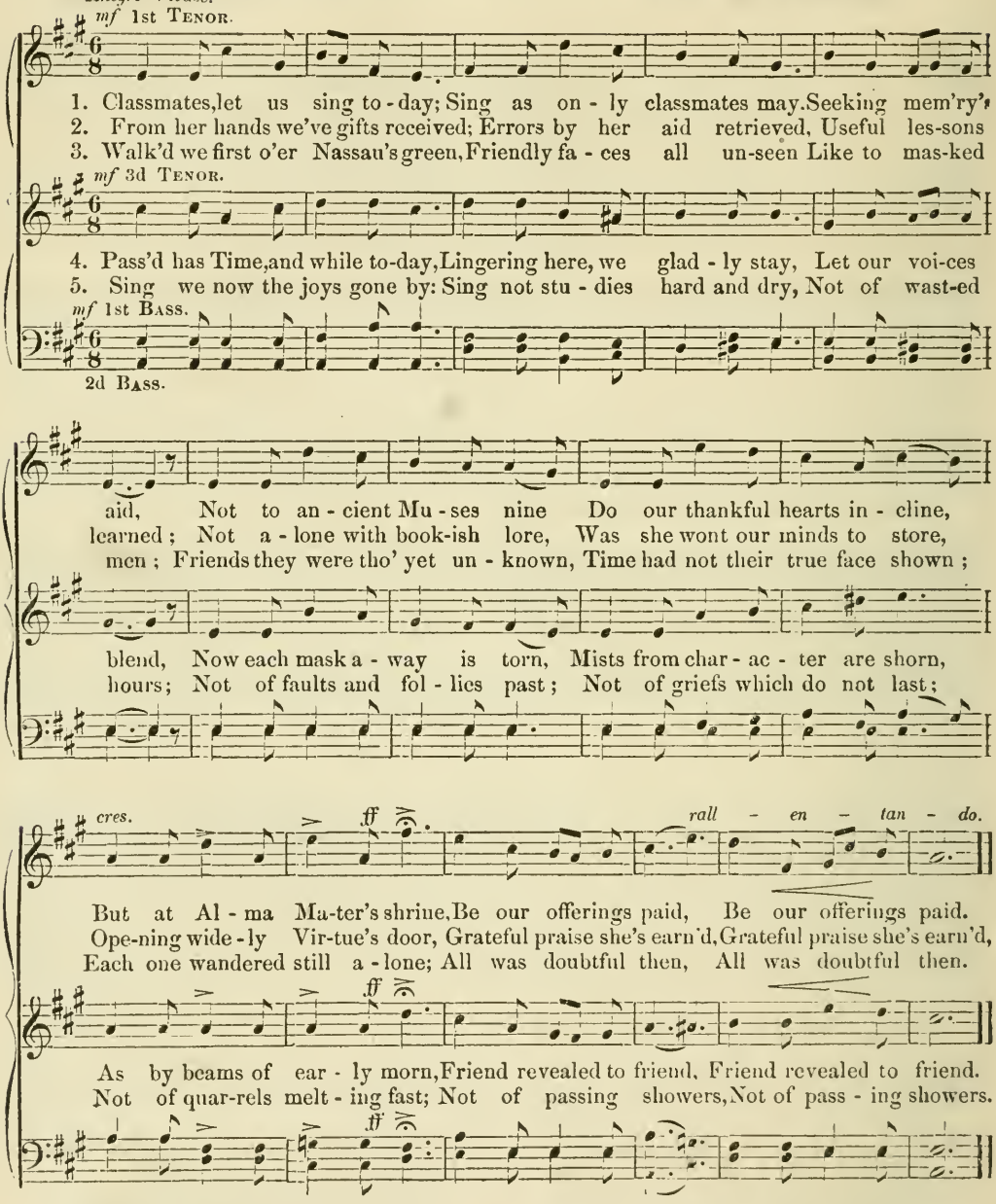
5 We'll smoke the times, the good old times,
When we were called to *fire!*
Their light shall blaze in memory,
Till the lamp of life expire !
CHO.—For good old by-gone days, etc.

6 Then let each smoking pipe be broke—
Hurrah for coming days !
We'll take a march, a merry march,
To meet the coming days !
CHO.—For good old by-gone days, etc.

CLASSMATES, LET US SING.

WORDS BY WM. B. HORNBLOWER. MUSIC BY J. C. PENNINGTON, 71.

Allegro Vivace.

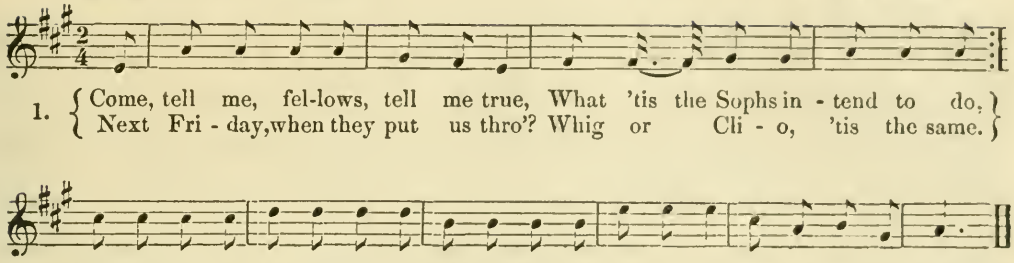

mf 1st Tenor.
1. Classmates,let us sing to-day; Sing as on-ly classmates may.Seeking mem'ry's
2. From her hands we've gifts received; Errors by her aid retrieved, Useful les-sons
3. Walk'd we first o'er Nassau's green,Friendly fa-ces all un-seen Like to mas-ked
mf 3d Tenor.
4. Pass'd has Time,and while to-day,Lingering here, we glad-ly stay, Let our voi-ces
5. Sing we now the joys gone by: Sing not stu-dies hard and dry, Not of wast-ed
mf 1st Bass.
2d Bass.
aid, Not to an-cient Mu-ses nine Do our thankful hearts in-cline,
learned; Not a-lone with book-ish lore, Was she wont our minds to store,
men; Friends they were tho' yet un-known, Time had not their true face shown;
blend, Now each mask a-way is torn, Mists from char-ac-ter are shorn,
hours; Not of faults and fol-lies past; Not of griefs which do not last;
cres.
ff
rall - en - tan - do.
But at Al-ma Ma-ter's shrine,Be our offerings paid, Be our offerings paid.
Ope-ning wide-ly Vir-tue's door, Grateful praise she's earn'd,Grateful praise she's earn'd,
Each one wandered still a-lone; All was doubtful then, All was doubtful then.
As by beams of ear-ly morn,Friend revealed to friend, Friend revealed to friend.
Not of quar-rels melt-ing fast; Not of passing showers,Not of pass-ing showers.

6 Sing the joys of Freshman year,
Blustering winds with sky all clear,
Like young March's noon.
Sing of Sophomore's April day,
Sing of Junior's pleasant May,
Sing of Senior's ripe array,
Rich in fruits of June.

7 Leave we now our mother's side;
By life's hardships to be tried
Till our race is run.
Forward! comes the stern command!
Forward! let no loiterer stand!
Forward! an unbroken band,
Forward, every one!

WHO'S AFRAID.

ARRANGED BY CARL LANGLOTZ. BY A GRADUATE.


1. Come, tell me, fel-lows, tell me true, What 'tis the Sophs in - tend to do,
Next Fri - day, when they put us thro'? Whig or Cli - o, 'tis the same.
Who's afraid? for very shame, A coward might confront the flame, might confront the flame.

1 Come, tell me, fellows, tell me true,
What 'tis the Sophs intend to do,
Next Friday, when they put us through?
Whig or Clio, 'tis the same;
Who's afraid? for very shame
A coward might confront the flame.

2 Strange sounds proceed from classic hall;
Yon Doric prostyle doth appall;
O that some scout would tell me all!
Purpose shakes—I'll be a Whig—
Who's afraid? 'Tis *infra dig.*,
For Freshmen not to brag it big.

3 Jenkins looked very gaunt next day,
Yet still he hath survived—so may
Your humble servant with fair play.
Heads or tails—I'll CLIO be—
Who's afraid? To turn and flee
Would spot one's name—but let us see.

4 Initiation is no jest;
They say one must be half undressed,
And every sin must be confessed.
That stolen pie! it doth me pose;
Who's afraid—with double hose,
And quires of paper? So, here goes!

5 Yet say, if I may be so bold,
Are Freshmen o'er the furnace rolled?
Hot iron always makes me cold.
Say I'm pluck? You do me proud.
Who's afraid? In such a crowd
A coward surely can't be cowed.

6 *I* tremble? Yes—the air is raw—
But not with fear; yet Gubbins—pshaw!
What means that carrying in of straw?
Can it be to feed the flame?
Who's afraid? 'Tis all the same—
This is certain—Fresh dies game!

GAUDEAMUS.

TRANSLATED BY J. A. PEARCE, JR., '60.

1 While the glowing hours are bright,
Let not sadness mar them,
For when age shall rifle youth,
And shall drive our joys unsooth,
Then the grave will bar them.

2 Where are those who from the world
Long ago departed!
Scale Olympus' lofty height—
See grim Hades' murky night—
There are the great hearted.

3 Mortal life is but a span,
That is quickly fleeting;
Cruel death comes on apace,
And removes us from the race,
None with favor treating.

4 Long may this fair temple stand,
Nassau now and ever!
Long may her professors grace
Each his own time honored place,
Friendship failing never.

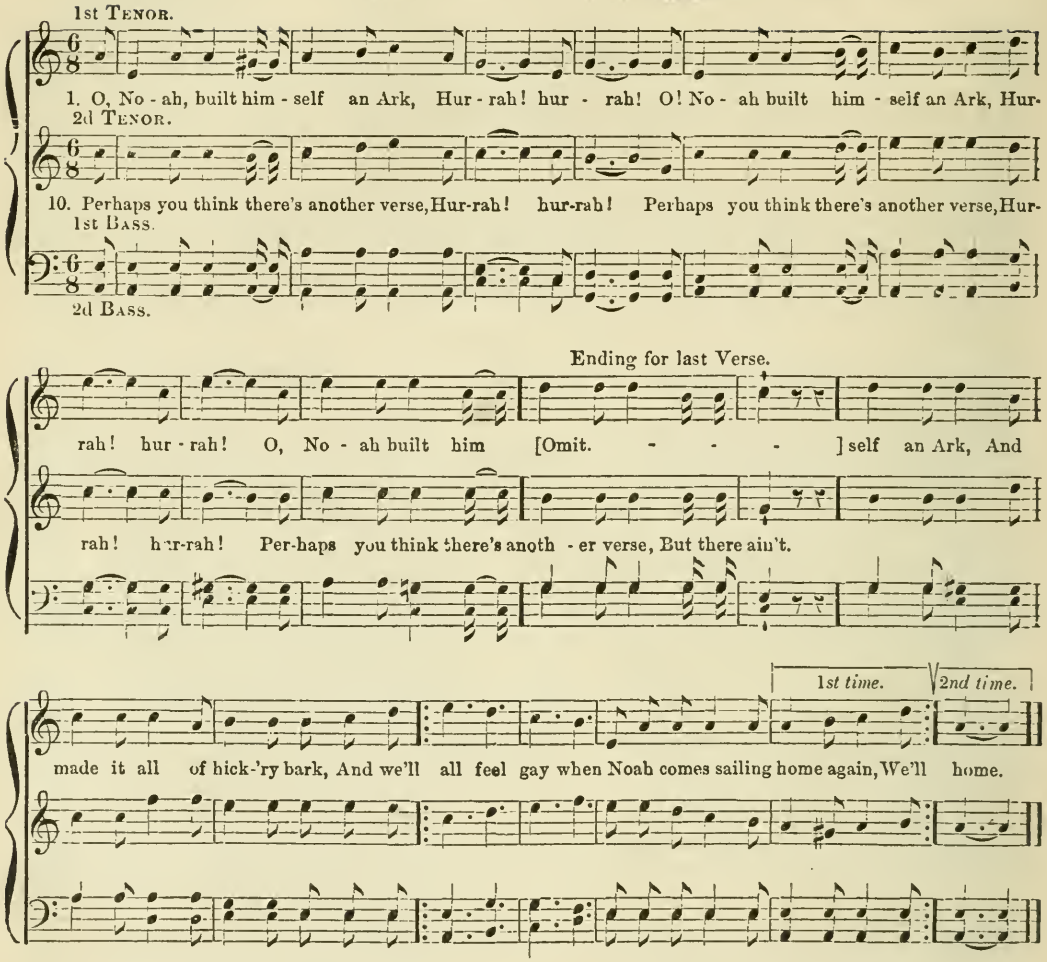
5 May our charming maidens live,
Matchless all in beauty,
May our blooming matrons long
Be the theme of grateful song,
Patterns bright of duty.

6 May our Union grow in strength,
Faithful rulers guiding;
In this blaze of Freedom's light,
Where the genial arts are bright,
Find we rest abiding.

7 Out on sighing! vanish hate,
And ye fiends of sadness;
To his chill abode of woe,
Let the dread Philistine go,
Who would steal our gladness.

THE ARK.

CLASS OF 65'S GLEE CLUB ARRANGEMEMT.


1st Tenor.
1. O, No - ah, built him - self an Ark, Hur - rah! hur - rah! O! No - ah built him - self an Ark, Hur-
2d Tenor.
10. Perhaps you think there's another verse, Hur-rah! hur-rah! Perhaps you think there's another verse, Hur-
1st Bass.
2d Bass.
Ending for last Verse.
rah! hur - rah! O, No - ah built him [Omit. - - -] self an Ark, And
rah! hur-rah! Per-haps you think there's anoth - er verse, But there ain't.
1st time.
2nd time.
made it all of hick-'ry bark, And we'll all feel gay when Noah comes sailing home again, We'll home.

2 Now into this Ark the animals went,
Hurrah! &c.
Now into this Ark the animals went,
In just the order they were sent,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.

3 The animals went in one by one,
Hurrah! &c.
The animals went in one by one,
And Japhet with a big bass drum,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.

4 The animals went in two by two,
Hurrah! &c.
The animals went in two by two,
The Elephant and the Kangaroo,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.

5 The animals went in three by three,
Hurrah! &c.
The animals went in three by three,
The Hippopotamus and bumblebee,
And we'll all feel gay, &c,

6 The animals went in fives by fives,
Hurrah! &c
The animals went in fives by fives,
Shem, Ham and Japhet and their wives,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.

7 Oh! Mrs. Noah, she got drunk.
Hurrah! &c.
Oh! Mrs. Noah, she got drunk,
And kicked the old gentleman out of his bunk,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.

8 And as they talked of this and that,
Hurrah! &c.
And as they talked of this and that,
The Ark it bumped on Ararat,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.

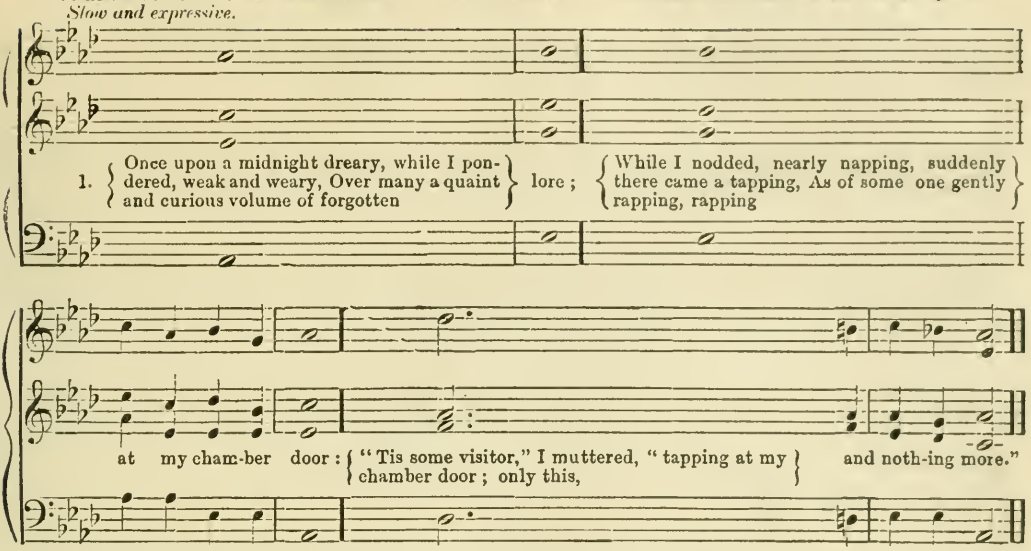
9 Oh! Noah, he went on a spree,
Hurrah! &c.
Oh! Noah, he went on a spree,
And banished Ham to Afrikee,
And we'll all feel gay, &c.

10 Perhaps you think there's another verse,
Hurrah! &c.
Perhaps you think there's another verse,
But there ain't.

THE RAVEN.

POEM BY E. A. POE. BY PERMISSION. AS CHANTED BY CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS AND N. A. Q. '70.

Slow and expressive.


1. Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary, Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore ; While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, As of some one gently rapping, rapping
at my chamber door : "Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door ; only this, and nothing more."

2 Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,
Eagerly I wished the morrow, vainly I had sought to borrow,
From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow | for the lost Le- | nore ;
For the rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore ;
Nameless here, for | ever | more.

3 Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped an stately raven, of the sainted days of | yore.
Not the least obeisance made he ; not an instant stopped or staid he ;
But, with mein of lord or lady, perched a- | bove my chamber door ;
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door ;
Perched and sat, and | nothing | more.

4 And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting—still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber | door ;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his | shadow on the | floor ;
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—never | more."

NASSAU!

BY THOMAS D. SUPLEE, '70.

AIR—"*America.*"

1

Nassau! thy name we own,
No nobler name be known,
Ancient Nassau!
Thine are our heart's desires ;
Thy name each bosom fires ;
And strongest love inspires,
Noble Nassau!

2

Thy seed in weakness sown,
A giant tree has grown,
Unyielding stands.
All blighting storms defied,
Thy blessings, far and wide,
Shall sweep a glorious tide,
Throughout all lands!

3

In North, South, East, and West,
Our land shall still be blest,
By thee, Nassau!
Hundreds of noble youth,
In future shall go forth,
Moulded in sacred truth,
From thee, Nassau!

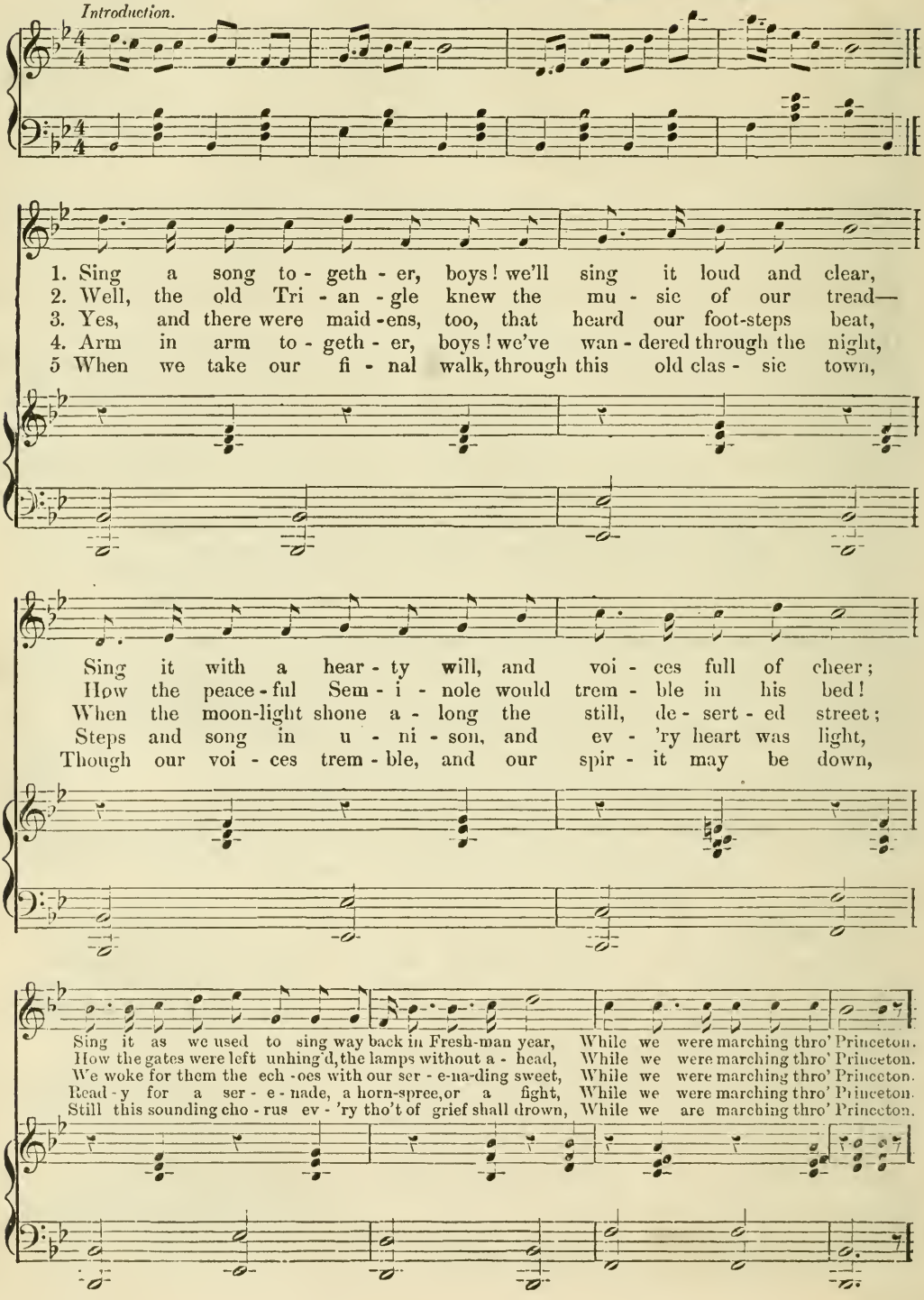
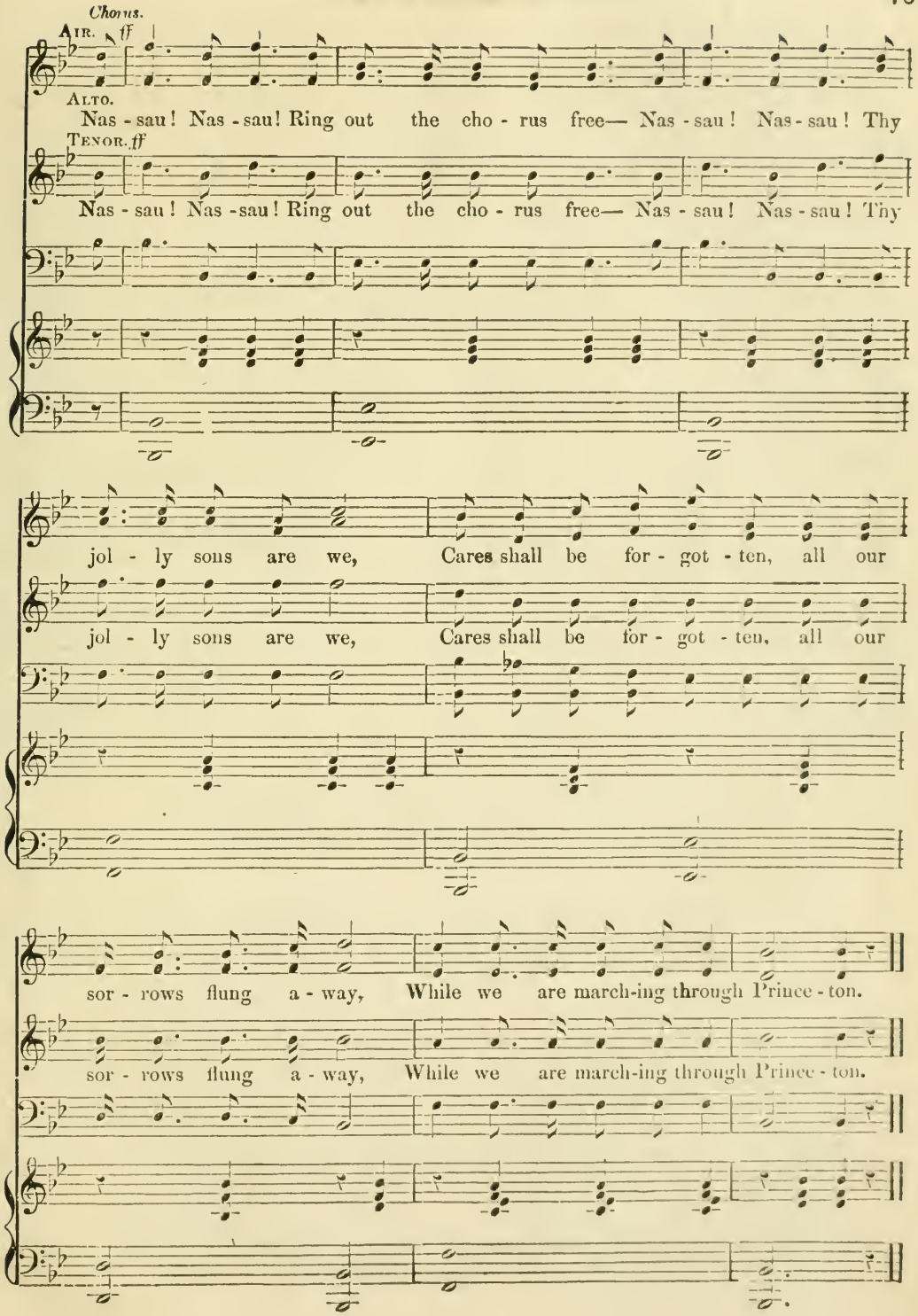
4

Loved Parent, now to thee,
We vow unitedly,
Thy friends to be.
Ever through life to stand,
A strong and faithful band,
Ready with heart and hand,
To work for thee!

5

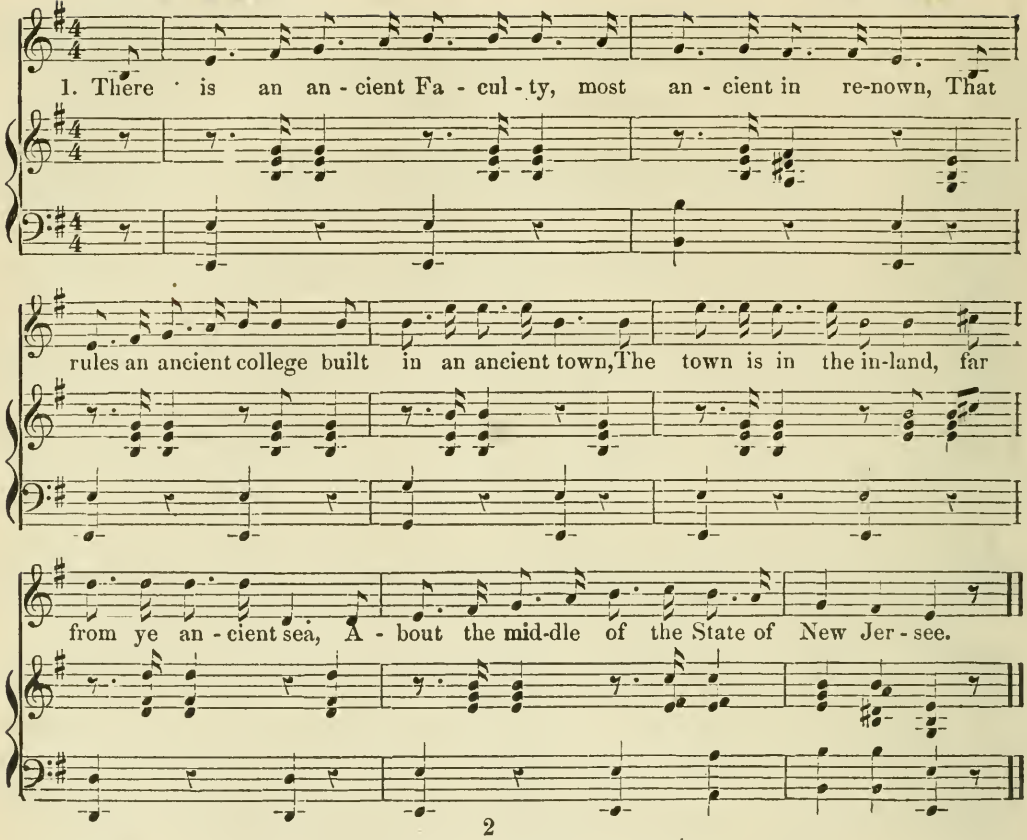
From all reproach we'll save,
The name our fathers gave,
Noble Nassau!
Ever unto the end,
Glory shall still attend,
And through the land extend
Thy name, Nassau!

TRIANGLE SONG.

WORDS BY H. J. VAN DYKE, '73. MUSIC BY PERMISSION OF S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

Introduction.
1. Sing a song to - geth - er, boys! we'll sing it loud and clear,
2. Well, the old Tri - an - gle knew the mu - sic of our tread—
3. Yes, and there were maid - ens, too, that heard our foot-steps beat,
4. Arm in arm to - geth - er, boys! we've wan - dered through the night,
5 When we take our fi - nal walk, through this old clas - sic town,
Sing it with a hear - ty will, and voi - ces full of cheer;
How the peace - ful Sem - i - nole would trem - ble in his bed!
When the moon-light shone a - long the still, de - sert - ed street;
Steps and song in u - ni - son, and ev - 'ry heart was light,
Though our voi - ces trem - ble, and our spir - it may be down,
Sing it as we used to sing way back in Fresh-man year, While we were marching thro' Princeton.
How the gates were left unhing'd, the lamps without a - head, While we were marching thro' Princeton.
We woke for them the ech - oes with our ser - e-na-ding sweet, While we were marching thro' Princeton.
Read - y for a ser - e - nade, a horn-spree, or a fight, While we were marching thro' Princeton.
Still this sounding cho - rus ev - 'ry tho't of grief shall drown, While we are marching thro' Princeton.

Chorus.
AIR. ff
ALTO.
Nas - sau! Nas - sau! Ring out the cho - rus free— Nas - sau! Nas - sau! Thy
TENOR. ff
Nas - sau! Nas - sau! Ring out the cho - rus free— Nas - sau! Nas - sau! Thy
jol - ly sons are we, Cares shall be for - got - ten, all our
jol - ly sons are we, Cares shall be for - got - ten, all our
sor - rows flung a - way, While we are march-ing through Prince - ton.
sor - rows flung a - way, While we are march-ing through Prince - ton.

NEW JERSEE.

WORDS BY C. W. KASE, '72. MUSIC ADAPTED.


1. There is an an - cient Fa - cul - ty, most an - cient in re-nown, That
rules an ancient college built in an ancient town, The town is in the in-land, far
from ye an - cient sea, A - bout the mid-dle of the State of New Jer - see.

2

The town is full of talent, and Lager Beer saloons,
The boys sometimes get hard up and pawn their pantaloons;
But this thing seldom happens, the reason you shall see,
We always borrow when we're "*short*" in New Jersee.

3.

We spend our leisure moments beside ye ancient girls,
All powdered up and modernized by *chignons*, rouge and curls;
They always smash our hearts, altho' it strange may be,
The same girl's smashed our fathers' hearts in New Jersee.

THE LOG COLLEGE.

BY J. ALFRED PEARCE, JR., '60.
AIR—*Old Nassau.*

1 When revolution shook the land,
And patriots shed their blood,
When foreign foes, at king's command,
Poured in their swelling flood;
Then Freedom was the glorious boon,
For which our fathers fought,
And burning sun, and frozen moon
Beheld the deeds they wrought.

2 But while they learned the arts of war,
And ruin swept their fields,
When Liberty was yet afar,
And nature almost yields,
They ne'er forgot the gentle arts
That rule a peaceful state,
Despair ne'er entered in their hearts,
They never bent to Fate.

3 Thus while in martial strains they sung
Old Nassau's logs were felled,
And from the deep laid basis, sprung
A structure still upheld:
For patriots laid the corner-stone,
And watched its struggling life:
Our country made it all her own,
And fostered it in strife.

4 Though now long years have wearied on,
Those early rough log walls
Have stood, and hardened into stone,
Like rock that never falls.
Throughout the land her proud sons roam,
Her glory and her pride;
Though North, though South may be their home,
Here stand they side by side.

5 'Tis here we find our truest friends,
And here our brightest joys,
We learn that every union ends,
And every pleasure cloys;
We learn to love these "hallowed shades"
With all our heart and soul,
To strive for that which never fades,
And honor Nassau's roll.

6 Each well-remembered spot shall teem
With young life's busy thought,
And every clod to us will seem
With sweet enchantment fraught.
While ever poet's heart can sing,
Thy sounding praise shall last,
And golden recollections cling
Around the voiceless past.

7 Long may thy fame and beauty shine!
Thy sons still firm and true;
May fadeless wreaths around thee twine
Of glory's brightest hue;
And memory with "lava tide,"
In future shall recur
To thy time-honored walls, where hide
Remembrances most dear.

ANCIENT MARINER.

BY C. B. C., '53.

AIR—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

1 There was an ancient mariner—
In Coleridge is his "Rime," sir—
Who walked into our college grounds
To beg or steal a dime, sir;
A dime to carry to his wife,
His childless wife and blind, sir,
And to his children who had lost
Their mother dear and kind, sir.
And so this antique whalerman
Went meekly through the campus,
Prepared to spy with either eye
A polyp or a grampus.

CHORUS.—O Seniors, Juniors, Sophs and Fresh,
Come round the campus cannon,
And shout hurrah for Old Nassau,
And hurrah for the cannon.

2 But e'er this ancient mariner
Got even a bogus cent, sir,
He saw a sight that made him stare,
And stopped him as he went, sir.
He saw a pair of bloody guns
A-growing in that campus—
Not this the polyp that he sought,
Nor this indeed the grampus.
In fact he was as truly stunned,
This most primeval sailor,
As though he saw the skull and bones
Run up upon a whaler.—CHO.

3 His eyes protruded from his head
With an unearthly glare, sir,
And high aloft his crownless hat
Was hoisted by his hair, sir.
Just then the bell began to ring,
And many passed him by, sir,
And Senior, Junior, Soph and Fresh,
Saw something in his eye, sir.
For, lo, he gazed upon those guns
With noses in the ground, sir,
As though he saw a shoal of fiends
A-whisking all around, sir.—CHO.

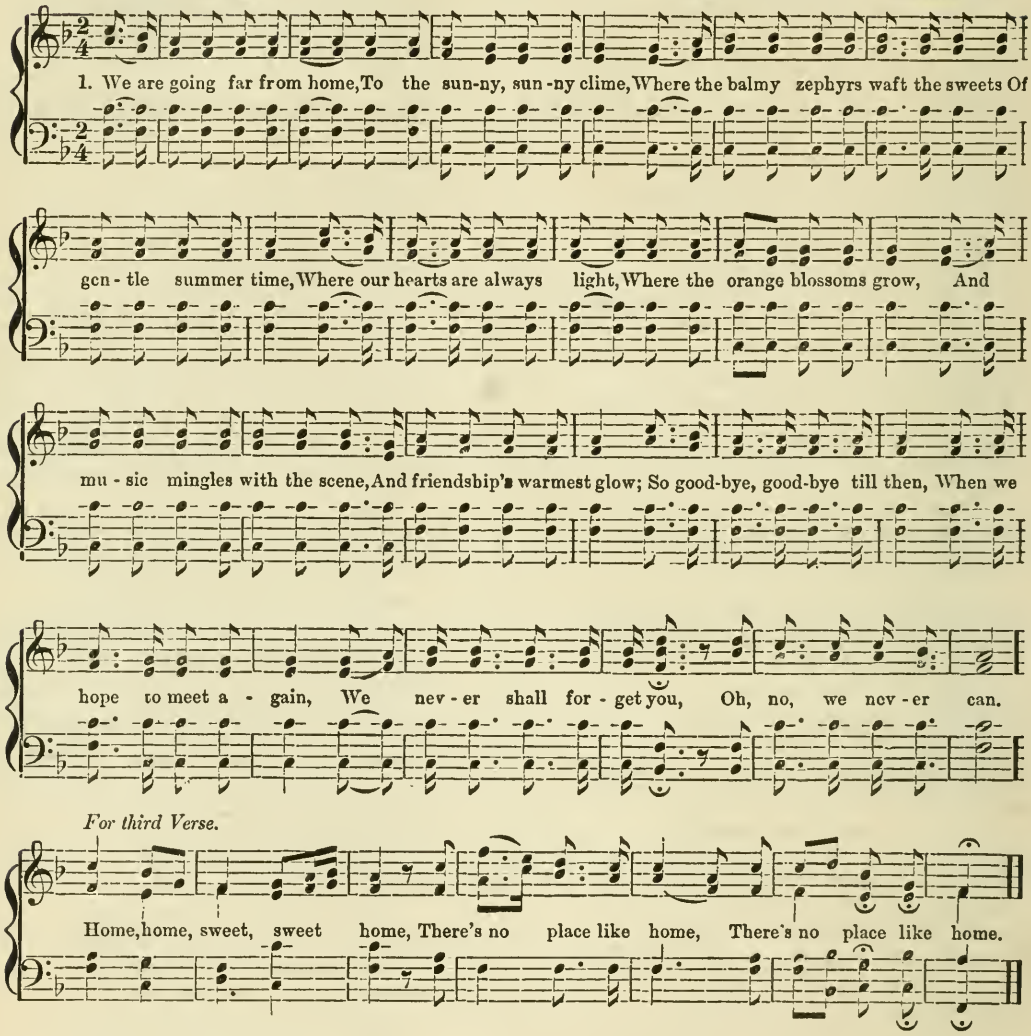
4 Eftsoons he reached his skinny hand,
That most excited man, sir,
And beckoned to a Fresh that raced
His roll-call for to answer.
"I say," he said with husky breath,
"Heave to, and fetch around, sir,
Ain't this the spot where big guns grow?
Ain't this the very ground, sir?"
The Freshman stopped—he could but stop
The sailor's eye was flame, sir.
He stopped—although he heard the roll
A-getting towards his name, sir.—CHO.

5 He stopped and sighed, but thus he spake—
The Freshman to the sailor—
"Thou art most right—thou art most right,
Thou ragged ancient whaler.
The very acre where thy toes
Are creeping from thy boots, sir,
Is where the big guns of the world
All show their early shoots, sir.
And every year we raise a crop
Like those you see out yonder,
To fill this great terraqueous globe
With mingled gas and thunder."—CHO.

6 The ancient mariner was dumb,
Eftsoons his chin dropped he, sir,
And then, alas! his form collapsed
In dreadful agony, sir.
Yes, mortal fear at being here,
Where all the big guns shoot, sir,
Destroyed that ancient mariner,
And only left a boot, sir.
And now his ghost you oft may see
A-stalking through the campus,
Prepared to spy with either eye
A polyp or a grampus.—CHO.

CONTINENTAL'S FAREWELL.

As sung by the "Nassau Amateur Quartette."

WORDS BY J. W. SMITH. '23. MUSIC ADAPTED BY CONTINENTALS.

1. We are going far from home, To the sun-ny, sun-ny clime, Where the balmy zephyrs waft the sweets Of
gen-tle summer time, Where our hearts are always light, Where the orange blossoms grow, And
mu-sic mingles with the scene, And friendship's warmest glow; So good-bye, good-bye till then, When we
hope to meet a-gain, We nev-er shall for-get you, Oh, no, we nev-er can.
For third Verse.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

2 Should we return again,
We hope to meet you all,
With happy hearts and smiling brows,
To grace this festive hall;
If ne'er again, with gladdened eyes,
We shall see your happy land,
We ask your parting blessing,
On the "Nassau Quartette Band."

CHORUS.—So good-by, good-by till then,
When we hope to meet again,
We never shall forget you,
Oh no, we never can.

3 Kind friends, we now must speak the word,
To one and all farewell,
May heaven's blessings on you rest,
And music's magic spell.
Say, will you sometimes think of us,
When round your loved hearth stone,
And breathe a prayer to heaven,
For the wanderers far from home.

Chorus for third verse.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

THE STUDENT'S GLEE.

GEO. W. KETCHAM, '59.

1 We think it passing fine, sir,
To while away the time, sir,
Indulging in a rhyme, sir,
To drive dull care away.
CHO.—To drive dull care away,
To drive dull care away.
It's a way we have at old Nassau,
It's a way we have at old Nassau,
It's a way we have at old Nassau,
To drive dull care away.

2 And when our work is done, sir,
And we are full of fun, sir,
We like it well to pun, sir,
To drive dull care away. CHO.

3 If at the campus gate, sir,
We cannot congregate, sir,
We'll not grieve o'er our fate, sir,
But drive dull care away.—CHO.

4 If in our rooms a crowd, sir,
With purpose full avowed, sir,
Should come and chatter loud, sir,
We'll drive dull care away.—CHO.

5 And when we shall withdraw, sir,
From reign of college law, sir,
We'll shout for old Nassau, sir,
To drive dull care away.—CHO.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Sung at the Centennial Celebration of Nassau Hall, Tuesday, January 29, 1847, at the conclusion of the Centenary Discourse by James W. Alexander, D. D.

TUNE—"*Old Hundred.*"

1 Our fathers' God, we come to thee;
To thee our grateful voices raise;
Help us on this our jubilee
To join in humble, solemn praise.

2 Before the throne of heavenly grace,
Ye sons of *Nassau*, raise your songs;
The mercies of a hundred years
Demand your grateful hearts and tongues.

3 Through all the conflicts of the way,
Our fathers' God has led us on;
His Providence has been our stay;
In Him we lived, in Him alone.

4 Our fathers! loved and honored name!
We love to speak their hallowed praise;
Through them what precious blessings came!
For them our hearty thanks we raise.

5 Our father's God still lives and reigns;
To Him we look, in Him rejoice;
His love our confidence sustains,
To Him we'll raise our grateful voice.

6 Smile, mighty God, for ever smile,
On this beloved and honored place:
Here let our sons forever come,
And always find it wisdom's home.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

Translation.

BY J. A. PEARCE, JR., '60.

1 Horace, crowned with laurels bright,
Truly thou hast spoken;
Time outspeeds the swift wind's flight,
Earthly power is broken.
CHORUS.—Give me cups that foaming rise,
Cups with fragrance laden,
Pouting lips, and smiling eyes
Of a blushing maiden.

2 Blooming grows the budding vine,
And the maid grows blooming;
But the poet quaffs not wine,
Age is surely dooming.—CHO.

3 Who would grasp at empty fame
'Tis a fleeting vision;
But for love and wine we claim
Sweetness all Elysian.—CHO.

SMOKING SONG.

AIR—"*Sparkling and bright.*"

FROM "NASSAU SONGS." BY PERMISSION.

1 With grateful twirl our smoke wreaths curl,
As mist from the water-fall given;
Or the locks that float thro' beauty's throat,
In the whispering air of even.
CHO. Then drown the fears of the coming years,
And the dread of change before us;
The way is sweet to our willing feet,
With the smoke-wreaths twining o'er us.

2 As the light beams thro' the ringlets blue,
Will hope beam through our sorrow,
While the gathering wreath of the smoke we breathe
Shuts out the fear of to-morrow.
CHO.—Then drown the fears, etc.

3 A magic charm in the evening calm
Calls thought from mem'ry's treasure;
But clear and bright in the liquid light
Are the smoke-called dreams of pleasure.
CHO.—Then drown the fears, etc.

4 Then who shall chide, with boasting pride,
Delights they ne'er have tasted;
O, let them smile while we beguile
The hour with joys they've wasted.
CHO.—Then drown the fears, etc.

EXPONUNTUR.

BY E. HOLDEN. '59.

I.

The Freshman.

Walking through the Campus,
Fearing to be seen,
Wonders if the students think
He seems so very green;
Stumbling over Livy,
Blushes very coy,
Wishes he was home again,
Tender-hearted boy.
Thinks it's very cruel,
Others laughing so,
Wonders if reciting well,
Sure he does n't know;
Rushes off in frenzy,
Hastens to his room,
Writes a tender letter there,
Says he's coming home.
Soon becomes accustomed,
Often dares to speak,
Learns a thing or two beside
The Latin and the Greek.
Makes a good *trans*lation,
Never could before;
Finds, after all, the lesson
Is n't such a bore.
Walks round "á la fancy,"
Delighting all he can,
Thinks it's very glorious
To be a "College man."
Hears old "Nassau" shouted
In the silent night;
Would n't be a coward called,
So rushes out to fight,
Two pistols in his pockets,
A knife his coat beneath,
Around his neck a slung-shot,
A dirk between his teeth;
Rushes very bravely,
Trembling with the cold,
Knows it is a false alarm,
(Wishes they were "sold;"
Hiding round the corner,
Thinks it's splendid fun;
Sees a tutor coming soon,
Good excuse to run.
Crawling under fences,
Gets a lucky fall,
Finds a bruise upon his cheek
From a tumbling wall:
Gets up in the morning,
Does n't wash his face,
Fearing lest the water cold,
May wash away the trace.
Shows it to a classmate,
"In the fight conferred,"
Cooly asks him "what fight?"
Says it is absurd.
Preyed upon by "Hodges,"
"Sold" at every turn;
Banged around by politics,
He lives but not to learn.

II.

The Sophomore.

Martial is the bearing,
Gentle is the tread,
See how proud erect, he has
His newly beavered head.
Laughing at the Freshman,
Strives to take him in;
Does as he was done by,
Knows it is'nt sin.
Seeking to be manly,
Tries a little wine;
Never dared to, while a Fresh,
Finds it very fine.
Getting into mischief,
Looking after fun;
Finds the year for making it
Has but just begun,
(Blessings on the neighbors,
All so very kind,
Turkeys for the knowing ones
Ever glad to find.
Giving up the grape vines,
Never saying nay,
Apples, pears, and peaches too,
Fairly thrown away.)
Starting all the Horn-sprees,
Filling up the wells,
Tearing down the fences, now
Tying up the bells;
Fright'ning timid Newies,
Rushing round o' nights,
Reeling through the city streets,
Getting into fights;
"Going in" "Commencements,"
Dragging round the rakes,
Clogged with weeds of erring,
Foibles and mistakes.
Ready for excitement,
Starting an alarm,
Truly he's a wondrous thing,
Much less good than harm.

III.

The Junior.

Impudence unbounded,
Dignified and slow,
Ask him *any* question,
"Think he does n't know?"

Miracles in science,
Still he knows them all,
Has upon his tongue's end,
"Rome's decline and fall."
Great event occurring!
"That is nothing new;
Have you just found that out?
Could have told it you."
Tell a funny story,
Find he does n't smile;
Says "it is a witty thing,"—
But knew it all the while,
Very condescending
Looks upon the town;
Thinks the students ought to wear
An Oxford hat and gown.
Studying is *so* tiresome,
Votes it is a bore;
So gets along without it,
Never could before;
No morning recitation;
Never goes to prayer;
But looks in at the chapel,
Somehow he's always there.
Getting up a supper,
Shows around the bill,
Says he means to pay it;
(Knows he never will.)
Thinks the class above him
Is n't very high;
Knows his own is better far,
But *not* the reason why.
Tells you all his his'try,
All his friends and foes,
All his great adventures,
Every thing he knows.
Treats the Freshman foibles,
With indignant scorn;
Then runs round at midnight,
Blowing on a horn.—
Goes among the ladies,
Pities all he sees,—
Thinks from very love of him,
They'd get upon their knees,
Fears to smile too freely,
Lest they should presume:
So with very careless air,
Strolls around the room;
Proves in truth the adage
(Ancient mentors sing)
"A little store of knowledge
Is a very dangerous thing."

IV.

The Senior.

Finely bound in calf-skin,
Double extra gilt,
Many claims to homage
On his knowledge built; (?)
Feeling very dignified,
Really looks sublime;—
(If you've never seen him
At any other time.
Sleeping through a lecture,
Standing to recite,
Pulling out his neighbor's hair,
Rushing out to fight,
Standing on the corners,
Lounging at the gate,
Carrying off the chapel desk
Walking very late.)
Talks about his speaking;
Hopes no one will know
The very speech was spoken,
About a year ago.
Criticises great men,
Seeming very wise,
Seeks to be eccentric,
Forges many lies.
Tells you of the "public good,"
Very apt to boast;
Things of which he knows the least,
Talks about the most.
Said to be a nuisance,—
Others tell him so;
Glad enough to have him gone,
He's glad enough to go.

THE FEAST OF REASON.

BY CHARLES RUSSELL CLARKE, '53.

AIR—"*Stand by your glasses.*"

1 Here's a goblet of crystal beaming,
A draught from the mountain spring,
And its scintillant light is gleaming,
Like down on an angel's wing;
Let us quaff from the brimming measure,
For, fresh in its grateful deeps,
We shall find that reviving pleasure,
The pearl of a Ptolemy sleeps.

2 Here's a relic of martial glory,
A song of an elder day,
It will breathe us a glorious story,
Though simple and brief the lay.
It will tell of the bold Crusader
Who went to the Holy Land;
It will follow a blest invader,
And fight with a sacred band.

3 Here's a tale of the good times olden,
Of knight and of ladie fair;
How he wooed her in moments golden,
And won her with precious care;
How he sought in the front of battle
The laurels that victors win,
Where the lance and the broadsword rattle,
And the ranks of the brave grow thin.

4 Here's a smile for the joyful Present,
A smile for the glad To-day,
Since the moments thus sweetly pleasant,
Are flowers on a thorny way;
And the hours that we pass together
With friends that are warm and true,
Like the cloudlets of wintry weather,
Are nearer the heaven though few.

5 Here's a sigh for the broken-hearted,
The comfortless child of grief,
He who mourns over joys departed,
And gathers no fond relief.
For when sorrow has made us tearful,
A sigh is a grateful thing,
As even a taper is cheerful,
When darkness has opened her wing.

6 Here's adieu till we meet to-morrow;
Good night to each parting friend;
May the dreams of the dark watch borrow
The hues that in love-light blend.
May the star that invites the morning,
Bring peace on its gentle wings;
Each brow have its crown of adorning,
That light which Religion flings.

FIRST CIGAR.

BY W. C. ROMMEL, '68.

AIR—*Last Cigar.*

1 'Twas in a jolly classmate's room,
One gloomy winter day,
I sat, my feet upon the stove,
And wished my cares away.
He gave me a cigar; I puffed
Its incense on the air;
But trembled some, to think in sooth,
It was my first cigar.
CHORUS.—It was my first cigar,
It was my first cigar,
Too much for me I feared 'twould be,
It was my first cigar.

2 I leaned far over in my chair,
And looked down on the floor—
E'en there the purple wreath of smoke
Was curdling as before.
Oh! could I at that wretched time
Have thrown "the weed" afar:
Alas! the gasping face proclaimed
It was my first cigar.—CHO.

3 I watched the ashes as the thing
So slowly neared the end—
I watched it, and with one sick eye
I watched my smoking friend;
But still the flame crept meanly on,
Its nausea *filled* the air;
I flung it from me, *spare the tale*,
It was my first cigar.—CHO.

4 I've seen them in the plunging ship,
Clasped with sea-sickness grim,
I've sat and held the toper's head,
When rum was racking him;
But never have I sickness known
That could with that compare,
When, with my well intending friend,
I smoked my first cigar.
CHO.—It was my first cigar,
It was my last cigar—
I vowed and swore that this should be
My *first* and *last* cigar.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

BY MATTHIAS WARD.

TUNE—*Harwell.*

Tutti—Alma Mater, cherished mother,
Hark! thy sons their voices raise;
Loving kindred, friend and brother,
Meet again to hymn thy praise.
Heaven bless this happy union,
Mingling hearts estranged so long,
Here once more in fond communion
Old companions join in song.
CHORUS—Alma Mater, cherished mother,
Hark! thy sons their voices raise
Loving kindred, friend and brother,
Meet again to hymn thy praise.
War has struck thy dwelling hoary—
Weak the foe and vain the fight;
Thou hast won a higher glory,
Gentle peace, and truth, and right.
CHO.—Alma Mater, &c.
Fire has tried its fury o'er thee,
Fierce the blaze and bright the flame,
Now the light that glows before thee,
Shines to show the world thy fame.
CHO.—Alma Mater, &c.
Lo! an hundred years departed,
Since thy tender infant hour;
Stronger now and stouter hearted,
Time has but increased thy power.
CHO.—Alma Mater, &c.
Thou hast reared the pride of nations—
Thine, thy country's boast abroad—
Thine, who hold its honored stations—
Thine, who teach the way to God!
CHO.—Alma Mater. &c.
Never more as thus we'll meet thee,
Leaning on thy fost'ring arm;
May a century bring to greet thee,
Souls as true and hearts as warm.
CHO.—Alma Mater, &c.
Good and true men, gone before us,
Leading to the upward way;
May their spirits, hov'ring o'er us,
Smile on Nassau's natal day!
CHO.—Alma Mater, &c.

SENIOR'S FAREWELL.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

1 Adieu, adieu, the parting scene
Now weaves its wizard spell,
And friends have met on College Green,
To chant their last farewell.
CHORUS—Farewell, farewell, though sweet the sound,
Harmonious to the ear,
It throws its garb of sorrow round
The friends that meet us here.

2 Friends, we must part, perhaps for aye,
This, this we may not tell;
But let us check the rising sigh,
And boldly say, farewell. CHO.

3 'Tis solemn—yea, a mournful hour,
When memory weaves her spell,
When thoughts do o'er the spirit pour,
That sadden our farewell. CHO.

4 The thoughts unbidden now to rise
From out hoar memory's cell;
With clasped hands, and tearful eyes,
We bid you all farewell. CHO.

5 And may your paths in life be bright,
No disappointments fell
E'er cloud around those paths of light,
Collegiate friends, farewell. CHO.

6 And when life's fitful dream is o'er,
And tolls our passing bell,
O! may we reach that happy shore
Where friends ne'er say, farewell. CHO.

RESPONSE SUNG BY THE UNDERGRADUATES.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

1 Farewell, farewell, the tear is bright,
And trembling in the eye,
And each successive moment brings
The hour of parting nigh.
CHORUS—Then farewell, brothers, one and all.
May genius guide your way,
While round her votive altar here,
Our holy thoughts we pay.

2 And though our tears are mingling now,
And feelings wound the heart,
It is the love we swear around
The altar as we part. CHO.

3 Fond mem'ry paints her scenes in tears,
As bright they cluster now,
And wreathes the cypress dark and lone,
Upon the sorrowing brow. CHO.

4 But then we part, to meet again,
Upon this sacred "green,"
When other years shall brighten o'er
The friendship we have seen. CHO.

5 To say farewell, the tear will start,
And paint upon the eye
The mem'ry of forgotten scenes
Now painted in the sky. CHO.

6 Farewell, farewell, we love you still,
And on your future years
May sorrow never breathe its name,
And trace itself in tears. CHO.

7 And when the "fitful dream" is past,
And friends shall close the eye,
Oh, may we meet again above,
Far in our kindred sky! CHO.

THE COLLEGE BELL.

BY H. P. PECK, '62.

AIR—"*Oft in the stilly night.*"

1 Oft when the rosy morn
The crown of day is bringing,
This thought to all is born—
"The College Bell is ringing!"
Then each must start,
With trembling heart,
From dreams so rudely broken,
And haste away
Without delay,
And scarce a word is spoken!
CHORUS—Thus when the rosy morn, etc.

2 And happy 'tis to hear,
When precious thoughts are springing
Those words so fraught with cheer—
"The College Bell is ringing!"
For then we must
Create a dust,
Like stone beneath a chisel,
Or, what's the same,
Except in name,
Prepare to "*stump*" or "*fizzle!*"
CHO.—Thus happy 'tis to hear, etc.

3 How fine in wintry weather,
When cold is very stinging,
Beneath your blankets warm,
To know the Bell is ringing!
And then to feel
That no appeal
Can give you consolation—
But you must rise,
And sacrifice
Position for a *station.*
CHO.—'Tis fine in wintry weather, etc.

4 When friends elate with cheer
Have gathered round for singing.
What melody to hear—
"The College Bell is ringing!"
But if a tongue
We had as long
As this old Bell's in keeping—
We might prolong
This glorious song,
But close because of weeping!
CHO.—For ah! my friends in cheer,
Who've gathered round for singing,
Another tune I hear—
"The College Bell is ringing!"

SONGS OF BROWN.

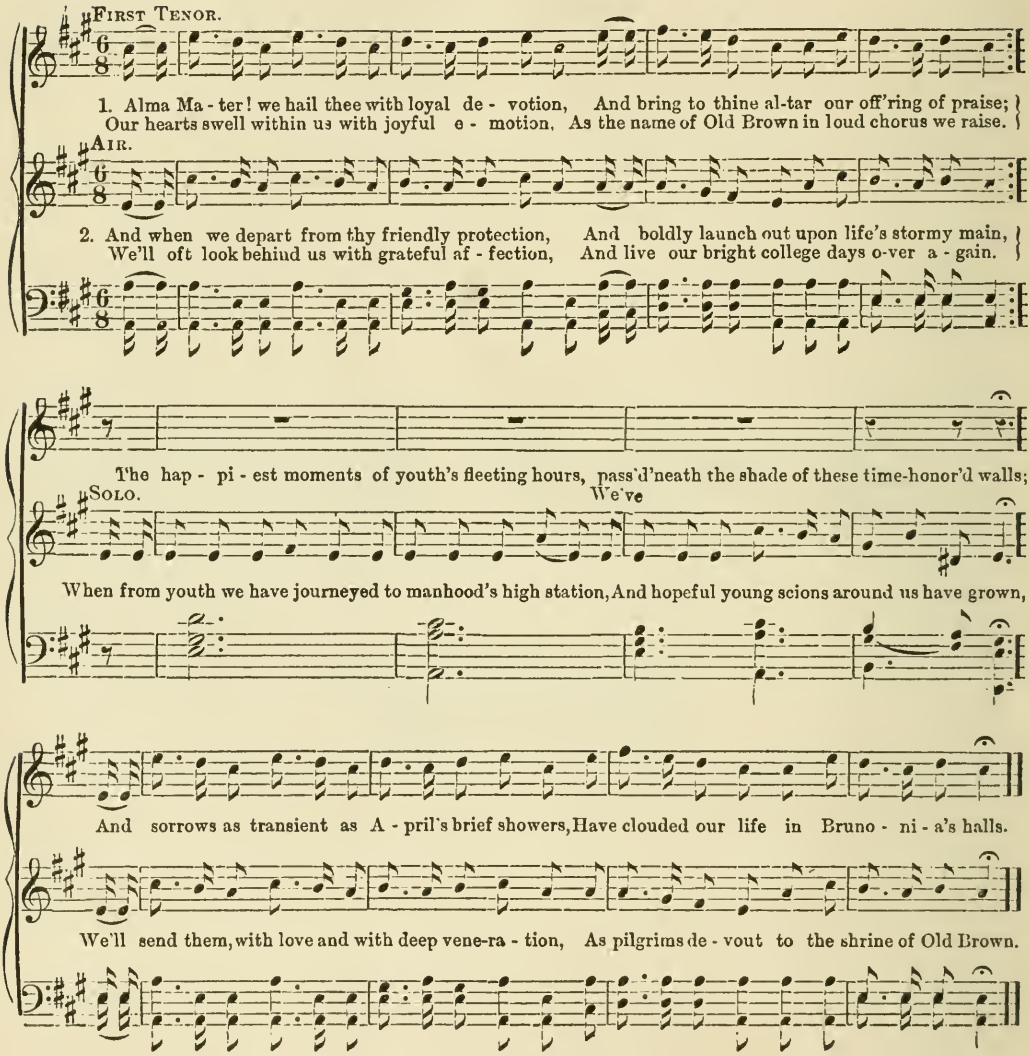
"Oh Brunonia! the pride of Rhode Island,
Thou Goddess of science and lore;
Thy children in valley and highland,
Shall sing to thy praise evermore."

SONGS OF BROWN.

Words by J. A. DEWOLF. '61.

OLD BROWN.

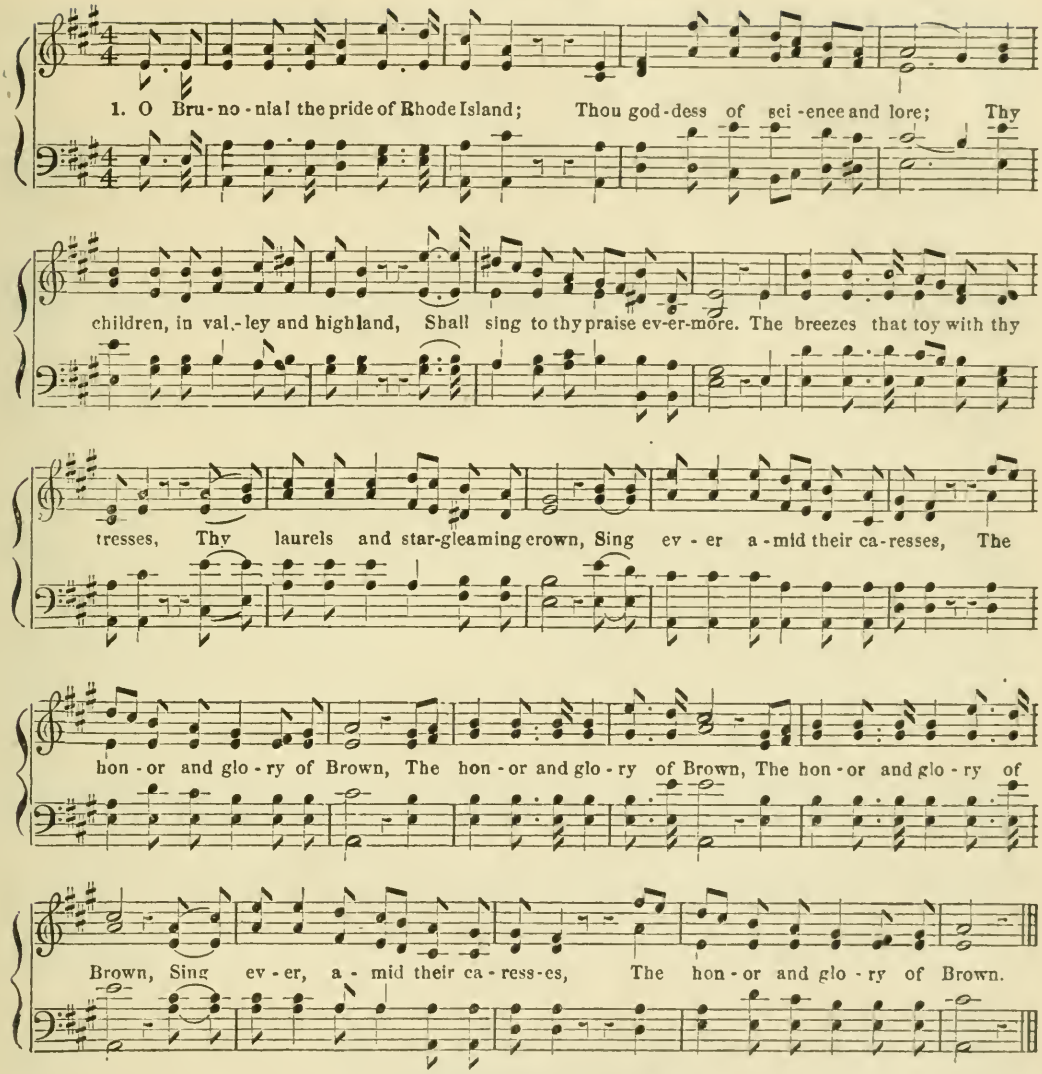
AIR—"*Araby's Daughter.*"


First Tenor.
1. Alma Ma - ter! we hail thee with loyal de - votion, And bring to thine al-tar our off'ring of praise;
Our hearts swell within us with joyful e - motion, As the name of Old Brown in loud chorus we raise.
Air.
2. And when we depart from thy friendly protection, And boldly launch out upon life's stormy main,
We'll oft look behind us with grateful af - fection, And live our bright college days o-ver a - gain.
The hap - pi - est moments of youth's fleeting hours, pass'd'neath the shade of these time-honor'd walls;
Solo.
We've
When from youth we have journeyed to manhood's high station, And hopeful young scions around us have grown,
And sorrows as transient as A - pril's brief showers, Have clouded our life in Bruno - ni - a's halls.
We'll send them, with love and with deep vene-ra - tion, As pilgrims de - vout to the shrine of Old Brown.

3 And when life's golden autumn with winter is blending,
And brows, now so radiant, are furrowed with care;
When the blightings of age on our heads are descending,
With no early friends all our sorrows to share;—
Oh! then as in memory backward we wander,
And roam the long vista of past years adown,
On the scenes of our student life often we'll ponder,
And smile, as we murmur the name of Old Brown.

O, BRUNONIA!

AIR—"*Red, White and Blue.*" *


1. O Bru-no-nia! the pride of Rhode Island; Thou god-dess of sci-ence and lore; Thy
children, in val-ley and highland, Shall sing to thy praise ev-er-more. The breezes that toy with thy
tresses, Thy laurels and star-gleaming crown, Sing ev-er a-mid their ca-resses, The
hon-or and glo-ry of Brown, The hon-or and glo-ry of Brown, The hon-or and glo-ry of
Brown, Sing ev-er, a-mid their ca-ress-es, The hon-or and glo-ry of Brown.

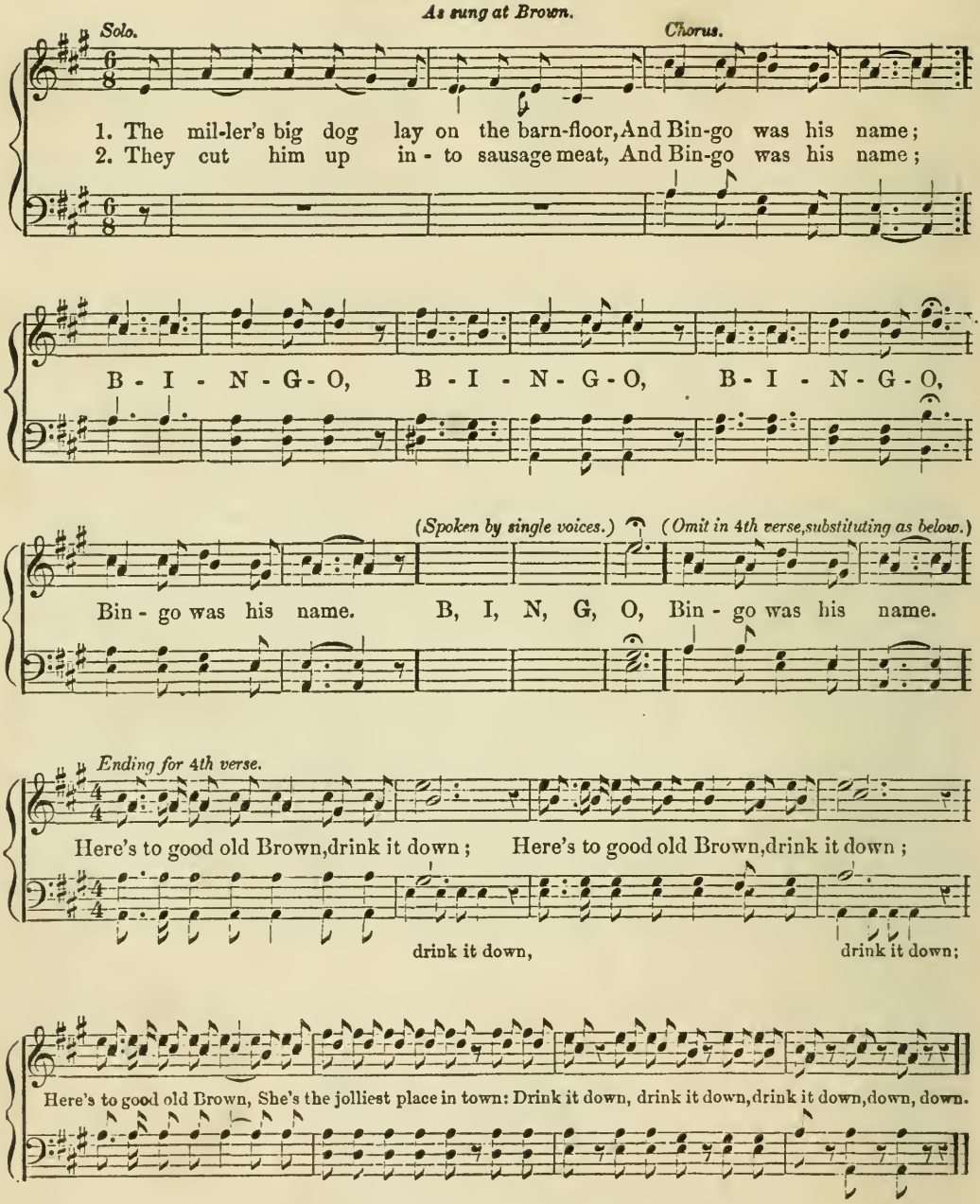
When England's accursed oppression,
Brought battle and blood to our shores;
When the blustering winds of secession,
Burst open thy time honored doors,
Thy precepts so gloriously heeding,
On tyrant and rebel to frown;
Thy children like heroes fell bleeding,
And died for the glory of Brown.

3 O a health to the temples of learning,
Which honor America's strand!
May their vestal fires, e'er kept burning,
Enlighten, ennoble the land.
Undimm'd be their lustre, and never
Be sullied their spotless renown,—
Our cherishing mother, forever!
Hurrah for the glory of Brown.

* Arranged for mixed voices. When sung by male voices omit the upper part on the bass staff, or sing its upper notes softly.

BINGO.

As sung at Brown.

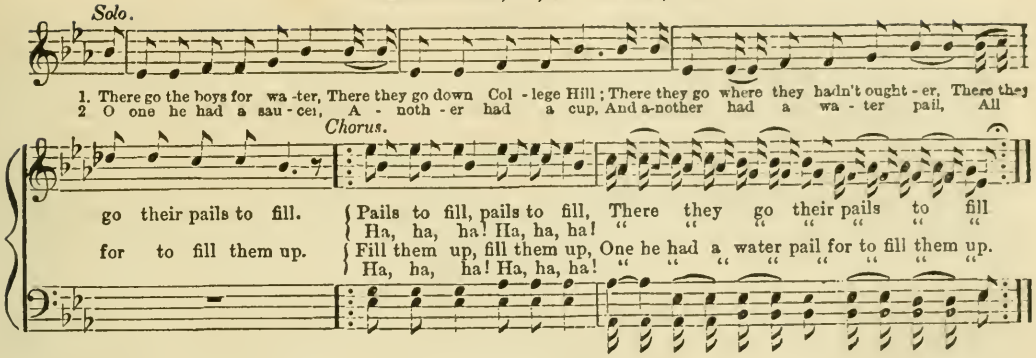

Solo.
Chorus.
1. The mil-ler's big dog lay on the barn-floor, And Bin-go was his name;
2. They cut him up in - to sausage meat, And Bin-go was his name;
B - I - N - G - O, B - I - N - G - O, B - I - N - G - O,
(Spoken by single voices.)
(Omit in 4th verse, substituting as below.)
Bin - go was his name. B, I, N, G, O, Bin - go was his name.
Ending for 4th verse.
Here's to good old Brown, drink it down; Here's to good old Brown, drink it down;
drink it down, drink it down;
Here's to good old Brown, She's the jolliest place in town: Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down.

3 They whistled at that sausage meat,
And Bingo wagged his tail; (*bis.*)
B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O,
Bingo wagged his tail.
B-I-N-G-O,
Bingo wagged his tail.

4 [*Whistle the melody.*]
Bingo wagged his tail, (*bis.*)
B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O,
Bingo wagged his tail,
B-I-N-G-O,
Here's to good old Brown, etc.

THE WATER PROCESSION.

BY MESSRS BLISS, '68, AND LAWTON, '69.


Solo.
1. There go the boys for wa-ter, There they go down Col-lege Hill; There they go where they hadn't ought-er, There they
2 O one he had a sau-cer, A-noth-er had a cup, And a-nother had a wa-ter pail, All
Chorus.
go their pails to fill.
for to fill them up.
Pails to fill, pails to fill, There they go their pails to fill
Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! " " " " " " "
Fill them up, fill them up, One he had a water pail for to fill them up.
Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! " " " " " " " "

3 The ladies stared with wonder,
And sweetly they did smile,
To see this strange pro-cesh-i-oun
March by in double file.

CHORUS.—Double file, double file,
Strange procession, double file.

4 They filled their pails with water,
And spilled it all around,
And some went on their trowser's legs,
And some fell on the ground.

CHORUS.—On the ground, on the ground,
Some it fell upon the ground.

5 Then they marched back to college,
And Prexy they did spy,
Arrayed upon the chapel steps
With madness in his eye.

CHORUS.—In his eye, in his eye,
Raging madness in his eye.

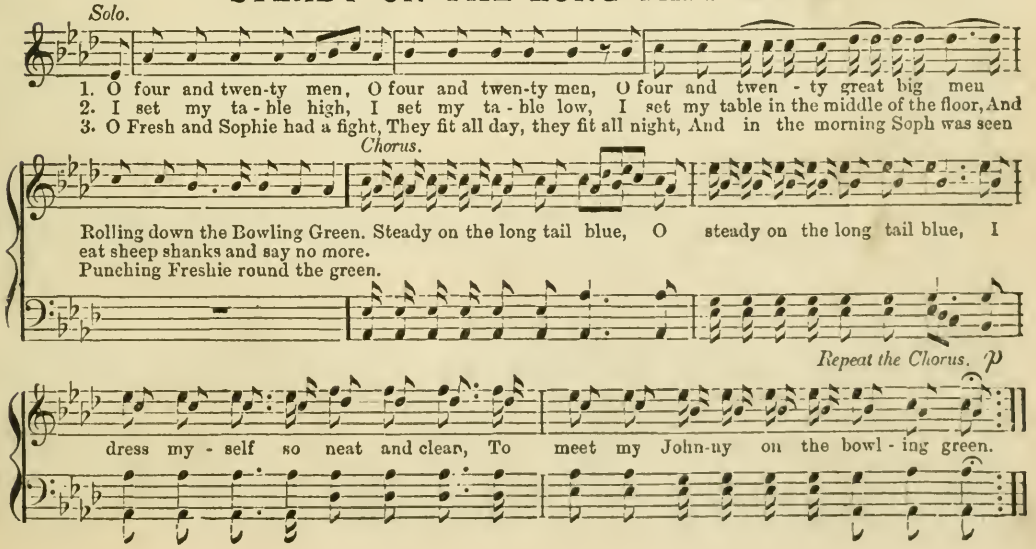
6 Then Prex got awful angry,
Some say he really swore;
He suspended poor old Richmond
For half an hour or more.

CHORUS.—Half an hour or more, half an hour or more,
Suspended poor old Richmond for half an hour or more.

7 Thus ends my mournful story
Of this poor fellow's wrongs,
May he go up to glory,
Three cheers for the "Hammer and Tongs."

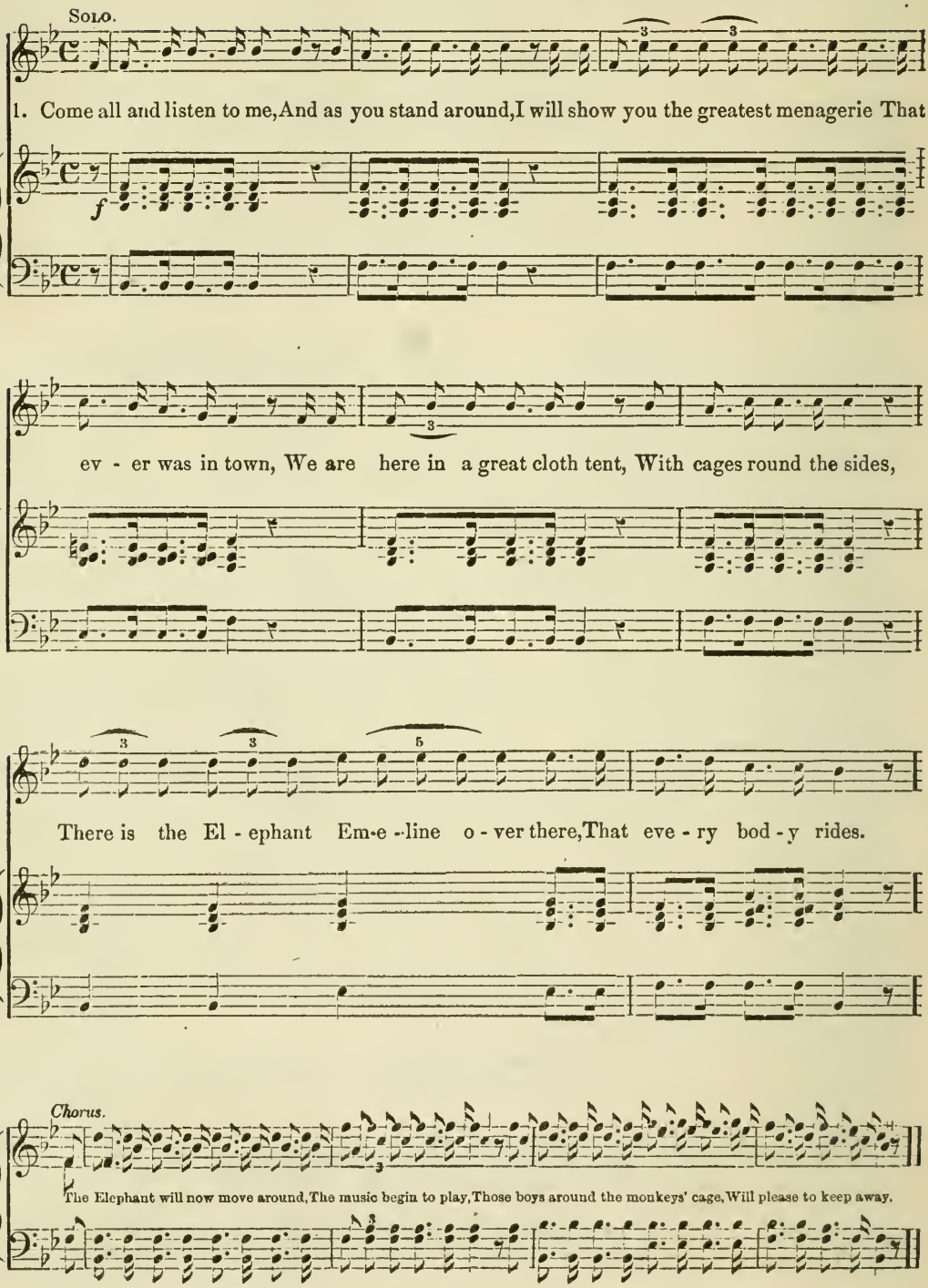
CHORUS.—Hammer and Tongs, Hammer and Tongs,
Three round cheers for the Hammer and Tongs.

STEADY ON THE LONG TAIL BLUE.


Solo.
1. O four and twen-ty men, O four and twen-ty men, O four and twen-ty great big men
2. I set my ta-ble high, I set my ta-ble low, I set my table in the middle of the floor, And
3. O Fresh and Sophie had a fight, They fit all day, they fit all night, And in the morning Soph was seen
Chorus.
Rolling down the Bowling Green. Steady on the long tail blue, O steady on the long tail blue, I
eat sheep shanks and say no more.
Punching Freshie round the green.
Repeat the Chorus. p
dress my-self so neat and clean, To meet my John-ny on the bowl-ing green.

THE MENAGERIE.

BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR, C. T. MILLER, OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.


Solo.
1. Come all and listen to me, And as you stand around, I will show you the greatest menagerie That
f
ev - er was in town, We are here in a great cloth tent, With cages round the sides,
There is the El - ephant Em-e - line o - ver there, That eve - ry bod - y rides.
Chorus.
The Elephant will now move around, The music begin to play, Those boys around the monkeys' cage, Will please to keep away.

2 Von Humbug is the man
That owns all these 'ere shows,
He'll get into the lion's den
And show you all he knows.
He'll put his head in the lion's mouth,
And hold it there a while,
He'll take it out again pretty soon,
And then look round and smile. CHO.

3 That Leopards never change their spots
He'll prove to be a blunder,
He'll make them lay in this 'ere spot,
Then change to that spot yonder.
He moves among the savage brutes
Not fearing any harm,
They may growl and snarl all that they please,
But he don't care á——cent. CHO.

4 With the wonderful Rhino-noceros
The programme does begin,
He wades in the water up to his knees,
And then wades out again.
That horn on the top of his nose
Is a tooth-pick he cannot use,
Except to pick up human beings
And shake 'em right out of their shoes.
CHO.

5 Here's the Giraffe Camel Leopard,
With a great long spotted throat;
His head's so high and out of town,
That he aint allowed to vote.
With fore legs long and hind legs short,
He scampers o'er the plain,
And his long legs often rest themselves
Till the short catch up again. CHO.

6 Here's the wonderful Dromedary,
Double breasted in the back;
You see his toes are cracked in two,
So he always toes the crack;
When in Noah's ark, they got him mad,
And drove him round and round,
And Drommy "got his back up,"
And never got it down. CHO.

7 And here's the Golden Eagle,
America's proud bird;
They say he "shouts for liberty,"
But he never says a word.
He puts his head beneath his wing,
Makes seventy-six gyrations,
Then whistles Yankee Doodle,
And shrieks the variations. CHO.

8 That Zebra standing in the next cage, there,
Too sleepy to kick or bite,
Has a thousand marks across his back,
And narry one alike;
The skin on his face is drawn so tight,
And covered up with marks,
That when he gapes he's sure to wink,
And when he winks he gapes. CHO.

9 The next, the African Polar Bear,
Often called the Iceberg's Daughter,
Has been known to eat ten tons of ice,
Then call for soda water.
The performance can't go on,
There's too much noise and confusion,
Ladies, don't give those monkeys fruit,
It will injure their constitution. CHO.

10 That speckled snake in the blanket there,
Noted for great longevity,
Is Anna Maria Condor Boa Constrictor Snake,
Called Anaconda for brevity.
She will tie herself in thirteen knots,
And eat with great voracity,
Swallow her head, turn inside out,
And go backwards with great alacrity.
CHO.

11 That Kangaroo that is hopping about,
And cuffing his little brother,
Is not to blame for doing so,
For he learned it of his mother.
He measures eighteen feet you see—
I measure with this cane—
He's nine feet long from head to tail.
And nine feet back again. CHO.

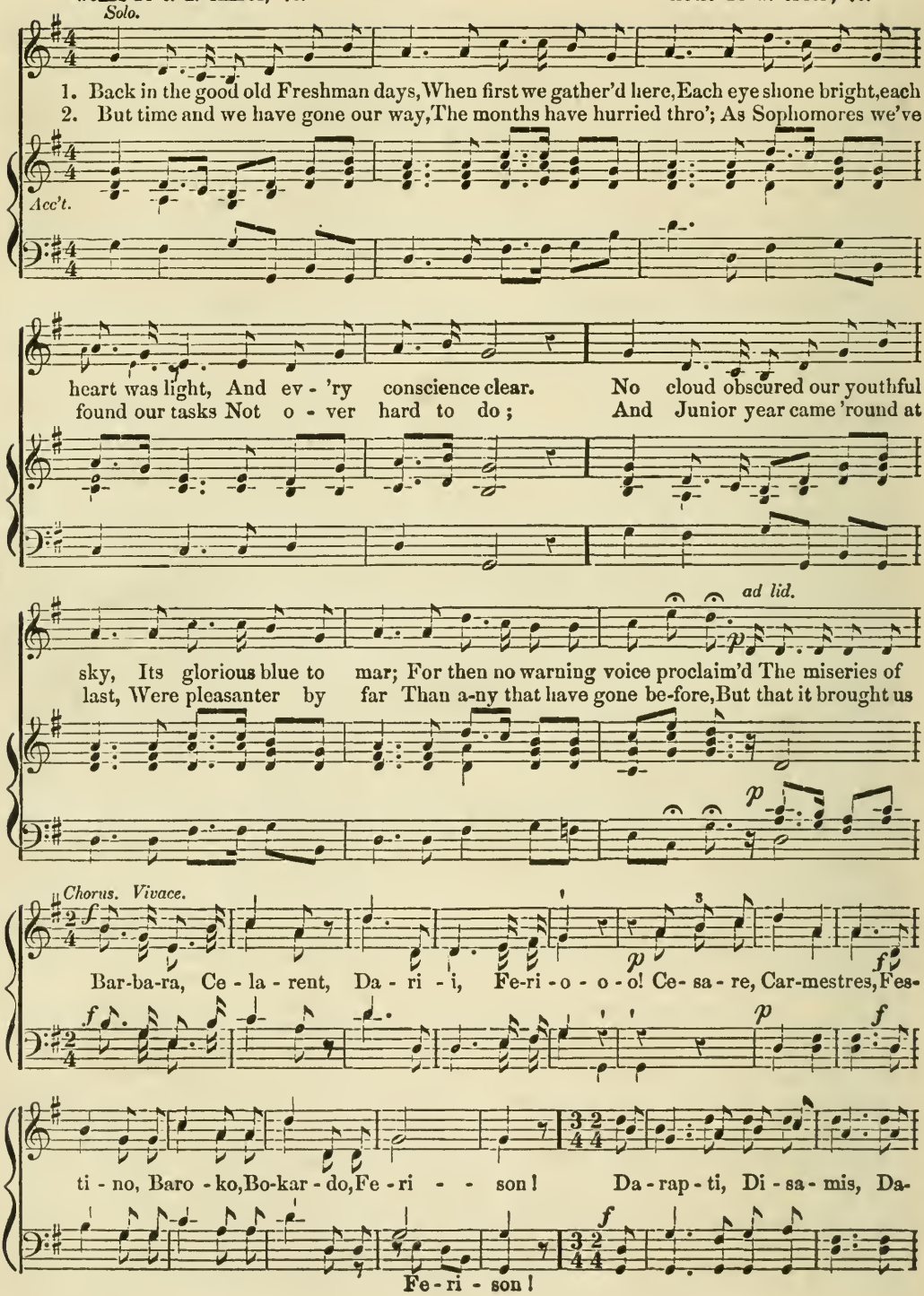
12 Now John stir up those monkeys,
And Jimmy feed the bear,
Make Christopher Columbus and Washington fight,
And pull one another's hair.
Here is the monkey "Drooping Lily,"
Of all her friends bereft,
The Ourang Outang is looking love at her,
With his right hand "over the left." CHO.

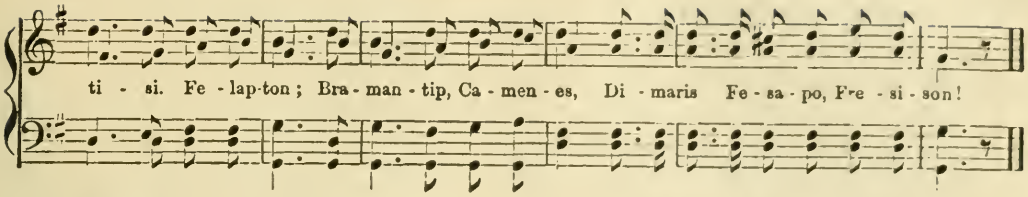
13 Here is the Crying Hyena, of the insect tribe,
Most wonderful of all,
He makes night hideous and daylight too,
By his everlasting squall.
With tearful eyes he roams about,
And snaps at all the boys,
And once in fifteen minutes
Make this remarkable noise. (Yell.) CHO.

14 The last is the Vulture—awful bird—
From the highest mountain tops,
He stuffs himself with little birds,
And here his history stops.
The audience will please retire.
The Hyena is getting mad,
The boys have got the monkeys cross,
And Emeline is feeling bad.

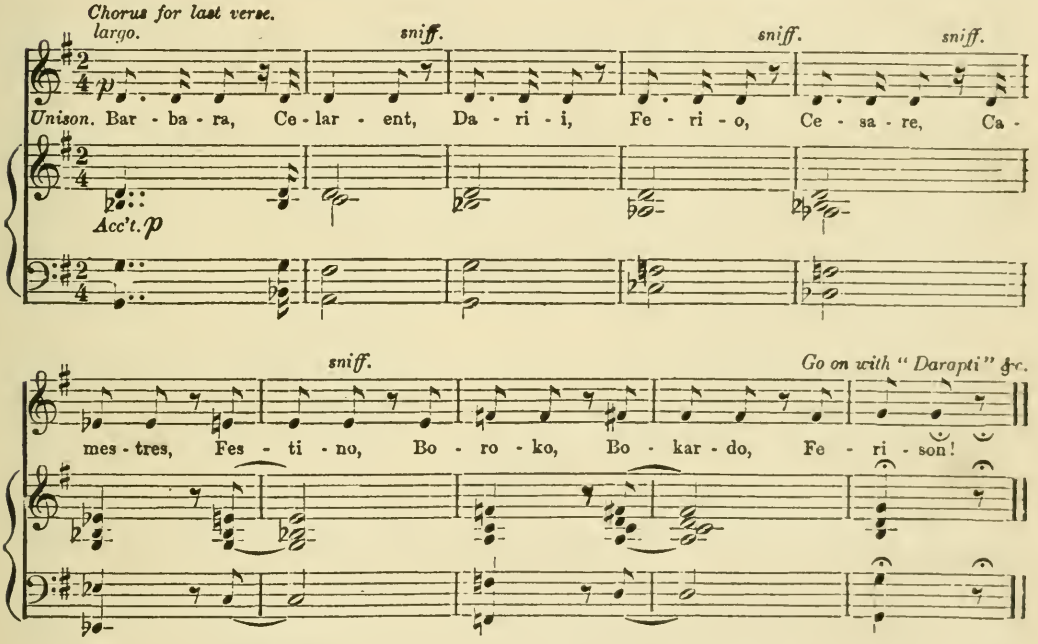
BARBARA.

WORDS BY C. B. TALBOT, '75. MUSIC BY W. UPTON, '75.


Solo.
1. Back in the good old Freshman days, When first we gather'd here, Each eye shone bright, each
2. But time and we have gone our way, The months have hurried thro'; As Sophomores we've
Acc't.
heart was light, And ev - 'ry conscience clear. No cloud obscured our youthful
found our tasks Not o - ver hard to do; And Junior year came 'round at
ad lid.
sky, Its glorious blue to mar; For then no warning voice proclaim'd The miseries of
last, Were pleasanter by far Than a-ny that have gone be-fore, But that it brought us
Chorus. Vivace.
Bar-ba-ra, Ce - la - rent, Da - ri - i, Fe-ri - o - o - o! Ce- sa - re, Car-mestres, Fes-
ti - no, Baro - ko, Bo-kar - do, Fe - ri - - son! Da - rap - ti, Di - sa - mis, Da-
Fe - ri - son!



3 O Mathematics, much maligned.
Thy "figures" now we bless;
Compared with those of logic,
Thy ways are pleasentness.
And Greek and Latin, all thy "moods"
But little terror are,
Since to our wretched ears have come
The dreadful strains of—CHO.

4 But college days will soon be o'er;
And in the future, when
We come to cut a "figure"
Among our fellowmen—
Or when grown gray with age, we sit
And memory takes us far
Back in the past, our saddest "moods"
Will still reduce to—CHORUS below.

Chorus for last verse.
largo.
sniff.
sniff.
sniff.
Unison. Bar - ba - ra, Ce - lar - ent, Da - ri - i, Fe - ri - o, Ce - sa - re, Ca -
Acc't. p
sniff.
Go on with "Darapti" &c.
mes - tres, Fes - ti - no, Bo - ro - ko, Bo - kar - do, Fe - ri - son!

OLD GRIMES.

By A. G. GREENE. '20.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

1 Old Grimes is dead—that good old man—
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.

2 His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

3 Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

4 Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

5 He modest merit sought to find
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

6 His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,—
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

7 Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

TOBIAS AND CUANCUS.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

It is customary to "line" each couplet before singing.

1 There was a man who had a son,
His son he had a brother;
Tobias was the name of one,
Cuancus of the other.

2 Now these two sons had an old brown coat,
They bought on Easter Monday;
Tobias wore it all the week,
Cuancus wore it Sunday.

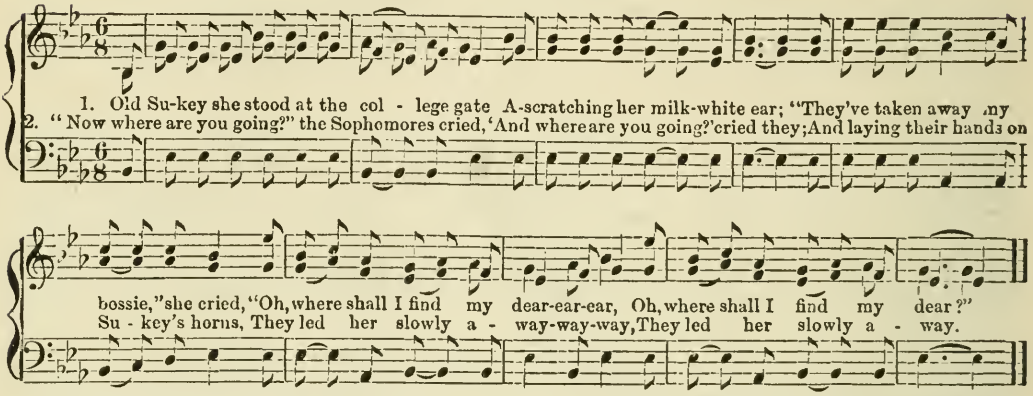
3 Now these two sons had an old grey mare.
And this old mare was blind;
Tobias in the saddle rode,
Cuancus rode behind.

4 Now these two sons to the theatre went,
As oft as they saw fit;
Tobias in the gallery sat,
Cuancus in the pit.

5 So these two sons the world went through.
But now they've gone to rest;
Tobias of the cholera died,
Cuancus by request.

OLD SUKEY.

AIR—"*Lord Lovell.*"

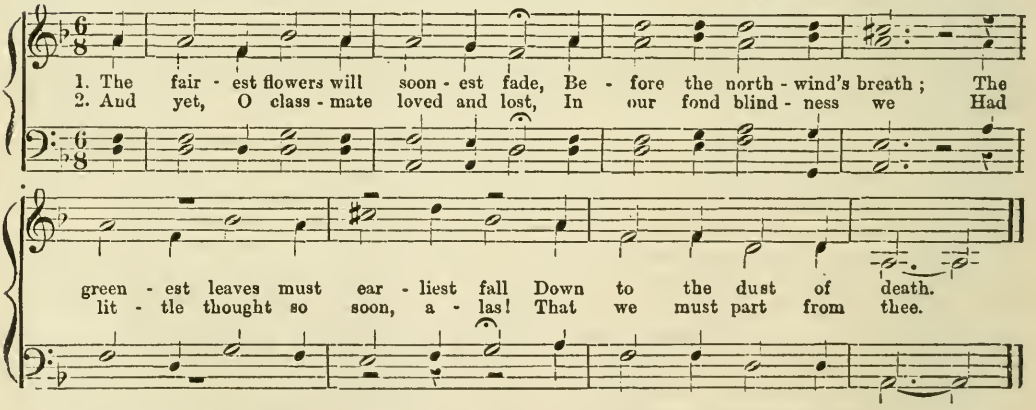

1. Old Su-key she stood at the col - lege gate A-scratching her milk-white ear; "They've taken away my
2. "Now where are you going?" the Sophomores cried, 'And where are you going?' cried they; And laying their hands on
bossie," she cried, "Oh, where shall I find my dear-ear-ear, Oh, where shall I find my dear?"
Su - key's horns, They led her slowly a - way-way-way, They led her slowly a - way.

3 And they dressed her up in a gaudy suit,
That covered her ancient hide,
And tried to paint with Sophomore skill,
Their likeness on her side-ide-ide,
Their likeness on her side.

4 Now Sukey went forth at the dawn of day,
And she wandered down the street,
And the people smiled as they looked away,
From the Sophomore's *cow*ardly feat-eat-eat,
From the Sophomore's cowardly feat.

5 "Have you found your calf?" a school-boy cried,
"Have you found your calf" cried he,
"I've found some calves," old Sukey replied,
"But they do not belong to me-me-me,
But they do not belong to me."

DIRGE.

WORDS BY C. R. TALBOT, '75. MUSIC BY W. UPTON, '75.

1. The fair - est flowers will soon - est fade, Be - fore the north - wind's breath; The
2. And yet, O class - mate loved and lost, In our fond blind - ness we Had
green - est leaves must ear - liest fall Down to the dust of death.
lit - tle thought so soon, a - las! That we must part from thee.

3 And now with sadness in our hearts,
We reverently bow,
Before the will mysterious,
Of Him who lays thee low.

4 Thy class mates' hands, in love, to-day,
While here thy loss we grieve,
Around thy brow a chaplet fair,
Of precious memories weave.

5 And future springs returning oft
Above thy resting place,
Shall sad reminders bring to us
Of thy loved form and face.

* To appreciate this song, it should be understood that some members of the class of '64, having caught a cow, painted upon her our national colors, with various other appropriate emblems, and then set her free, to the intense admiration of the citizens of Providence.

A VESPER.

AIR.—"*Sparkling and Bright.*"

1 When the evening falls on Brunonia's walls,
And the light of day is fleeting,
We sing the praise of our College days
In many a jovial meeting.

CHORUS.—Then raise the song! its notes prolong!
For where are pleasures greater?
With a well filled glass we'll toast each class,
And then our Alma Mater.

2 Like the radiance bright which the moon's soft light
To the foliage dark is lending,
The days spent here our life shall cheer
When grief with joy is blending.

CHORUS.

3 As maidens fair, with garlands rare,
Crown the victor's head with glory,
So the bright renown of the sons of Brown
Wreathes her a crown of glory.

CHORUS.

SONG.

REUBEN M. STREETER. Class of '65.

1 Merrily twinkle the stars above,
To the stars that spangle the sea,
Merrily sparkle the wines we love,
To the spirits of youth and glee;
But merrier we to-night by far
Than wine with its happiest glow.
Than the twinkling light, the distant star
Tosses the world below.

CHORUS.

Merrily sing to-night, boys, sing,
Fasten securely the portals of care;
Juices from old Madeira bring,
Sweet as the lips of a maiden fair.

2 Merrily ripple the laughing rills,
As they hurry to meet the sea,
Merrily echo the sloping hills
To the beautiful melody;
But happier we by far to-night,
Than the rill in its maddest mirth,
And these halls far happier songs recite
Than the greenest hill on earth.

CHORUS.

Merrily sing to-night, boys sing, &c.

TRAINING FOR BROWN.

AIR.—"*I love a sixpence.*"

1 I love my lager, jolly, jolly lager.
I love my lager when I drink it down.
Now about drinking I can't be thinking,
I've got to train for the honor of Brown.

CHORUS.

Oh the pipes and the grog they must leave us,
On raw beef they will feed us,
And oat meal porridge they will give us,
To train for the honor of old Brown.

2 Up in the morning, wind and weather scorning,
Straight to the boat-house you must run down.
What if tis' raining? Why you are training—
Pull your six miles for the honor of Brown.
CHORUS. Oh the pipes, &c.

3 No time for joking when you give up smoking,
And in the evening all your woes to crown,
Other's clouds are flowing, when you to bed are going,
Turning in at nine for the honor of Brown.
CHORUS. Oh the pipes, &c.

4 Freshmen, if ever to train you endeavour,
"Credite experto," this rule I lay down.
He must bear privation, toil and vexation
Who would pull a race for the honor of Brown.
CHORUS. Oh the pipes, &c!

BOATING SONG.

AIR.—"*Cannibal Islands.*"

1 Oh when I cut paternal ties,
And College Hill first blessed my eyes,
I failed to take an entering prize,
But soon became a boatman.

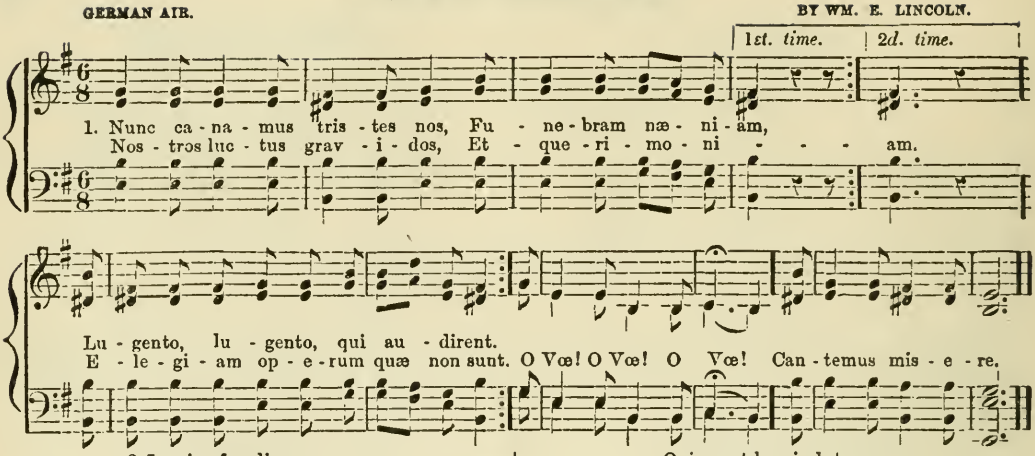
CHORUS. So up and down we float and row,
Against or with the tide we go;
How dear are Seekonk's ebb and flow,
To the boating-men of Brown, boys.

2 The *crabs* they followed in my wake,
And oft my feathering bones did ache,
But I was game, resolved to take
Position as a boatman.
CHORUS.

3 They say that training is a bore,
Its pains I cheerfully endure,
And hope to pull a winning oar
With other College boatmen.
CHORUS.

4 And when I'm gouty grown and sore,
And use a crutch and not an oar,
I'll live my College days once more,
And wish I were a boatman.
CHORUS.

NAENIA LIBRORUM.

GERMAN AIR. BY WM. E. LINCOLN.

1st. time.
2d. time.
1. Nunc ca - na - mus tris - tes nos, Fu - ne - bram næ - ni - am,
Nos - tros luc - tus grav - i - dos, Et - que - ri - mo - ni - - - am.
Lu - gento, lu - gento, qui au - dirent.
E - le - gi - am op - e - rum quæ non sunt. O Vœ! O Vœ! O Vœ! Can - temus mis - e - re.

2 Lumine funalium
Portamus lenitur
Libros, quorum exitum
Venit celeriter.
Maerore, maerore flemus nos,
Et lacrimœ fundunt oculos,
O Vœ! O Vœ! O Vœ!
Cantemus misere.

3 Flumine obruimus
Peracta opera;
Piscibus commisimus
Finita studia.
Quiescant hæc in luto mox
In luto qua est semper nox.
O Vœ! O Vœ! O œ!
Cantemus misere.

4 Libri nunc sepulti sunt;
Nunc carmen finitum;
Funalia extincta sunt;
Regnat silentium.
Quiete, quiete labimur,
Et scapha per undas vehitur.
O Vœ! O Vœ! O Vœ!
Cantemus misere.

THE SETTLEMENT OF RHODE ISLAND.*

BY CHAS. T. MILLER.

AIR—"*King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

1 Did you ever hear the story told
Of Roger Williams, the preacher bold,
Who settled this State in the days of old,
This little State of Rhode Island.
CHORUS.—History is a misty fuzz,
And repeats herself as the echo does; —
What I don't guess at, somebody does,—
To settle the State of Rhode Island.

2 In sixteen hundred and thirty-six,
Roger Williams got into a fix,
By saucing the Governor of Massachusetts,
And skedaddled away to Rhode Island.

3 He crossed, as everybody knew,
Sekonk river in a birch canoe;
Just to save the tolls that were due
On the bridges above and below him.

4 The college boats are always out; [doubt;
They'd have taken him over, I haven't a
But Roger was mad and stuffed it out,
And "paddled his own canoe."

5 And he took his pack and trudged over the hill,
Where he settled down with a right good will,
And set up a bank and a Flouring Mill,
And an Office to Insure it.

6 By the sweat of his brow, I've heard it said,
He paid his way and earned his bread;
And when he gets sufficiently dead,
They'll put a monument over him.

7 They buried him carefully, away from harm,
In a quiet old orchard on his own farm, —
'Twas right in back of Governor Dorr's barn,
And supposed that he'd keep quiet.

8 But a jolly old apple tree rooting around,
Seeking for phosphates under the ground,
Followed his back bone all the way down,
And old Mother William's too.

9 What's bred in the bone, in the flesh will show,
What's bred in the root, the fruit will know
For two hundred years this fruit did grow
'Till posterity ate him up.

10 In 'forty-two he got up a war,
By having got into Governor Dorr,
By eating the apples, just as you saw;
So there was another row.

11 'Tis Williams's fault we all know now,
Apples have always caused a row
From Adam's time, way down to now;
So they dug Mr. Williams up.

12 So they dug up the roots and the coffin nails,
To be planted again in boxes or pails;
And unless a big stone monument fails,
This time they'll keep him down.

* By permission of Messrs. Chas. T. Miller and Walter F. Brown, Publishers of "The Settlement of Rhode Island illustrated," Providence, R. I. 1874.

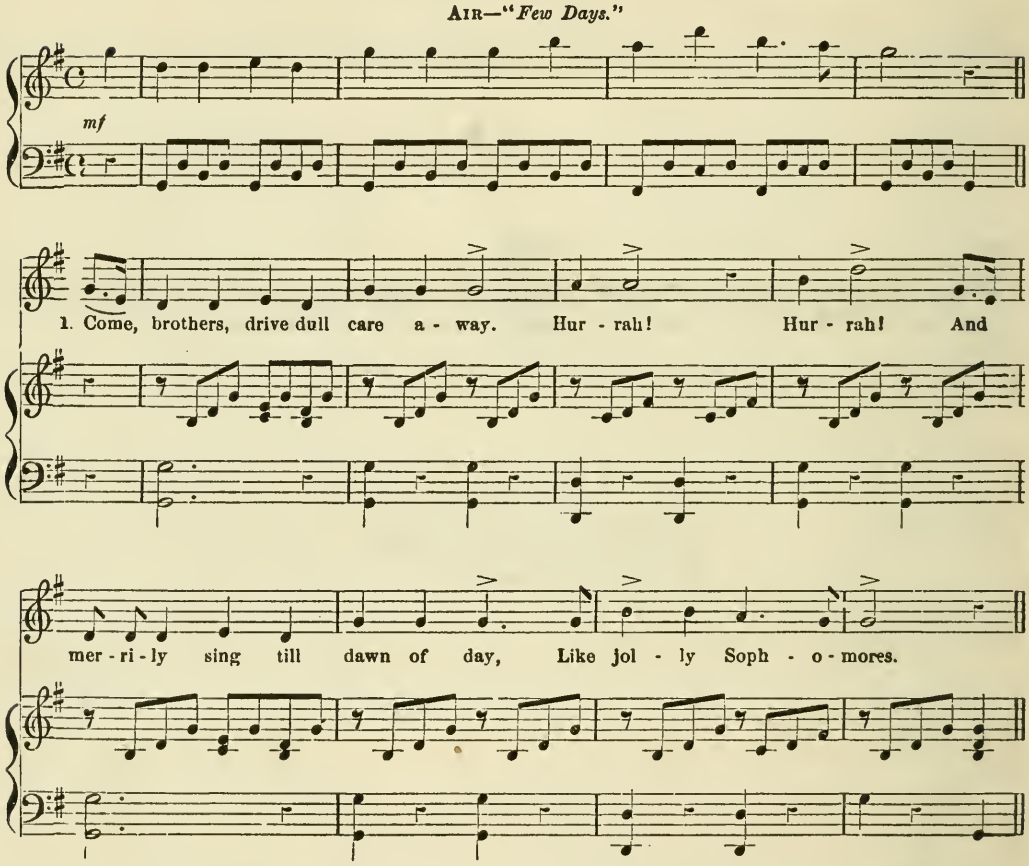
SONGS OF DARTMOUTH.

"By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low;—
So the soul, when pressed with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs."

SONGS OF DARTMOUTH.

COME, BROTHERS, DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY.

AIR—"*Few Days.*"

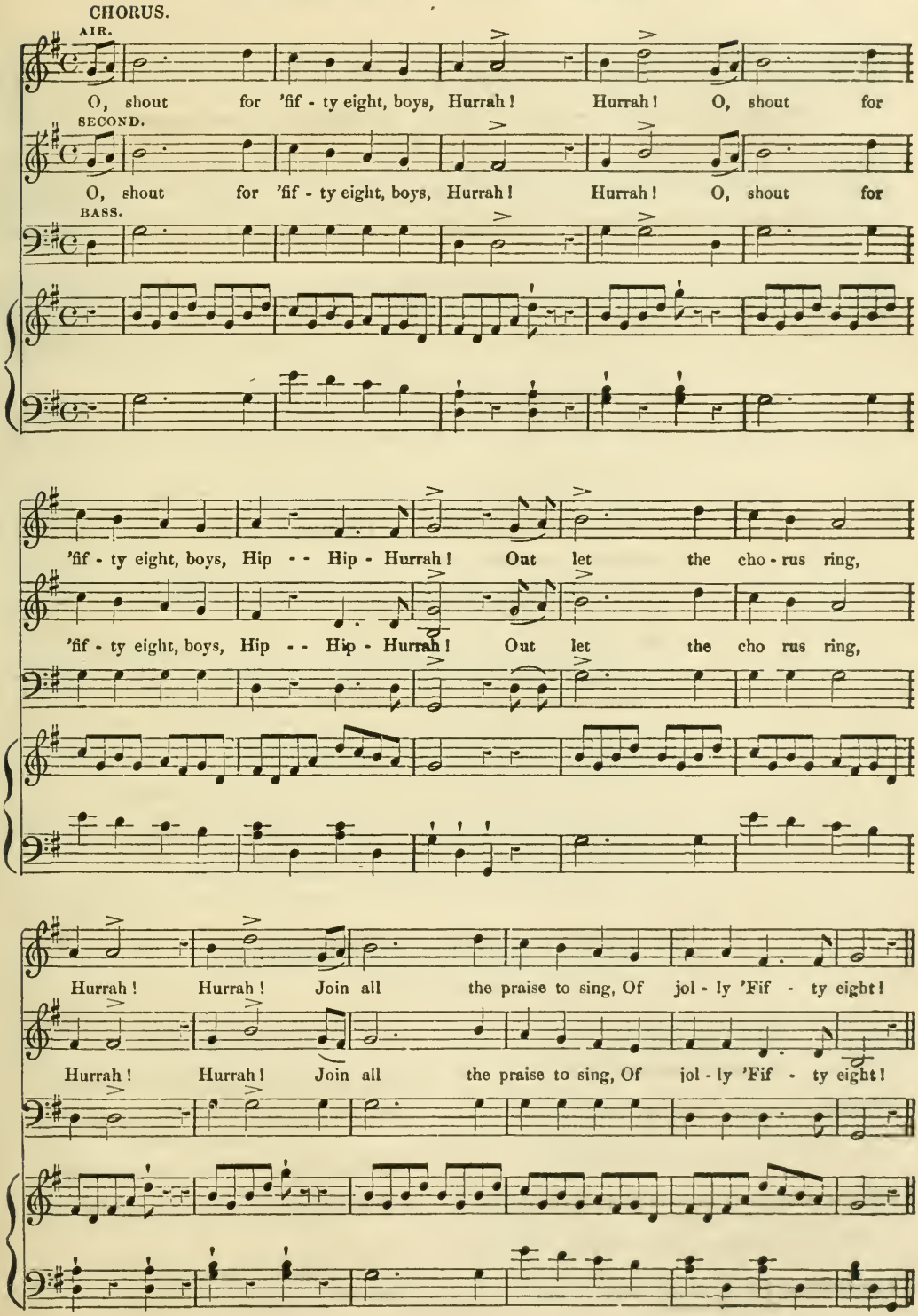


2 How many pleasant memories,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
In after years will frequent rise,
When we have gone away.
CHORUS.—Shout for '58, boys.

3 How when there comes a gloomy night,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll call to mind our old delight,
In this our College home.
CHORUS.—Shout for '58, boys.

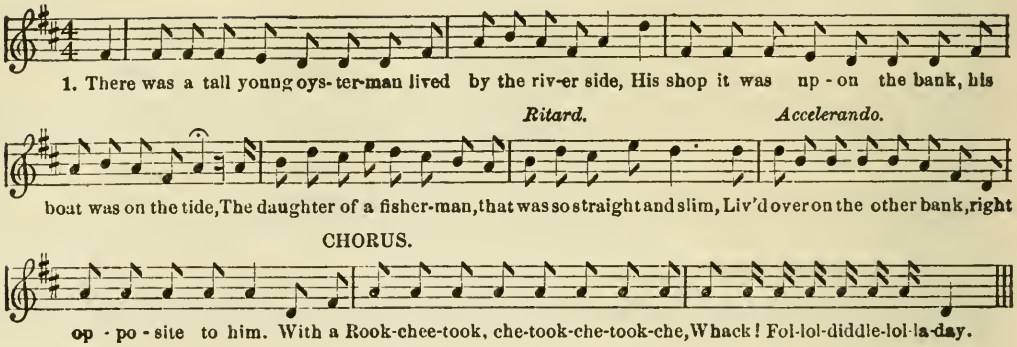
4 And oft we'll tell our pretty wives,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
How we enjoyed our College lives,
In the "old Granite State."
CHORUS.—Shout for '58, boys,

5 Then, classmates, sing right merrily,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Oh, what a jolly crowd are we,
On this our festal night.
CHORUS.—Shout for '58, boys.


CHORUS.
AIR.
O, shout for 'fif - ty eight, boys, Hurrah! Hurrah! O, shout for
SECOND.
O, shout for 'fif - ty eight, boys, Hurrah! Hurrah! O, shout for
BASS.
'fif - ty eight, boys, Hip - - Hip - Hurrah! Out let the cho - rus ring,
'fif - ty eight, boys, Hip - - Hip - Hurrah! Out let the cho rus ring,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Join all the praise to sing, Of jol - ly 'Fif - ty eight!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Join all the praise to sing, Of jol - ly 'Fif - ty eight!

THE YOUNG OYSTERMAN.

WORDS BY O. W. HOLMES.


1. There was a tall young oys-ter-man lived by the riv-er side, His shop it was up-on the bank, his
Ritard.
Accelerando.
boat was on the tide, The daughter of a fisher-man, that was so straight and slim, Liv'd over on the other bank, right
CHORUS.
op-po-site to him. With a Rook-chee-took, che-took-che-took-che, Whack! Fol-lol-diddle-lol-la-day.

2 It was the pensive oysterman, that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

3 Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear the folks should see,
I read it in the story book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont, and I will swim this here."

4 And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
Oh, there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

5 Out spake the ancient fisherman,—"Oh what was that, my daughter?"
"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."
"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming past."

6 Out spoke the ancient fisherman, "Now bring me my harpoon!
I'll get into my fishing boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like sea-weed on a clam.

7 Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swound.
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster shop, for mermaids down below.

LET EVERY YOUNG SOPHOMORE.

AIR—"*Vive l'Amour.*"

1 Let every young Sophomore fill up his glass,
He-ta-i-roi, Chairete!
And drink to the health of our glorious class,
He-ta-i-roi, Chairete! CHO.

2 The Algebra's burnt, and the ashes are near,
He-ta-i-roi, Chairete!
Of flunks and "Φ B" no more shall we hear,
He-ta-i-roi, Chairete! CHO.

3 Sims co-signs and tangents, are things that once more;
Hetairoi Chairete!
But over them still, "paene" Sophomores swear;
Hetairoi Chairete! CHO.

4 MacLaurin and Taylor have "bored" us in vain,
Hetairoi Chairete!
For no one would touch them who valued his brain,
Hetairoi Chairete! CHO.

5 Geometry's problems we've puzzled all through,
Hetairoi Chairete!
But awful were some of the figures we drew,
Hetairoi Chairete! CHO.

6 Surveying we've studied and "laid on the shelf,"
Hetairoi Chairete!
How apt was each fellow to "level" himself,
Hetairoi Chairete! CHO.

7 Though we think Mathematics decidedly flat,
Hetairoi Chairete!
We'll heartily cheer Mathematical "Pat,"
Hetairoi Chairete! CHO.

JUBILATE.

BY AI BAKER THOMPSON.

AIR.—"*It's a way we have at Old Harvard.*"

1 We have come together to-night, Boys,
With hearts merry and light, Boys,
In accordance with our right, Boys,
To have a jubilee, &c.

2 Released from care and vexation,
And the pangs of recitation,
We're just in a situation
To have a jubilee, &c.

3 We've studied mathematical science,
In sullen, reluctant compliance,
With "the laws" which we set at defiance,
To have a jubilee, &c.

4 We loathe *mathematicas artes*,
Thesis et ictus et arsis,
In animo all of our class is,
To have a jubilee, &c.

5 Then fill up the bowl to the brim, Boys,
With brandy, nor wine, nor gin, Boys,
For these cause the brain to swim, Boys,
Hurrah for a jubilee, &c.

COME, LET US DRINK TO JUNIOR EASE.

AIR.—"*Old Grimes.*"

1 Come, let us drink to Junior ease,
So pleasant and so near;
Cut, when we please, lie under trees,
And doze away the year.

2 Examination—never mind—
Ignore a theme so drear;
We went it blind, to *flunks* resigned,
But will not have them here.

3 This prosy life we now put off,
And, for a time, are free;
Let every Soph. his duties doff,
And spree it merrily.

THE NYMPH OF JOY.

AIR.—"*Happy are we to-night.*"

1 The nymph of joy presides to-night,
She graces Vict'ry's arms;
The merry wine doth sparkle bright,
"Go in" for festal charms.

CHORUS.—Happy are we to-night, boys,
Happy, happy are we;
Now we've been through the fight, boys,
We hold our jubilee.

2 To-night we've met to shout and laugh
O'er scenes we've left behind;
To *smile* a'l round to each *giraffe*,
And cheer each Freshman *grind*.
CHORUS.—Happy, &c.

3 We meet to chuckle o'er the dead,
And revel in our din;
And ere the frolic-hour is sped,
"See where the laugh comes in."
CHORUS.—Happy, &c.

4 The college farce is half played out,
Old Matthew's left the desk;
We only lose, when he's laid out,
The hero of burlesque.
CHORUS.—Happy, &c.

5 And, now he's dead, let curses cease,
The flames will do the rest;
Luck lend him speed to find in peace
The Islands of the Blest.
CHORUS.—Happy, &c.

MATHEMATICAL JORDAN.

1

MATTHEW MATICS was a pest, it must be confessed;
He used to like to plague us, accordin';
Could he only make us grieve, he would laugh in his sleeve;
But he's gone to the other side of Jordan. [*sleeve*,
CHORUS—Away with your *cards*, boys, down with your
There's no danger of *flunking*, I believe.

2

He used to have a wife—the plague of our life—
Her name was *Anna Lytical*, accordin';
She used to like to bore us, and try to come it o'er us;
But she's gone to the other side of Jordan.
CHORUS—Away, &c.

3

He'd a son—so they say—whose name was *Alger Bray*,
But the last time we saw him, accordin',
In Charon's boat he sat, with a ticket in his hat,
Marked, "Through to the other side of Jordan."
CHORUS—Away, &c.

4

Now Charon had knowledge,—for he'd been thro' college
And studied Navigation, accordin';
So he struck a RHUMB-LINE in double quick time,
And took him to the other side of Jordan.
CHORUS—Away, &c.

5

He'd a short-lived relation, with a big appellation—
Sir Veying was his title, accordin';
He took a short airing, *but soon reversed his bearing*,
And started for the other side of Jordan.
CHORUS—Away, &c.

6

One night Matthew Matics was attacked with rheumatics,
And the doctor was sent for, accordin';
But he gave up the case, for Mat had run his race,
And was bound for the other side of Jordan.
CHORUS—Away, &c.

7

But he travelled very slow, for he did n't want to go,
And he did n't want to leave us, accordin';
At the very last station, he cried, "Examination,"
Then left for the other side of Jordan.
CHORUS—Away, &c.

8

But, now they have gone, let us all take a *horn*,
And all have a good time, accordin';
Drink peace to their ashes, in good brandy smashes,
For they've gone to the other side of Jordan.
CHORUS—Away, &c.

9

The Soph. year has passed, the end's come at last,
And we'll soon be Juniors, accordin':
We'll have Hi Drostatics instead of Matthew Matics,
Who has gone to the other side of Jordan.
CHORUS—Away, &c.

10

According to my knowledge, we're half through college,
But we won't mind the other half accordin',
But go into *ecstatics* over old Matthew Matics,
Who has gone to the other side of Jordan.
CHORUS—Put on your coat, boys, roll down your sleeve,
There's no Matthew Matics to battle, I believe.

INCANTATION.

BY F. H. FLETCHER.

To be sung before *canting* our Mathematical Text-books into the fire prepared for Calculus and his "Angles."—A "sine" we do not "suffer more."

AIR.—'*Co-ca-che-lunk.*"

1 Hark! we sing in joyous numbers,
How the Soph'more year is past,
How the man is *base* who slumbers,
'Till in flames our books we cast.
CHORUS.—Calculus and Analytical.
Trigonometry, Algebra,
Do not think us hypocritical,
In rejoicing on this day.

2 Never loving, now we spurn them,
As we hate them from our soul;
"Bores they are, to dust return them,"
We have spoken of the whole.
CHORUS.—Calculus and Analytical, &c.

3 By our zeal when we got through 'em,
Sixty "Chases" "went to grass;"
Could not wait for to review 'em,
All 'pro bono" Freshman Class
CHORUS.—Calculus and Analytical, &c.

4 Night is long, but "tempus fugit,"
Let us hasten through our meal,
Lest some Prof. "quo modo rugit,"
Bid us "face about, right wheel."—CHORUS

5 In the field of football battle,—
"Campus formosissimus,"—
As of old they burnt dumb cattle,
Let us burnt "dumb Calculus."—CHORUS.

6 Books of great men still remind us,
What's in them we yet must see,
'Fore we leave these halls behind us,
'Fore we take our "first degree."—CHORUS.

7 Brothers! we have "facinora,"
To be done when we have fed,
And our fire shall be a "roarer,"
Then perhaps we'll go to bed.—CHORUS.

8 Let us then be up and do 'em,
With a torchlight in each hand,
Marching boldly forth "ad struem,"
'58's a gallant band.—CHORUS.

DIRGE.

Sung while the ashes are entombed—*lacrymosis voicis*

TUNE—"*China.*"

1 Come, let us mourn departed Chase,
And weep for Calculus;
The tomb will hide their mortal face,
No more 'll they be with us.

2 We do not cherish thoughts unjust,
Nor wish to seek their wo,
As we entomb their mortal dust,
And lay their ashes low.

3 In memory forever dear,
Their images will stay;
Then let us drop affection's tear,
To consecrate their clay.

4 Beneath the sod their dust is laid,
From care their spirits free'd,
And never more "material aid"
Can help them in their need.

5 Why should we tremble to convey
Their ashes to the tomb?
We know that they are living yet,
And will perennial bloom.

6 And as we hasten onward now,
As fast as time can move,
Shall we not wish the hours more slow
That part us from our love?

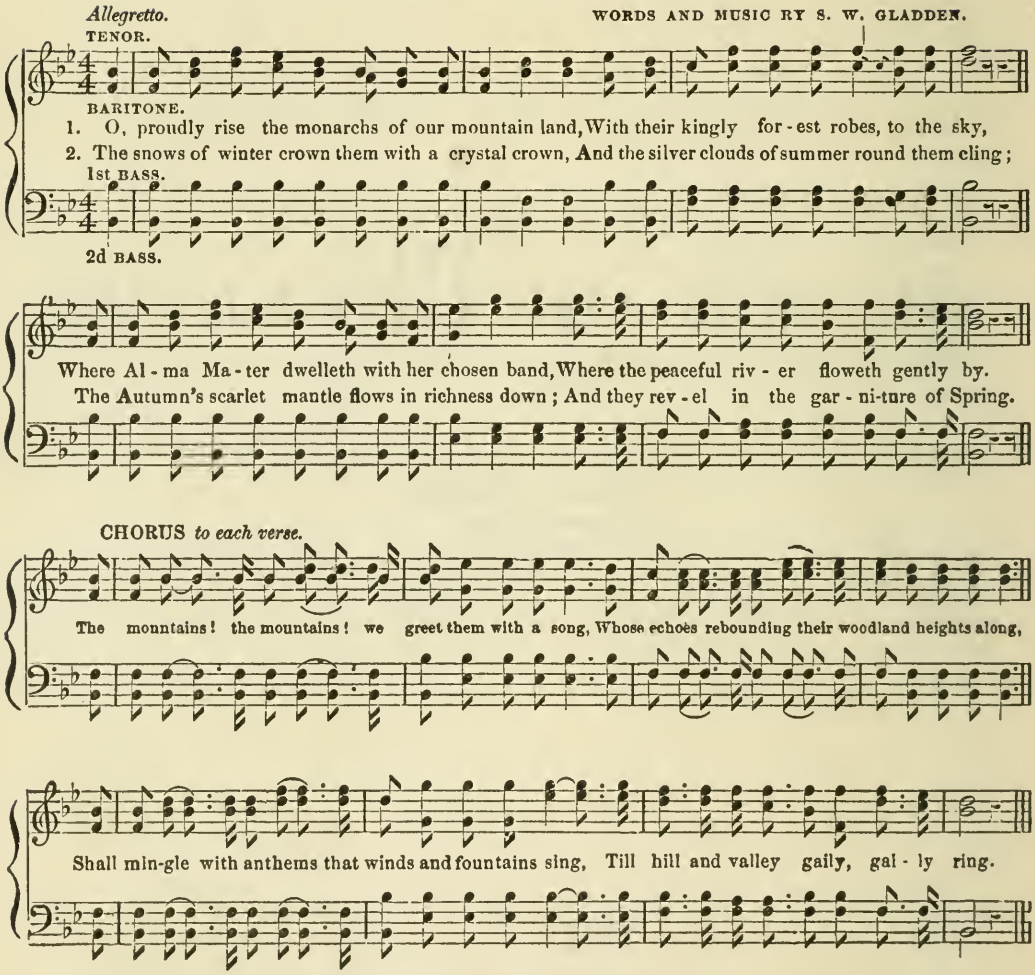
7 Then may their tomb be ever blest,
And sweet be their repose;
And may each Soph. above their dust,
Step lightly as he goes.

SONGS OF WILLIAMS.

"Old Williams, 'tis of thee,
Fountain of jollity,
Of thee we sing."

SONGS OF WILLIAMS.

THE MOUNTAINS.


Allegretto.
WORDS AND MUSIC BY S. W. GLADDEN.
TENOR.
BARITONE.
1. O, proudly rise the monarchs of our mountain land, With their kingly for-est robes, to the sky,
2. The snows of winter crown them with a crystal crown, And the silver clouds of summer round them cling;
1st BASS.
2d BASS.
Where Al-ma Ma-ter dwelleth with her chosen band, Where the peaceful riv-er floweth gently by.
The Autumn's scarlet mantle flows in richness down; And they rev-el in the gar-ni-ture of Spring.
CHORUS to each verse.
The mountains! the mountains! we greet them with a song, Whose echoes rebounding their woodland heights along,
Shall min-gle with anthems that winds and fountains sing, Till hill and valley gaily, gai-ly ring.

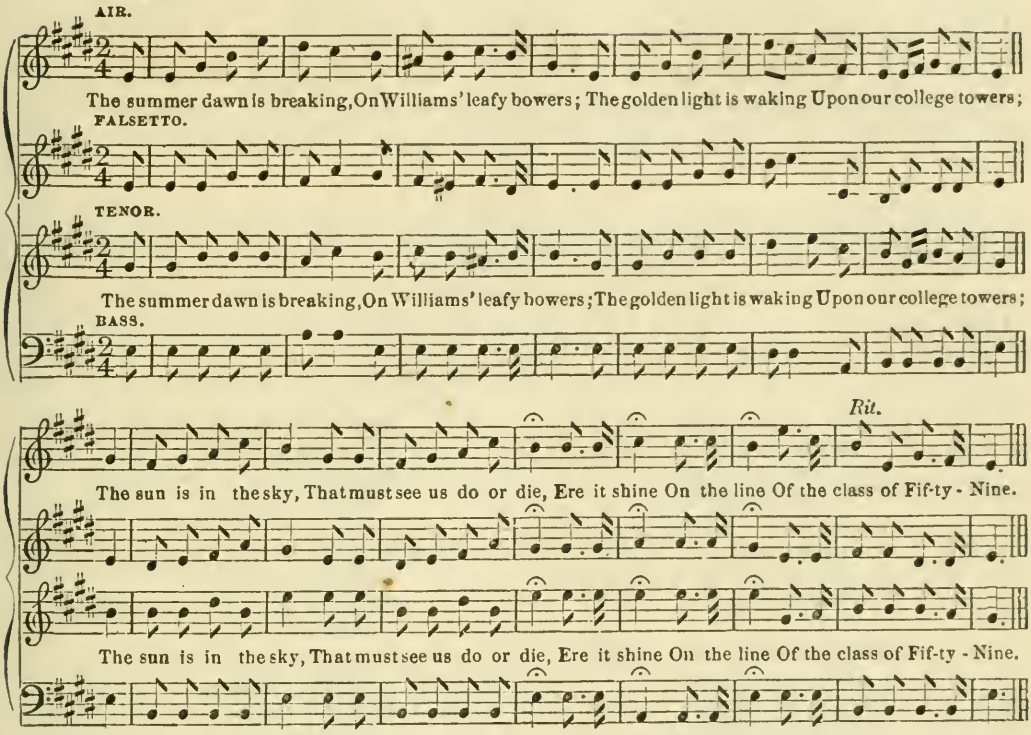
3 O, mightily they battle with the storm-king's power;
And conquerors shall triumph here for aye;
Yet quietly their shadows fall at evening hour,
While the gentle breezes round them softly play.

4 Beneath their peaceful shadows may old Williams stand,
Till suns and mountains nevermore shall be,
The glory and the honor of our mountain land,
And the dwelling of the gallant and the free.

THE SUMMER DAWN IS BREAKING.

WORDS ARRANGED FROM DR. HOLMES. MUSIC BY S. W. G. 1859.

Andantino.


AIR.
The summer dawn is breaking, On Williams' leafy bowers; The golden light is waking Upon our college towers;
FALSETTO.
TENOR.
The summer dawn is breaking, On Williams' leafy bowers; The golden light is waking Upon our college towers;
BASS.
Rit.
The sun is in the sky, That must see us do or die, Ere it shine On the line Of the class of Fif-ty - Nine.
The sun is in the sky, That must see us do or die, Ere it shine On the line Of the class of Fif-ty - Nine.

2 Four happy years together,
By storm and sunshine tried,
In changing wind and weather,
We've roughed it side by side;
Now we hear our mother cry,
"You are fledged and you must fly;"—
And the bell tolls the knell
Of the days of Fifty-Nine.

3 Though fate may throw between us
The mountains and the sea,
No time shall ever wean us,
No distance set us free;
But around the festive board,
When the foaming pledge is poured,
It shall claim every name
On the roll of Fifty-Nine.

4 As nearer still and nearer
The fatal stars appear,
The living shall be dearer
With each encircling year;
Till a few old men shall say,
"We remember, 'tis the day—
Let it pass with a glass
For the class of Fifty-Nine."

5 As one by one is falling
Beneath the leaves or snows,
Each memory still recalling,
The broken ring shall close;
Till the night winds softly pass
O'er the green and growing grass,
Where it waves o'er the graves
Of the boys of Fifty-Nine.

ΠΑΙΑΝ.

AIR—"*The Mountains.*"

Χαίρωμεν! πάλιν, ἔτι πάλιν, χαίρωμεν:
τὸν παιᾶνα νυν ἀίρωμεν, φίλιοι,
μέχρι τὰ τείχη πολὺ καταχήσουσιν,
γὰρ ταύτη νυκτὶ ἐσμεν ἀσμενοι.

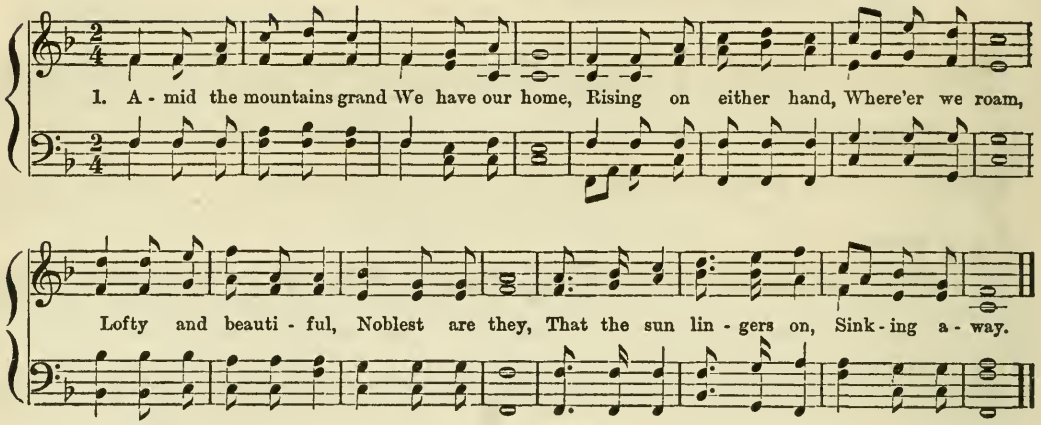
ΧΟΡΟΣ.—*Ξενοφῶντος, Ὁμήρου, καὶ ἄλλων τοιούτων*
τὰ ἔργα, σὺν ἵπποις, νῦν φλόγες ὀλλύντων:
γὰρ τούτων, ἀδελφοί, δεήσει ὐχ ἡμῖν.
Λυπήσει ἡμᾶς ὐχ ἡ Στὺξ πάλιν.

Πηλέως ὁ ποδώκη, Ἕκτορ ὁ δῖε,
Ἰδι τε, ταλαίπωρε παρθένε,
σὺν Αισχίνῃ τῷ καταπύστῳ, ἄπιτε!
Ἀνθρώπων νέων ἵππεις μένετε.

Κρατῆρας ἡμῶν τοίνυν ἐπιστέφωμεν,
ἑξήκοντα ὀκτὼ ἐπιχώμεθα:
"*ἑταῖροι ἐρίηρες,*" *ἐνθυμήσωμεν,*
νικῶνται δυσχερῆ διετέα.

THE WILLIAMS CAROL.

AIR—"*Over the Mountain Wave.*" WORDS BY H. C. UNDERWOOD. '62.


1. A - mid the mountains grand We have our home, Rising on either hand, Where'er we roam,
Lofty and beauti - ful, Noblest are they, That the sun lin - gers on, Sink - ing a - way.

2 Down in the narrow glen,
Twixt the high hills,
Rushes the glassy brook,
Drinking the rills;
And here the Hoosac flows,
Swiftly and gay,
Rippling light, sparkling bright,
Over its way.

3 Meadows here, broad and fair,
Smiling in bloom,
Burden the mountain air
With their perfume,
And, in the maple groves,
Sweetly and clear
Sing the birds to the herds,
Wandering near.

4 Williams hath noble sons,
Manly and free;
Williams hath blooming maids,
Witching to see.
Sing of her glory, then,
Loudly and long;
Spread her fame, sound her name
Ever in song.

THE WORLD IS CLOTHED WITH BEAUTY.

BY CHARLES H. EVEREST, '59. AIR—"*Annie Laurie.*"

1 The world is clothed with beauty,
The isles break forth in songs,
While "the voice of many waters"
The ceaseless strain prolongs;
The ceaseless strain prolongs,
But the voice saith naught to me,
For, 'mid all, my heart turns fondly,
Old Williams, still to thee.

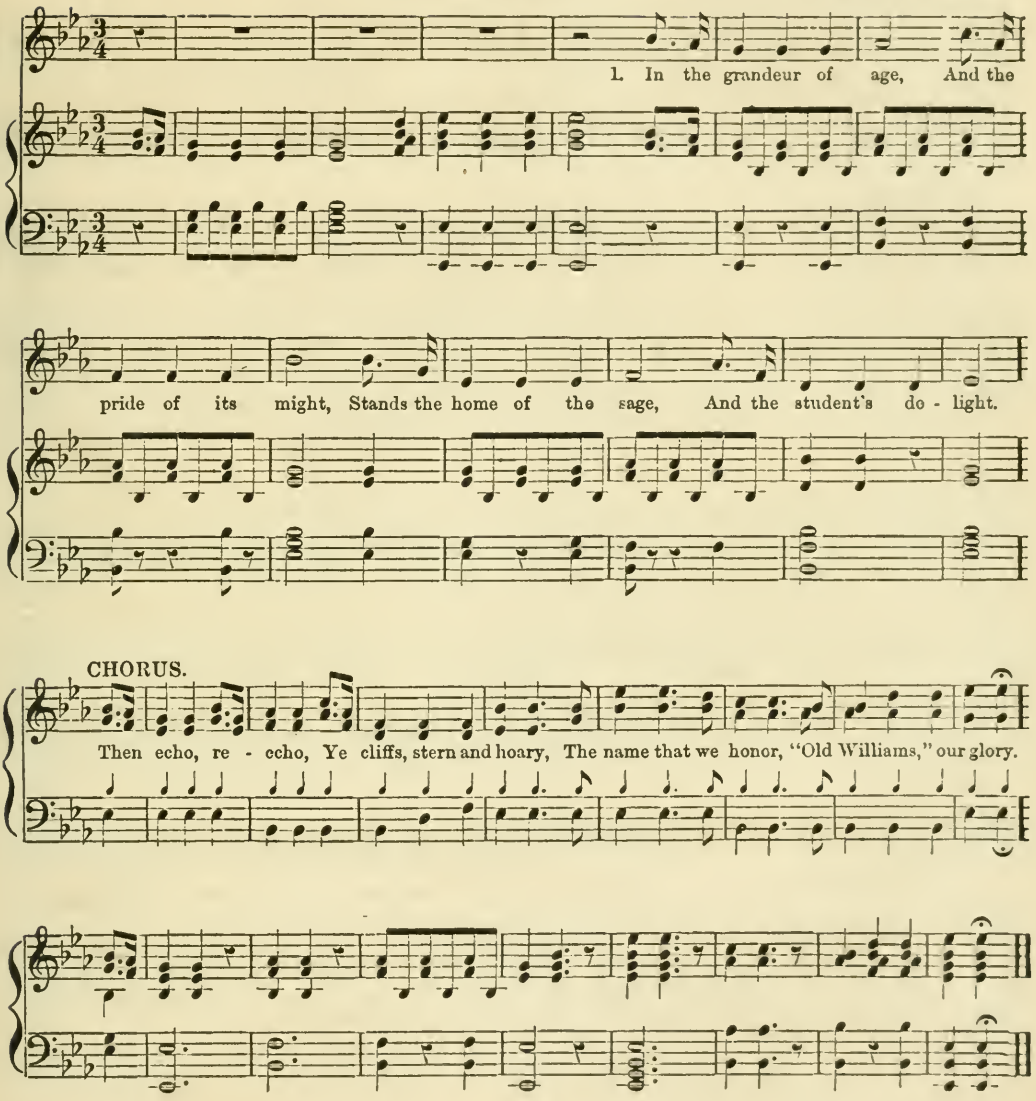
2 What though thy halls re-echo
With the tread of other feet,
And thy portals are deserted
By those I ne'er shall meet;
By those I ne'er shall meet,
"Though still to mem'ry dear,"
Yet I, with them, will cherish
Thy name from year to year.

3 What though thy mountains circle
With battlements severe,
And mourning rocks shed ever
The unavailing tear;
The unavailing tear,
We will thy love repay,
And our Alma Mater ever
Wipe all *thy* tears away.

4 Then may thy name be carried
O'er every land and main,
And orient breezes bear it
Across the western plain;
Across the western plain,
'Till every clime shall know,
That its streams of light and knowledge
From thy bright fountain flow.

IN THE GRANDEUR OF AGE.

AIR—"*Trancadillo.*" WORDS BY CHARLES H. EVEREST, '59.

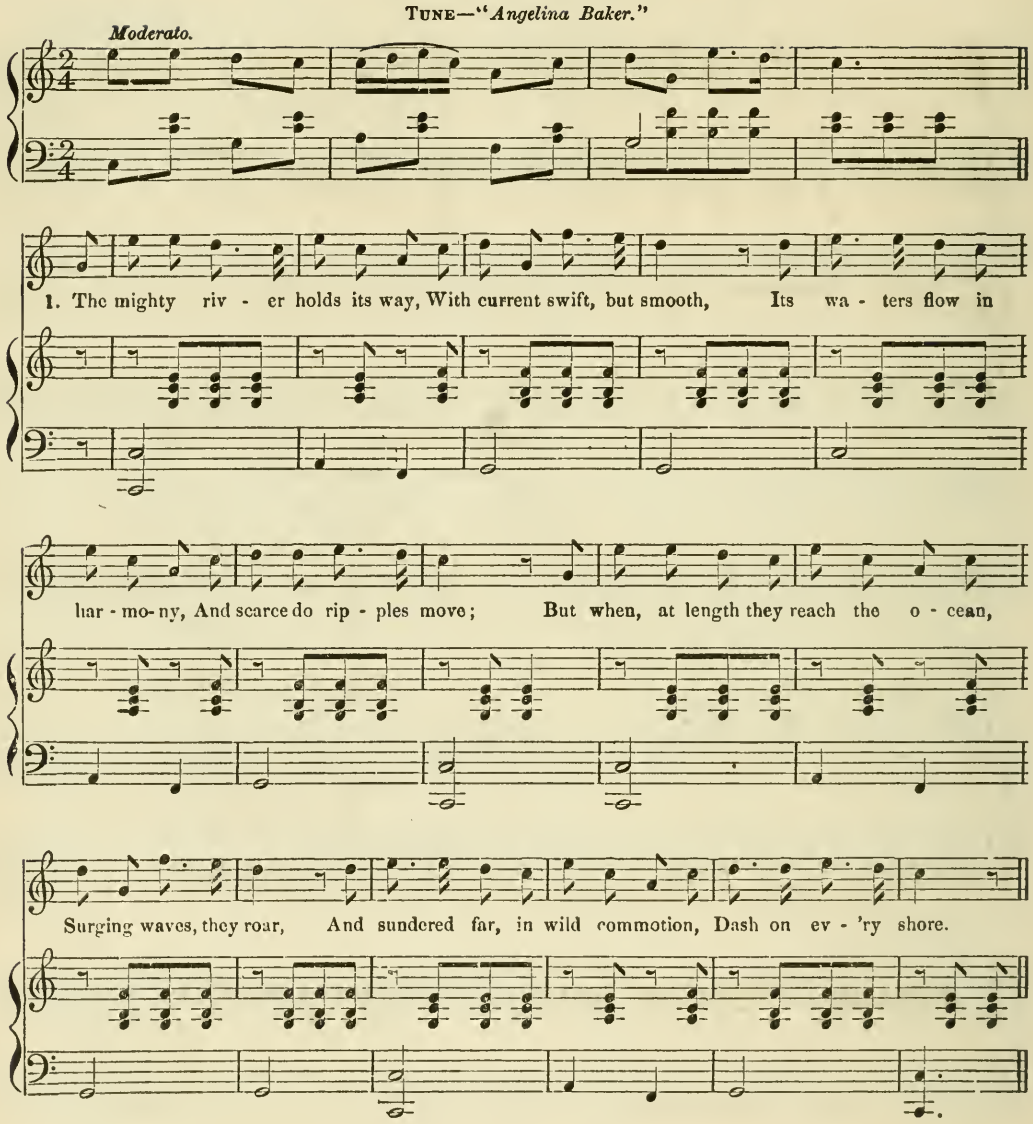

1. In the grandeur of age, And the
pride of its might, Stands the home of the sage, And the student's de - light.
CHORUS.
Then echo, re - echo, Ye cliffs, stern and hoary, The name that we honor, "Old Williams," our glory.

2 The pibroch shall sound
From its turrets of light,
And the war-cry rebound
From the plain to the height.
Then echo, etc.

3 Its wild rolling strain
The nations shall hear,
And o'er land and main
Cry, "Deliverance is near."
Then echo, etc.

4 Truth's torch-light shall shine
Till it fire every clan,
Till Earth is a shrine,
Its priesthood is man.
Then echo, etc

COLLEGE DAYS.

TUNE—"*Angelina Baker.*"

Moderato.
1. The mighty riv - er holds its way, With current swift, but smooth, Its wa - ters flow in
har - mo- ny, And scarce do rip - ples move; But when, at length they reach the o - cean,
Surging waves, they roar, And sundered far, in wild commotion, Dash on ev - 'ry shore.

2 As waters spring from diverse fountains,
In one channel end,
In one, from stranger vales and mountains,
Student life-streams blend;
Four years its banks grow slowly wide.
Its waters flow more free,
As they roll swiftly toward the tide
Of life's broad, stormy sea.

CHORUS—Thus down the rapid river, &c.

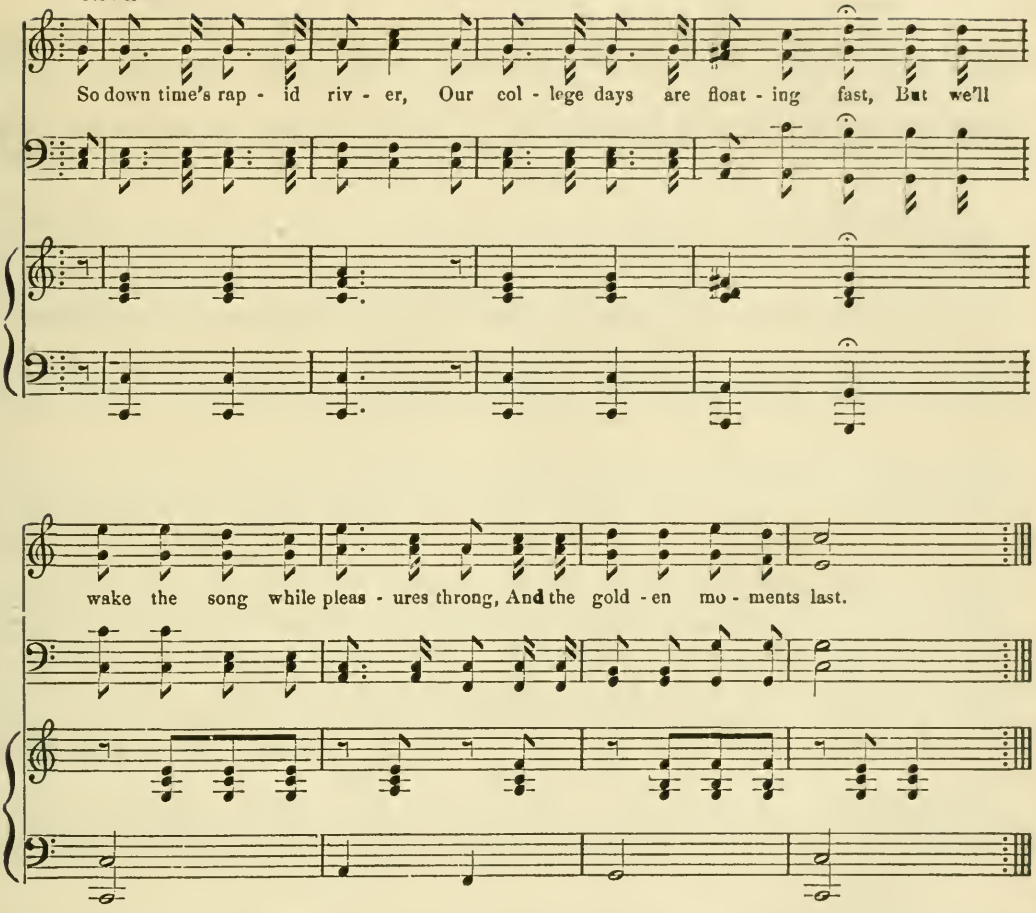
3 With closely-woven texture fine
Of many a kindred aim,
In union strong our hearts entwine,
And share each joy and pain.
But soon again our ways diverge,
And far apart will be;
Yet, though we're scattered on life's surge,
Love's chords shall net the sea.

CHORUS—For down the rapid river, &c.

4 While now our lives with blessings teem
Let pleasure's land-marks rise,
And on our memory oft they'll gleam,
As sun through cloud-wrapped skies.
Then, fellows, oft let's gaily sing
'Till mountain echoes chime,
And Greylock's frosty caverns ring
Harmonious to our rhyme.

CHORUS—For down the rapid river
Our college days are floating fast;
But we'll wake the song while pleasures throng,
And the golden moments last.

CHORUS.


So down time's rap - id riv - er, Our col - lege days are float - ing fast, But we'll
wake the song while pleas - ures throng, And the gold - en mo - ments last.

WAY DOWN IN THE HOOSICK VALLEY.

BY JOHN A. FRENCH, '62.

AIR—"*Angelina Baker.*"

1 Way down in the Hoosick valley
Minds put forth their shoots,
And many weary hours are passed
In grubbing lingual roots.
There I fizzled and there I flunked
So mournful all the day;
Till the welcome pony came at last,
And bore my toil away.

CHORUS—Hurrah, the welcome pony!
Hurrah, the welcome pony's come!
We rake an X in the face of Prex,—
Professors all are dumb.

2 That pony's so extremely shy,
It always comes to pass,
That when a *Lynx*-eyed Prof. is nigh
He's sure to "go to grass."
But when, as soon as the Prof. is gone,
The student doth essay
In spite of Prex and Prof. to ride,
The pony ne'er says *neigh*.

CHORUS—Hurrah, &c.

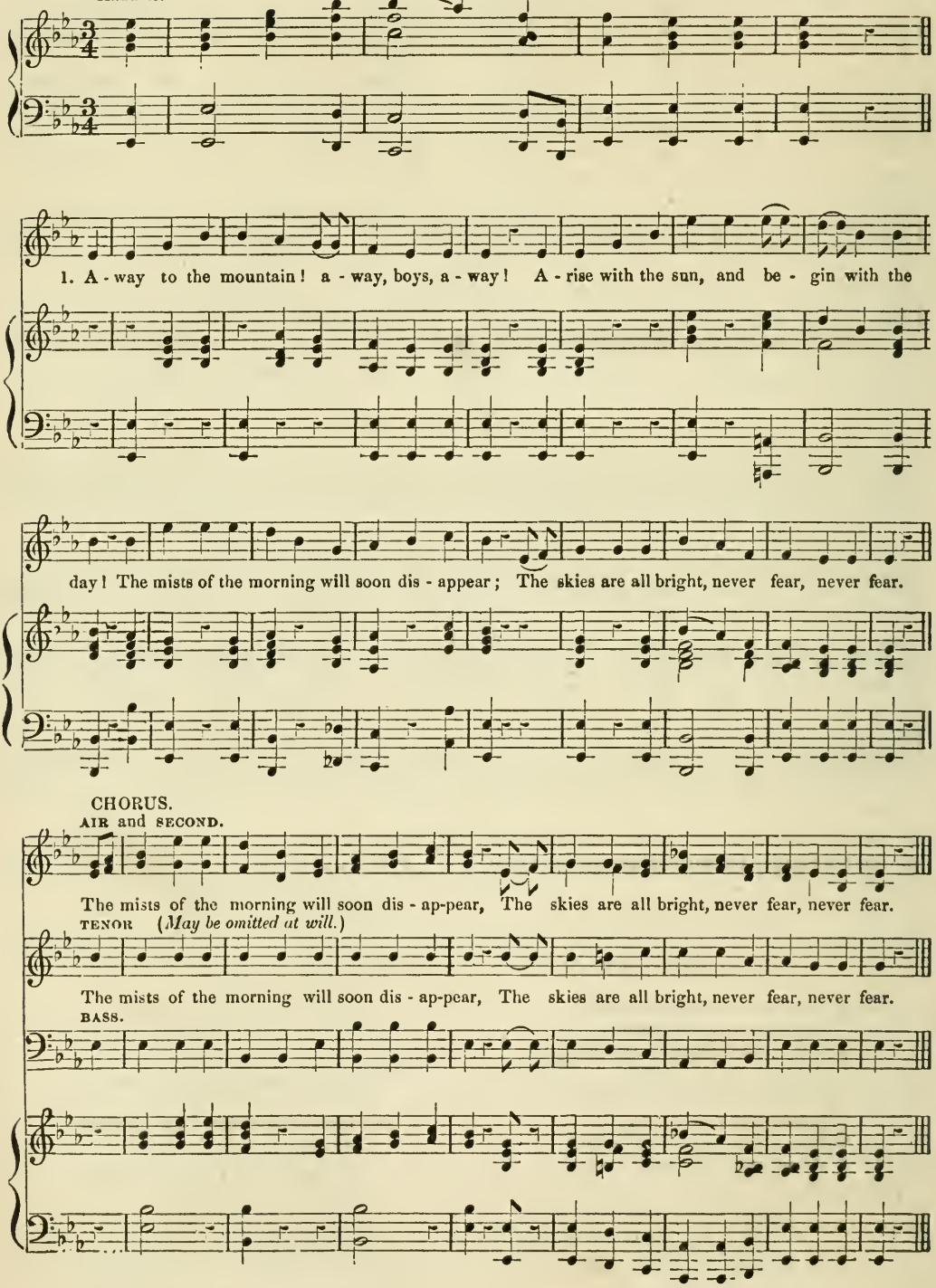
3 A knowing brute's this beast of ours;
Like Balaam's ass of old,
He speaks more truth from his *pony* skull
Than his rider's brains can hold;
And it's no expense to ride this beast,
As Profs. have often feigned;
In other rides you spend an X,
By this an X is gained.

CHORUS—Hurrah, &c

AWAY TO THE MOUNTAIN.

AIR—"*Villikins and his Dinah.*"

BY A. D. WHEELER, '27.


Andante.
1. A - way to the mountain! a - way, boys, a - way! A - rise with the sun, and be - gin with the
day! The mists of the morning will soon dis - appear; The skies are all bright, never fear, never fear.
CHORUS.
AIR and SECOND.
The mists of the morning will soon dis - ap-pear, The skies are all bright, never fear, never fear.
TENOR (*May be omitted at will.*)
The mists of the morning will soon dis - ap-pear, The skies are all bright, never fear, never fear.
BASS.

AWAY TO THE MOUNTAIN. Concluded.

2 Hark! hark to the carol, so merry and free,
From fences and fields, and from trellis and tree!
The birds, in full chorus, are greeting the dawn;
Arouse thee, dull sleeper! up, up! and begone!

3 Now Greylock is looming in grandeur and pride;
No cloud on its summit or climbing its side;
But, bathed in the light of the sun's golden gleams,
It stands like a giant and throws back his beams.

4 And now all are ready, a privileged class,
To tramp through the dust, tread the dew from the grass;
Ascend the steep pathway, regardless of knocks,
And clamber, in haste, over ridges and rocks.

AWAY FROM THE MOUNTAIN!

AIR—"*Villikins and his Dinah.*"

BY A. D. WHEELER, '27.

1 Away from the mountain! away, boys, away!
The sun is declining; far spent is the day;
The gold-tinted clouds in the blue ether sail;
The shadows of evening stretch out o'er the vale.

2 No longer we list to the song of the bird;
No song, save our own, on these hill-tops is heard.
Each warbler of air goes in search of its nest,
And we must return to our home and our rest.

3 Down, down the steep path to the valley below,
Retracing our steps, let us hasten to go;
"Descensus Averni"—words true through all time:—
The downward is easy, the work is to climb.

4 Old Greylock we leave in its glory and pride,
Nor think of it less as we pass down its side.
Hark! Hark! Alma Mater with iron tongue calls,
And summons us back to her walks and her halls.

5 She knows we are out, and the way that we went;
She will not reprove, for she gave her consent.
Now let us return to our duties once more;
Now last comes the toil, as the pleasure before.

6 We leave the bold brow that we labored to gain;
The sunlight we leave for the shade of the plain;
"Sic, sic juvat ire ad umbras"—we say;
Away from the mountain! away, boys, away!

BIENNIAL.

BY GILES BABCOCK, JR. '60.

AIR—"*Villikins and his Dinah.*"

1 As Prex sat one evening a-talking with Linc,
"I will tell you," said he, "now just what I think;
These Soph'mores, dear Isaac, are too merry by half,
So let's give them something that won't make them laugh."

CHORUS

With tortures and torments, with pain and with woe
We'll vex them and rack and bully them so,
That their courage will vanish, their numbers decrease,
And the dear little Freshmen will then rest in peace.

2 "That's gay," cried Prof. Lincoln, "yes, that is just right,
I'd murder those Soph'mores if only through spite:
With "Synonyme Pudding" and cold "Bulbus Pie,"
We'll stuff the young scoundrels, and they'll surely die."
CHORUS—With tortures and torments, &c.

3 So a "Faculty meeting" was held that same night,
And Tatlock reported his whole class as *tight;*
"The fellows," said he, "are exceedingly frisky;
They get their *good spirits* from the *spirits* in whiskey."
CHORUS—With tortures and torments, &c.

4 "I've hit it at length," cried Prof. Linc with great glee,
"I've thought of a plan on which we'll agree,
Let's get from N. Haven that terrible beast
That will make of the Soph'mores a rich, dainty feast."
CHORUS—With tortures and torments, &c.

5 "His body is Latin, pure Greek is his breast,
His skin is tough *Calculus;* but, what is best,
Blazing *formulæ* stream from his mouth to the ground,
And he belches *Greek roots* from his nostrils around."
CHORUS—With tortures and torments, &c.

6 "His ravenous jaws are terribly wide,
And with rows of sharp *synonymes* are well supplied;
They call him *Biennial*, and it is said
The name of the monster fills Soph'mores with dread."
CHORUS—With tortures and torments, &c.

7 As Hercules vanquished the "Nemean Lion,"
As wild beasts were slain by the giant Orion;
So the horrid Biennial was killed by the ranks
Of Soph'mores marshaled in deadly phalanx.
CHORUS—With tortures and torments, &c.

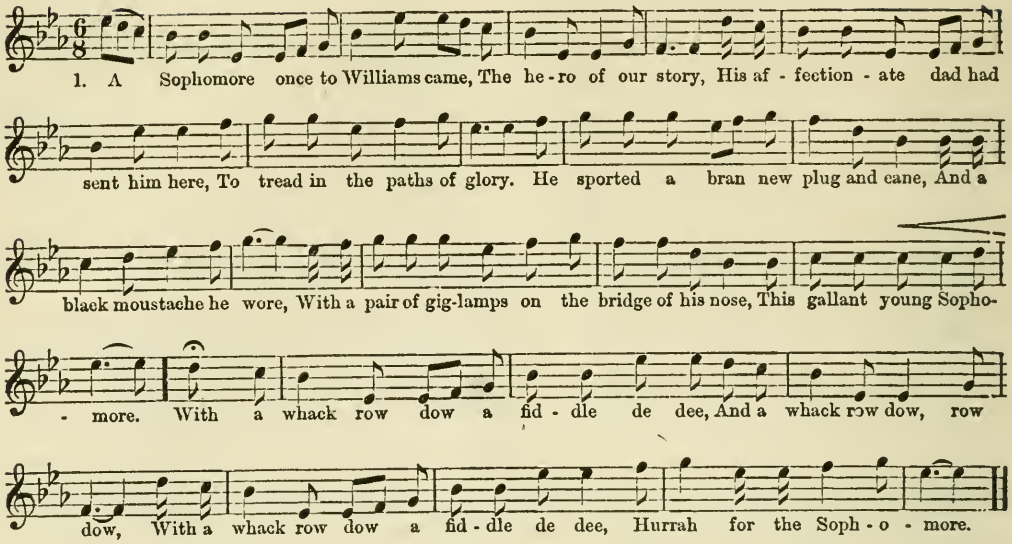
8 But seven fierce battles were fought by them all,
And the struggle was dreadful before he would fall,
Till at length from each lip shouts of victory rang,
And after this manner the Soph'mores sang.

CHORUS.

"Through tortures, through torments, through woe, and through pain
We just now have gone, and we can go again;
Our courage won't vanish, nor our jollity cease,
And the dear little Freshman won't have any peace."

THE GALLANT YOUNG SOPHOMORE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY FRANK E. COOK, '68.


1. A Sophomore once to Williams came, The he-ro of our story, His af-fection-ate dad had
sent him here, To tread in the paths of glory. He sported a bran new plug and cane, And a
black moustache he wore, With a pair of gig-lamps on the bridge of his nose, This gallant young Sopho-
-more. With a whack row dow a fid-dle de dee, And a whack row dow, row
dow, With a whack row dow a fid-dle de dee, Hurrah for the Soph-o-more.

2 He dressed right up in the top of style,
With any supply of suits,
And went to the Chapel on Sundays fair
In patent-leather boots.
A pair of beautiful lavender kids
On his milk-white hands he wore,
He played "short-stop" on the College Nine,
This gallant young Sophomore. CHORUS.

3 He had a supply of classical steeds,
On which he could gracefully ride,
And fakir his X from innocent Prof's,
Detection he defied.
He had whist down to a very fine thing,
And could make the ten-pins roar;
He smoked "green-seal" in a bully meerschaum,
This gallant, young Sophomore. CHORUS.

4 On his left lapel was a great, big badge,
With a beautiful, golden chain,
Which melted the heart of a nice, young girl,
And her name it was Betsey Jane;
Now Betsey loved him ever so much,
And called him "Ingomar."
He called her his "Parthenia,"—
This gallant, young Sophomore. CHORUS.

5 Her cruel mamma kept a boarding-house,
Where she took the Students in,
And gave them bad board at a mighty big price,
Which eased them of their tin.
Now, when she heard of this tale of love,
To Betsey Jane she swore,
She'd take and burn up her "water-fall,"
If she went with this Sophomore. CHORUS.

6 Poor Betsey wept the whole day long,
And did'nt know what to do;
For she knew, if she lost her "water-fall,"
She'd lose her lovyer too.
But at length she dried up her briny tears,
Which down her cheeks did pour,
And vowed to keep her "water-fall,"
And give up her Sophomore! CHORUS.

7 When Sophy heard of this terrible vow,
His heart began to boom
Like the beating of fifty Dutchmen at once
On the head of a big, base drum.
And so he concluded to drown himself,
And hastened to the shore
Of the Hoosic, gliding gently by,
This miserable Sophomore. CHORUS.

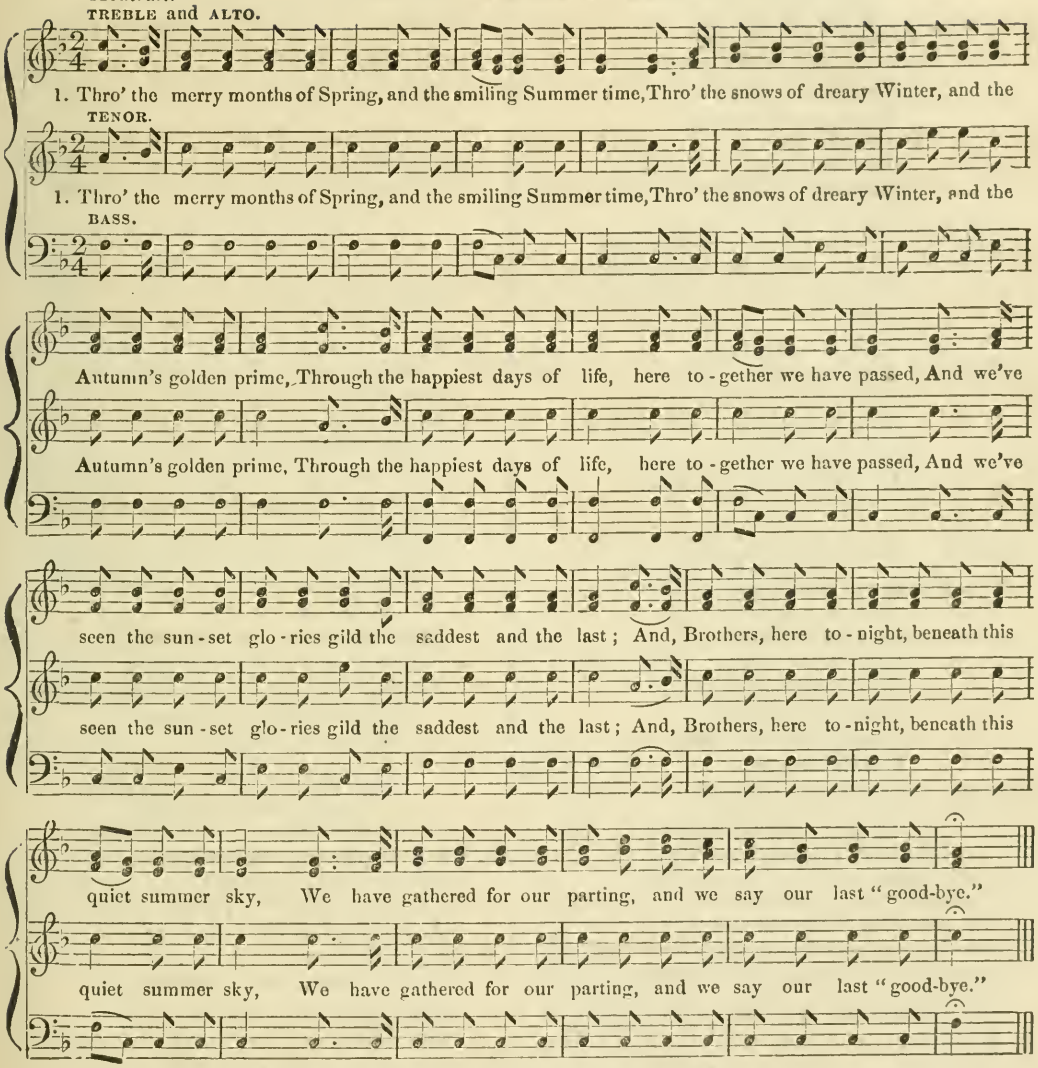
8 He divested himself of his hat and coat,
Then plunged sublimely in;
But, as the waters closed over his head,
He quickly concluded to swim.
"I'll be darned, if I leave this jolly, old earth
So long my time before,
For all the Betsey Janes in the world,"
Said the sensible Sophomore. CHORUS.

9 Miss Betsey married a farmer soon,
Whose business was to keep,
And fatten well, the whole year round,
A big supply of sheep;
For he sold sheep-skins to the Faculty
To write "diplomas" for
The graduates; and, in course of time,
Sold one for the Sophomore. CHORUS.

PARTING SONG.

WORDS BY S. W. GLADDEN, '59.

Moderato. AIR—"*The Mountaineer's Farewell.*"


TREBLE and ALTO.
1. Thro' the merry months of Spring, and the smiling Summer time, Thro' the snows of dreary Winter, and the
TENOR.
1. Thro' the merry months of Spring, and the smiling Summer time, Thro' the snows of dreary Winter, and the
BASS.
Autumn's golden prime, Through the happiest days of life, here to-gether we have passed, And we've
Autumn's golden prime, Through the happiest days of life, here to-gether we have passed, And we've
seen the sun-set glo-ries gild the saddest and the last; And, Brothers, here to-night, beneath this
seen the sun-set glo-ries gild the saddest and the last; And, Brothers, here to-night, beneath this
quiet summer sky, We have gathered for our parting, and we say our last "good-bye."
quiet summer sky, We have gathered for our parting, and we say our last "good-bye."

2 While the vintage of the past sparkling wine of pleasure pours,
And memory gathers home all her richest harvest stores,
While the songs we here have sung, float with cadence soft and low
Through the starry vaulted heavens of the storied "long ago,"
Let us spread the festive board, and the foaming beaker drain,
To the golden-fruited seasons that may never come again.

3 Now the truce to toil is past, and the hour of battle comes,
And we hear the clash of sabres and the roll of signal drums,
Where the flags of Truth and Right o'er the hosts of labor wave,
And the veteran columns open to the willing and the brave;
So we grasp the flashing sword as we loose the parting hand,
And the smoke of battle settles o'er our separated band.

4 And, Brothers, as the years roll their joys and sorrows past,
And the smoke of battle clears away at victory's bugle blast,
Through our triumph and our toil, we will guard the sacred bond
That has joined us here on earth; and in better lands beyond,
When the silver cords are loosed and the final partings come,
May we find it joined forever in an everlasting home!

TOWERING AROUND US.

BY A. F. GAGE, '61.

AIR—"*Ellen Bayne.*"

1 Towering around us
The mountains stand,
Lifting their summits,
Massive and grand;
Resting in beauty
The valley lies,
Spanned by the glory
Of azure skies.

CHORUS.—Let the swelling chorus ring,
To the winds all trouble fling!
Williams, thine our offering!
Thine be our song!

2 Peaceful the Summers
Glide on their way;
Glorious the Autumns,
E'en in decay;
Gentle the breezes
Of the gladsome Spring;
Joyful the pleasures
The Winters bring,

CHORUS.—Let the swelling, etc.

3 Hopeful the future
Gleams on us all;
Calmly life's sunset
O'er us shall fall;
Calmly we'll rest, then,
Our life well past,
The meed of the blessed
Ours at the last.

CHORUS.—Let the swelling, etc.

CHANT OUR RHYME.

PRIZE SONG: BY GEO. L. RAYMOND, '62.

AIR—"*Sparkling and Bright.*"

1 Peacefully rest, 'neath the mountain's crest,
In thy sheltered vale reclining,
Old Williams—the home where pleasures roam,
And wreaths of song are twining.
Then chant our rhyme while the words keep time
To the beat of the hearts that love us,
And many a year may Williams rear
Her beacon spires above us.

2 We love the might of each giant height,
The peace of thy quiet valley,
But more than all, in the time-worn hall,
The homes where brothers rally.
Then chant our rhyme while the words keep time
To the beat of the hearts that love us,
And guarded for aye from time and decay
Be the sacred walls above us.

3 At evening time, when the hills sublime
Wear a crown of fading glory,
From a jovial throng rings a merry song
With laughter and with story.
Then chant our rhyme while the words keep time
To the beat of the hearts that love us,
And long may the song, when the shades grow long,
Roll up to the stars above us.

4 The merry rhymes of these joyous times
Are sung by the wild winds o'er us,
The Nymphs of the glade learn the gay serenade,
And Apollo plays to the chorus.
Then chant our rhyme while the words keep time
To the beat of the heart that loves us,
And our strain, with the notes of the wind-harp, float
Through the bending boughs above us.

HOMEWARD OH!

BY H. A. SCHAUFFLER, '59.

AIR—"*Landlords fill.*"

1 Merrily roll we homeward, oh!
While rings the air with laughter;
For all our toils have flown away,
And all our cares hard after.
O then, let us merry merry be,
O then, let us merry merry be,
O then, let us merry merry be,
For now we're rolling homeward.

2 Crack the whip and raise the shout,
"Adieu to Alma Mater!"
We love thee well, yet love thee best,
When thou dost bid us scatter.
O then, let us, etc.

3 Cheer the steeds and fly along,
For all the girls are waiting,
With beaming eyes and winning smiles,
To give us hearty greeting.
O then, let us, etc.

AMHERST AND WILLIAMS.

BY H. A. SCHAUFFLER, '59.

AIR—"*Happy are we to-night, boys.*"

1 Merry the song we sing, boys!
Merry, merry the song—
For "Amherst and Williams" shall ring, boys
And echo the shout prolong.
We bid adieu to care and toil,
And welcome this glad time,
When, bound by sympathetic ties,
Our voices we may chime.

CHORUS—Merry are we to-night, boys!
Merry, merry are we;
For care rests on us light, boys,
As foam on sparkling sea.

2 Williams and Amherst for aye, boys,
Amherst and Williams for aye;
Long may their standards on high, boys,
Wave to the winds that fly.
Long may our "Almæ Matres" hale
Emit their radiant light;
A never-waning sun be theirs,
A day that sees no night.
Merry are we to-night, boys, etc.

3 Hearty the health we drink, boys!
Hearty, hearty the health;

Drink to the "Prexes" we think, boys,
Our glory and our wealth.
"In cœlum seri redeant"
Ring out the heartfelt strain;
And "Professors," may they live
"Posterity" to train,
Merry are we, etc.

4 Shout for the classes we love, boys!
Shout, O shout for each class!
Wedded are we by this love, boys,
As swain to bonny lass.
Then * hurrah! hurrah!
And let it ring,
While will wake the song
That shall sing.
Merry are we, etc.

5 Then join in chorus to-night, boys!
With might the chorus swell,
For care rests on us light, boys,
As mists on Summer's dell.
The golden memories of this day
Shall twine a lasting bond,
Which Amherst's boys and Williams' sons
Forever shall surround.
Merry are we, etc.

OLD WILLIAMS, 'TIS OF THEE.

BY E. B. PARSONS, '59.

AIR—"*America.*"

1 Old Williams, 'tis of thee,
Fountain of jollity,
Of thee we sing;
Let streams of friendship glide,
Send forth a joyous tide,
From every mountain side
Let laughter ring.

2 Our noble vessel, thee,
Craft of the wise and free,
Thy name we love;
Our chieftain we revere,
Our leaders all we cheer,
O'er angry waves they steer,
The waves above.

3 Sons of old Williams, ye,
Earth's true nobility,
Receive our song;
Teachers are in your band,
There poets, statesmen stand,
And holy men command
Truth to prolong.

4 Old Williams, Hail to thee!
May Berkshire never see
Thy shadow less;
May true men throng thy halls,
And, when they leave thy walls,
Obey the world-wide calls,
Mankind to bless.

* Blanks for different classes.

VACATION SONG.

BY D. D. WILLSEA, '59.

AIR—"*O, boys! carry me 'long.*"

1 Ho, boys! give us a song,
There's no more grubbing for me;
Vacation's come,
I'm going home,
We are free to-day, boys free;
Heigh ho! merry are we;
With cramming we are done;
'Till we return
To grub and learn;
Vacation's the time to play.

CHORUS.—Ho, boys! give us a song,
Song of the gay and free;
Echo the sound
Through the college ground,
Happy to-day are we.

2 Farewell to the class;
The season of parting's come;
Grasp each a hand
Of our happy band;
We are bound for home, "Sweet home!"
Happy will parents be,
Happier sisters smile,
And girls we meet
When us they greet,
Parted a long, long while.
CHO.—Ho, boys! ho, &c.

BURIAL OF EUCLID.

AIR—"*Happy are we.*"

1 Euclid is dead, joyful are we;
Come, let us sing, be merry and free,
He's gone at last, his reign is o'er;
Then a ha! ha! ha! ha! he'll bore us no more
Euclid was borous,
And he was dry;
He used to floor us;
He ought to die.

CHORUS.—Euclid is dead, etc.

2 Great be the joy filling each soul;
Loud be the shout that upward we roll;
For grim old death has seized his prey;
With a ha! ha! ha! ha! he bore him away
Tidings how grateful!
How sweet to know
That Euc' so hateful
Is now laid low!

CHORUS.—Euclid is dead, etc.

3 O'er us he reigned, sparing us not;
Cruel his sway, and bitter our lot;
But that "good time" has come at last;
Then a ha! ha! ha! ha! His glory is past.
Euclid was crusty;
And so was "Tat;"
Playfair was musty;
We all know that.

CHORUS.—Euclid is dead, etc.

PHILOTECHNIAN SONG.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN, '59.
AIR—"*Lauriger.*"

1 Give us now a song, my boys,
For old Technia's glory;
Lend a heart and lend a voice,
Singing *con amore.*
CHORUS.—Let our souls with triumph thrill,
Merry lads are we, boys,
As we shout with right good will,
Philotechnia's glee, boys.
2 Let the Logians stand aghast,
And with terror tremble,
When they hear our choral blast,
When our ranks assemble.
Let our souls with triumph thrill, etc.
3 Freshmen, hearken to the wise;
Come and join our army;
So shall you to honor rise,
And your days be balmy.
Let our souls with triumph thrill, etc.
4 And we'll sing, in after time,
To our lisping laddies,
With delight the rousing chime
Of their Technian daddies.
Let our souls with triumph thrill, etc.
5 Then take up the song, my boys,
For old Technia's glory;
Lend a heart and lend a voice,
Singing *con amore.*
Let our souls with triumph thrill, etc.

PHILOLOGIAN SONG.

BY S. W. GLADDEN, '59.
"AIR—*Life let us cherish.*"

1 Now, boys, for Logia,
Sing, sing the rallying song!
Ring out the glad hurrah,
Loudly and long!
The gleeful chorus loudly swells
Like trumpet note or chime of bells,
And Logia's banner floats in pride
Upon the breezy tide.
CHORUS.—Now, boys, etc.
2 Now, while the glorious past
Shines with her lustrous name!
Now, while the victor blast
Tells of her fame!
While troops of memories hither throng,
And deeds of yore inspire the song,
And wingéd words of tongue or pen
Come home with might again.
Now, boys, etc.
3 Twine we a garland now,
Gem it with flashing mirth;
Deck we her queenly brow,
Fairest of earth!
And while these loyal pulses thrill,
We'll cheer for her with right good will;
And on the land or on the sea
Her home our hearts shall be.
Now, boys, etc.
4 Sing we of laurels won!
Sing we the triumph lay!
Gird we the armor on!
Up, and away!
The gleeful chorus loudly swells,
Like trumpet note or clang of bells;
And glory, like a rainbow, falls
On Philologian halls.
Now, boys, for Logia;
Sing, sing the triumph song!
Forward! hurrah! hurrah!
Brave, free and strong!

ALWAYS CHEERFUL.

BY WM. PALMER, '28.
"AIR—"*Cocachelunk.*"

1 Always cheerful! yes, my friend,
'Twas my motto from the first.
That misfortune needs must mend,
When the bad has reached the worst.
2 When my questioned purse is dumb,
Shall I whimper? Nay, but sing:—
"Let the jingling goddess come,
Now there's room for all she'll bring!"
3 If the merry hint she slight,
Still I'll carol as I go:—
"Empty pockets are so light,
By my faith, 'tis better so!"
4 As for love, why fret or mope,
If one charmer prove unkind?
Surely, 'twere more wise to hope
All the sex not quite so blind.
5 If my merits find them so,
This shall make me lighter grieve:—
"Cœlebs! what a world of wo
Adam found in finding Eve!"

COME, GAILY SHOUT.

BY GEO. L. RAYMOND, '62.
AIR—"*Benny Havens.*"

1 Come, classmates, gather round us here,
And join our jovial lay,
Till bracing winds of pleasure waft
Our every care away.
Oh, rest thee, weary student, now,
And list to Orpheus' charms,
For when the soldier's spirit fails,
'Tis music nerves his arms.
CHO.—Come, gaily shout these accents out
Each brother shout hurrah!
'Till echoing halls ring from their walls,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah for * hurrah for
'Till echoing halls ring from their walls,
Hurrah! for

* Any class.

2 Let's swell aloud harmonious strains,
And while the air we rend,
Upon our heart-strings Love shall play,
And softer music blend;
And echoes fleet shall bear away
The accents of our rhyme,
Till every classmate's, far or near,
Be tuned with ours to chime.
Come, gaily shout, etc.

3 Here's health, each brother loved, to you;
Firm strength to think and do;
Long life to thrive, and honors gain,
Until the strife is through;
For aye may Hope's bright shining arch
Each conflict span beneath,
Above each smoke-wrapped battle's strife
Rich crowns of glory wreathe.
Come, gaily shout, etc.

A RETROSPECT.

AIR—"*Mary had a little lamb.*"

Freshman had a little cane,
A little cane, a little cane;
And when the air was nice and cool,
He swung it out one day.
It gave the Sophys grief and pain,
Grief and pain, grief and pain;
To see him break the college rule,
So they took his cane away.
CHORUS.—Riding on a horse, hurrah! hurrah
Riding on a horse, hurrah! hurrah!
Oh! an't I glad I've passed "Biennial."

MARSHAL'S SUPPER.

BY D. D. WILLSEA, '59.
AIR—"*Litoria.*"

1 Old Williams boasts of laurels won,
Of many deeds her sons have done;
Let every Senior to this store
Resolve to add one laurel more.
CHORUS.—Litoria, etc.

2 Oh! what's the use of standing still,
When you can mount up science hill,
And, gazing from its utmost height,
Bask in the rays of learning's light.
Litoria, etc.

3 The road is clear, the course is fine,
And but one toll-gate on the line;
And those who "run it" without pay,
May lose their course Biennial day.
Litoria, etc.

4 There's nothing like a jolly class,
Who never let the good time pass;
Who never drink from sorrow's cup,
But laugh when something *good* turns up.
Litoria, etc.

5 The bark we shipped in for this cruise
Has come to port, and turned us loose;
But, messmates, we must ship again,
And cruise upon life's raging main.
Litoria, etc.

6 But here's a health to every man
Who thinks it is a better plan
To cruise on matrimony's sea,
And well *manned* may his *consort* be.
Litoria, etc.

(H)OSSEOUS PHILOSOPHY.

BY JOHN A. FRENCH, '62.
AIR—"*Cocachelunk.*"

1 Tell me not in mournful numbers
College life is but a scheme
To waste the soul in raking X's—
All things else are but a dream.
CHORUS—Cocachelunk, etc.

2 Tell me not of mental feasting,
O, good Prof., in solemn tones;
We reply, in words of Scripture,
It is *meet* to have our *Bohns*.

3 Deadly fakiring and not grubbing,
Fills our college life with mirth;
Make no *bones*, when brains do fail you,
Of making *Bohns* supply the dearth.

4 Grub no Latin, howe'er easy;
Murdered Greek must bury its dead.
Fear not, Ghost of outraged Homer,
"Show your *bones* and punch his head."

5 Upper classes' lives remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Bohns among the sands of time.

6 *Bohns*, it may be, that another,
Grubbing with his might and main,
Some poor fizzling, flunking brother,
Finding, may "rush" on again.

7 Let us, then, be ever grubbing,
Fakiring with a Bohn so fast,
Till Old Bones, with scythe and hour-glass,
Comes to *fakir* us at last.

JOY SONG.

BY J. HOWARD CORWIN, '75.
AIR—"*Nearer to thee.*" *Household Songs.*

1 Cling, cling, by day, by night,
O Joy vine!
Twine, twine thy tendrils light,
Our Joy vine!
May'st thou our token be,
Of hearts all loyally,
Bound each to each and thee,
Dear Joy vine!

2 Climb, climb, with shining leaves,
O Joy vine!
Up to the shelt'ring eaves,
Strong Joy vine!
Up through the shine or showers,
Scaling the highest towers,
Oh! make the spirit ours,
Brave Joy vine!

3 When years shall make thee old,
O tender vine!
And winds for thee are cold,
True Joy vine!
Yet still these walks enfold,
Still may thy tendrils hold—
Nor let our hearts grow cold.
Immortal vine!

Songs of Bowdoin.

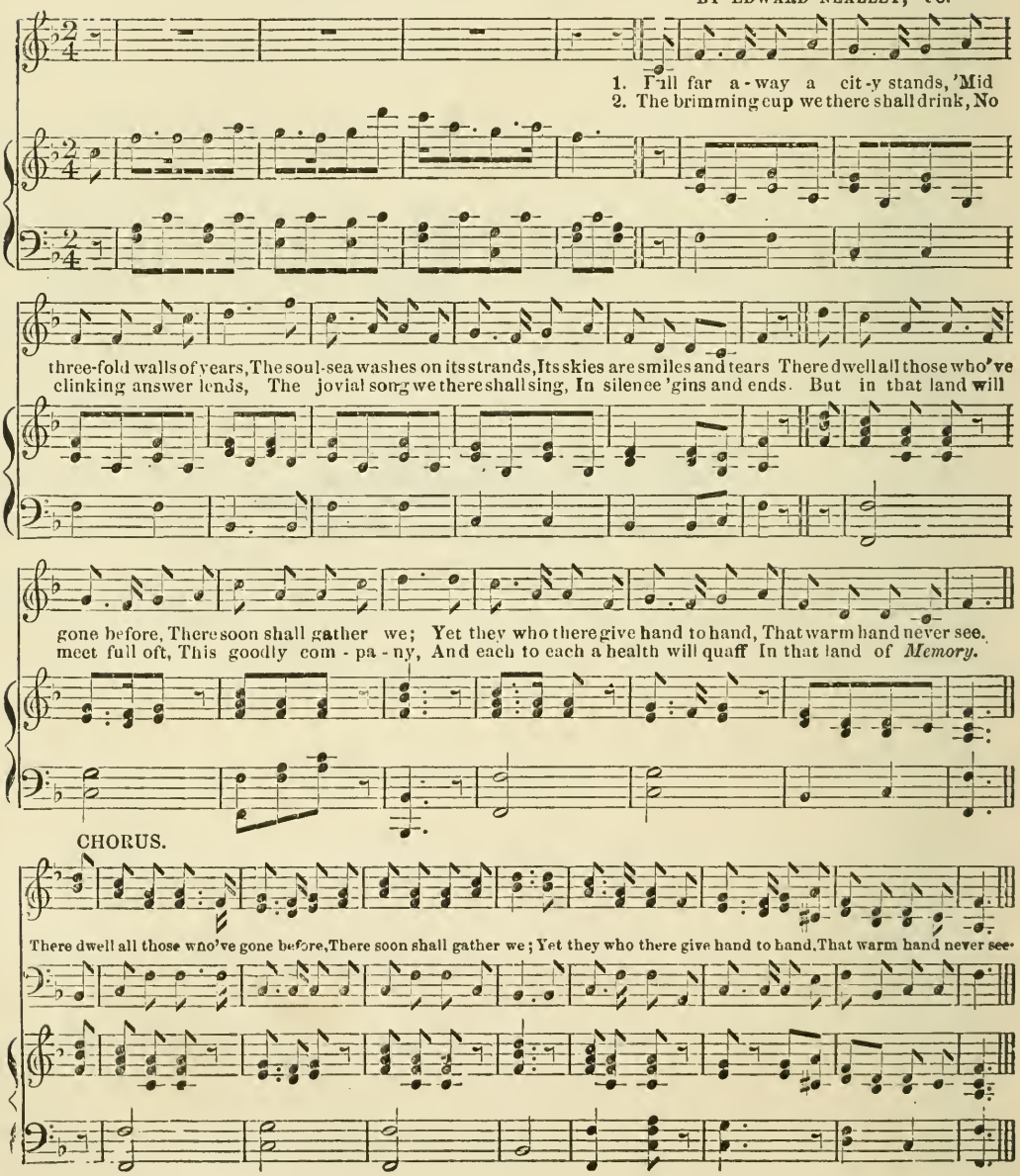
" Now leaving awhile every feeling of sadness,
With spirits that echo the songs that we sing;
We'll yield the swift moments to pleasure and gladness,
And heed not the labors to-morrow may bring."

SONGS OF BOWDOIN.

FULL FAR AWAY A CITY STANDS.

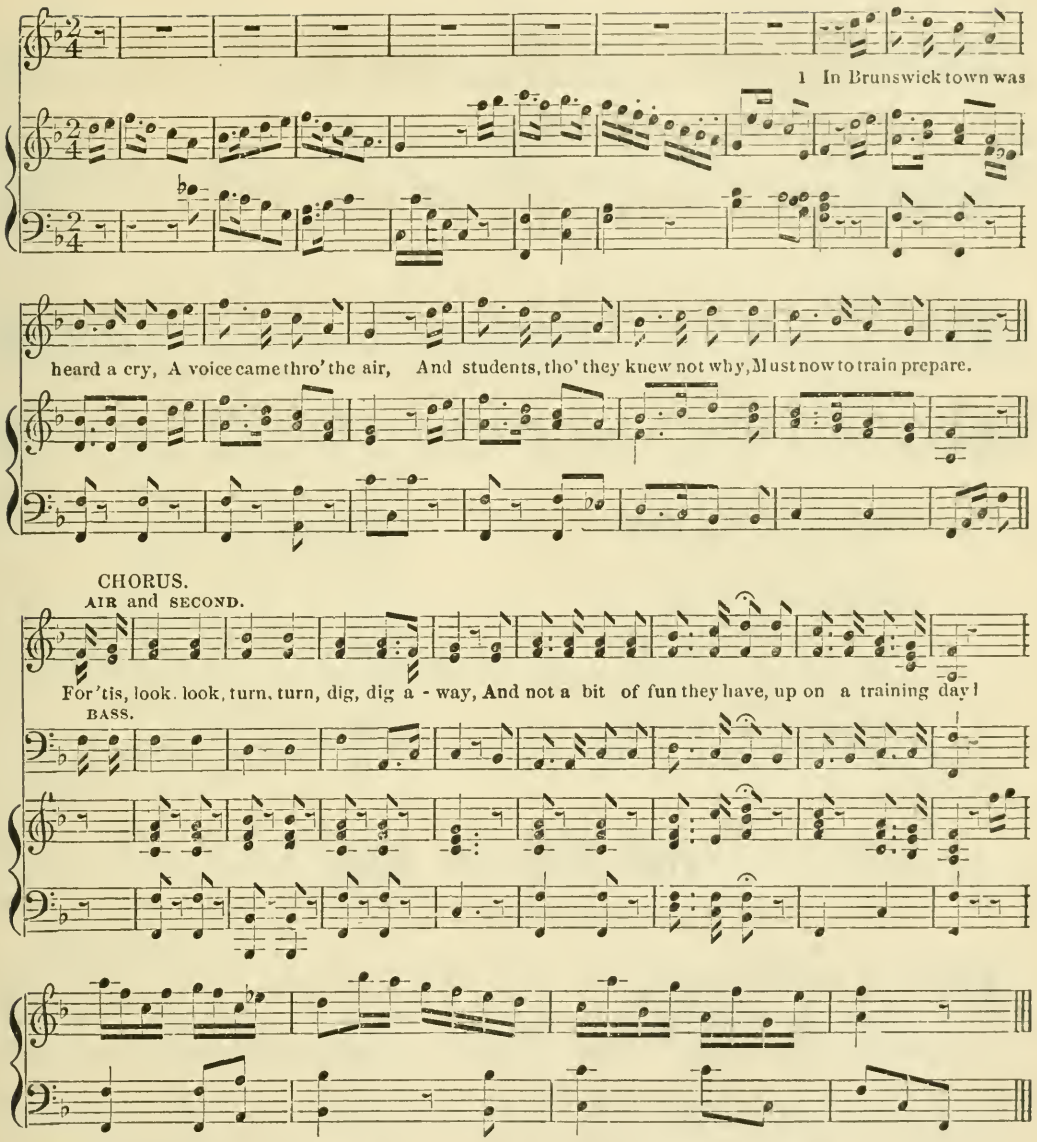
AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

BY EDWARD NEALLEY, '18.


1. Full far a-way a cit-y stands, 'Mid
2. The brimming cup we there shall drink, No
three-fold walls of years, The soul-sea washes on its strands, Its skies are smiles and tears There dwell all those who've
clinking answer lends, The jovial song we there shall sing, In silence 'gins and ends. But in that land will
gone before, There soon shall gather we; Yet they who there give hand to hand, That warm hand never see.
meet full oft, This goodly com-pa-ny, And each to each a health will quaff In that land of *Memory.*
CHORUS.
There dwell all those who've gone before, There soon shall gather we; Yet they who there give hand to hand, That warm hand never see-

MAY TRAINING ODE.

AIR—"*There's nae Luck.*" ANONYMOUS, '37.


1 In Brunswick town was
heard a cry, A voice came thro' the air, And students, tho' they knew not why, Must now to train prepare.
CHORUS.
AIR and SECOND.
For 'tis, look, look, turn, turn, dig, dig a - way, And not a bit of fun they have, up on a training day!
BASS.

2 The voice rang loud in Bowdoin's hall,
Then rose her martial star,
Her students early heard the call,
And hoisted flags of war.
And 'twas shout, shout, clap, clap, gaze, gaze away,
A caution was the sport we had upon that training day.

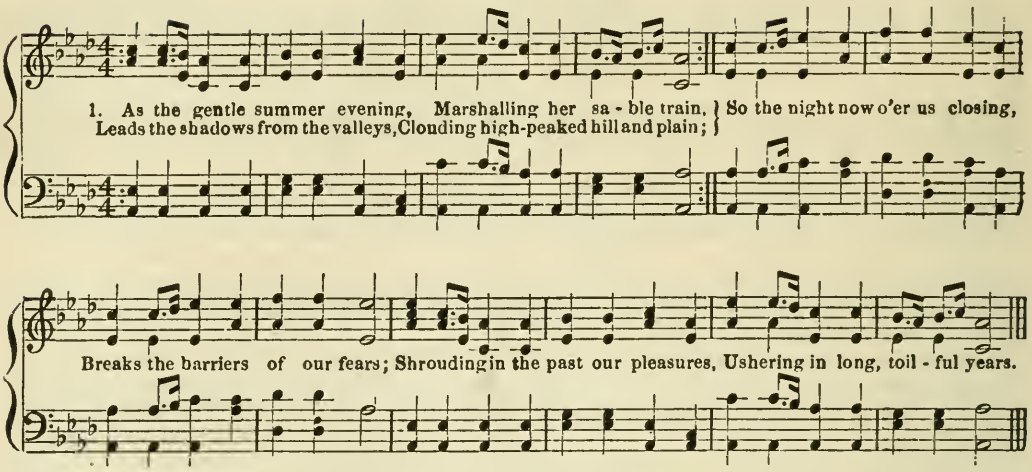
3 The cannon roared, ere close of night,
In tones each sleeper heard;
A pennon crowned the steeple's height,
And "*Bellum*" was the word.
O, 'twas fire, fire, roar, roar, bang, bang away,
And this is how we'll rouse 'em up on every training day.

4 At noon they gathered in a row,
From ev'ry earthly tribe;
'Twould baffle all the powers below
This army to describe.
'Twas black, white, red, blue, tawny, green and gray,
In arms old Nick ne'er saw before, joined on that training day

5 The banners they were stranger still,
For, waving o'er the "Band,"
The "De'il cam' fiddling" down the hill,
And took the foremost stand.
And 'twas saw, saw, squeak, squeak, twang, twang away
O sure it was the De'il we played upon that training day

PARTING SONG.

AIR—"*Rousseau's Dream.*" BY E. P. PARKER, '56.


1. As the gentle summer evening, Marshalling her sa - ble train, } So the night now o'er us closing,
Leads the shadows from the valleys, Clouding high-peaked hill and plain; }
Breaks the barriers of our fears; Shrouding in the past our pleasures, Ushering in long, toil - ful years.

2 Like a golden gleam of sunshine,
Smiling on an angry sea,
Fades this hour's soft twilight gladness,
On the future mystery.
Soon the morning, coldly dawning,
Of a stern and serious life,
Will our dreaming, fancy-teeming
Souls awake to earnest strife.

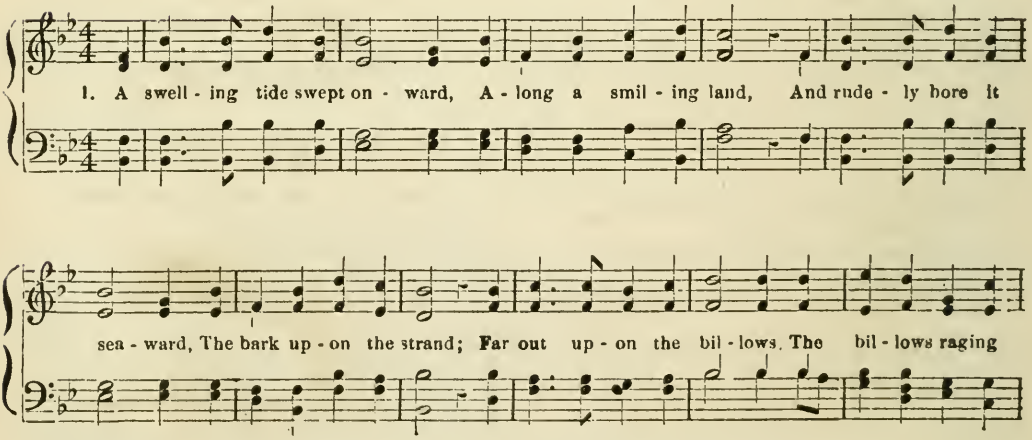
3 We have passed through fields of richness,
Gathering balm-buds by the way,
Homeward still we all are pressing,
And yet whither—who can say?
Gladly sad, and sadly joyful,
On Life's hither shore we stand,
Waiting for some wind to waft us
Onward to an unknown land.

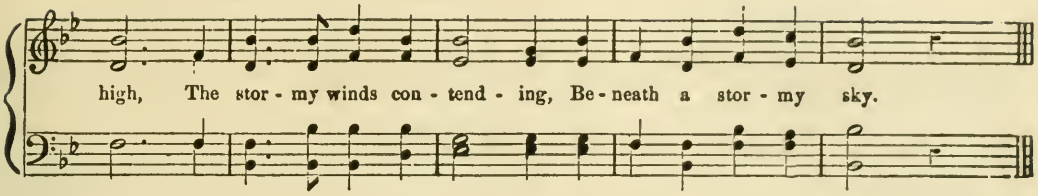
4 Waking on our trembling heart-strings
Echoes to their mournful song,
Thought-troops sighing—"fled and flying,"
Memory's haunted chambers throng.
Brothers! may a glad fruition
Of choice hopes, repay us well
For our labor here, hereafter
Where no parting is—Farewell!

THE TIDE OF TIME.

AIR—"*The Morning Light is Breaking.*"

BY J. J. LEIGHTON, '57


1. A swell - ing tide swept on - ward, A - long a smil - ing land, And rude - ly bore it
sea - ward, The bark up - on the strand; Far out up - on the bil - lows, The bil - lows raging



2 Oh! now ye waves, have mercy,
Roll not too wildly on,
And ye fierce winds! blow gently,
Till the distant port is won.
Waft, waft her o'er the waters,
Be not too stern, oh! Sea,
Oh! bear our little vessel
To a calm and peaceful lee.

3 Thou tide of Time, fast sweeping
Along the flowery shore
That lines our classic garden,—
The fairest year of four—
Ye cold and restless waters!
Now cease awhile your strife,
Bear gently down our life-barks,
To the shadowy sea of life.

4 And thou too, heaving Ocean!
That murmureth evermore—
Time's sad and solemn requiem—
Against the fadeless shore,
Oh! swell not thou too wildly,
In pride thy throbing breast,
Bear, bear each life-bark safely
To the shore where all is rest.

CLASS - DAY ODE.

AIR—"*Annie Lisle.*" BY AMERICUS FULLER, '59.

1 Once more we gather, brothers,
While the setting sun
Lightly flings its lengthened shadows
O'er the course we've run,
And, ere the gathering darkness
Shrouds the golden light,
We will seek our quiet resting
With a kind good night.
Deal gently, care and sorrow,
With this brother band;
Safely lead us, O, our Father,
To that better land.

2 Long years have passed us, toiling,
Fainting, on the way,
Where we've sadly laid to slumber,
Some whose early day
Seemed bright with opening promise,
Till their weary feet
Could no longer bear life's burdens
Through the burning heat.
Deal gently, care and sorrow,
With this brother band; &c.

3 Should then bright dreams of triumph,
Crowns, and laurel wreaths,
Seem like blooming hopes that ripen
Into golden sheaves;
Still, while these prophet visions
Charm each waiting eye,
Let us not forget that dangers
Ever linger nigh.
Deal gently, care and sorrow,
With this brother band; &c.

4 Ere then our ranks be broken,
Ere our footsteps turn
Where fond hearts have long been waiting
And new altars burn;
While yet our words of parting
Tremble on the air,
We will raise with hopeful trusting,
This, our heartfelt prayer.
O! lead us, when we wander,
To that better land,
And e'en there, our Father, crown us,
Still a brother band.

OLD TIME.

AIR—"*Kingdom Coming.*"

Say, Classmates, have you seen a yagger
With a gray beard on his chin,
Go sneaking 'long side like a shadder,
Wherever we have been?
I saw him just now in the winder
At Gripe's as I came down,
He grinned till he showed his dirty grinders,
Tricked out in an A. M. gown.

CHORUS—Old Time's played out, ha! ha!
The Boys are back, ho! ho!
Each one here is a Soph again,—Care
"go to thunder."
Hurrah for jubilo.

One hand the fellow flaunted showing,
A sickle and a rose,
While he made me mad by wiggling t'other,
With his thumb upon his nose.
My flexors swelled, my tensors straightened,
Gripe's sash splintered down, dead-broke,—
"Good evening, Elder," said a Doctor,
And ended—all in smoke.
CHORUS—Old Time's played out, &c.

Now, Brothers, while the plasters drying,
Don't let the cobwebs grow;
Keep youth-time fresh as of old when our ponies
Pranced along by the Livy'd Po.
And to-night in the fountain of fond recollection—
Let us wash the years all away,
And drink of its wave to the joys of the present,
The Boys forever and a day.
CHORUS—Old Time's played out, &c.

BACCHANALIAN.

AIR.—"*Sparkling and Bright.*"

BY M. W. FULLER, '53.

1 Oh, bright is the gleam of the silv'ry stream,
As it leaps from its native mountain;
And sweet to the taste, in the desert waste,
Is the draught from the pure, cool fountain;
But sweeter than this, with its transient bliss,
To me in the desert roaming,
And brighter still, than the sparkling rill,
Is the wine in our goblets foaming.
CHORUS—Then fill each glass, as the moments pass,
Let the red wine mantle high!
As pledge we here, to mem'ry dear,
The pleasant years gone by.

2 Oh, hard is the strife of the battle of life,
To the soldier youth contending!
Full soon may fail e'en the plated mail,
He fancied himself defending.
Yet we'll on to the fight with hearts so light
At the stirring trumpet's tone,
And never will yield the battle field
Till victory is our own.
CHORUS—Then drink to-night, with hearts so light,
To the untried world before us,
And gayly laugh, as the wine we quaff.
And join in the merry chorus.

SONG OF THE SMOKER.

AIR.—"*Crambambuli.*"

AUTHOR UNKNOWN, '48.

1 My good Cigar! thou art the dearest,
Of all the conforts to me left;
For 'mid my cares my heart thou cheerest,
Though of my other friends bereft,—
So now I'll try and sing to thee,
For thou art still a friend to me;—
A friend to me—a friend to me.

2 If creditors shall hover round me,
And ask me to repay their own,
I'll bid them all to sit around me,
While we will talk about the loan;
I then will ask each smoke with me
A capital *principe;*—
A *principe*—a *principe.*

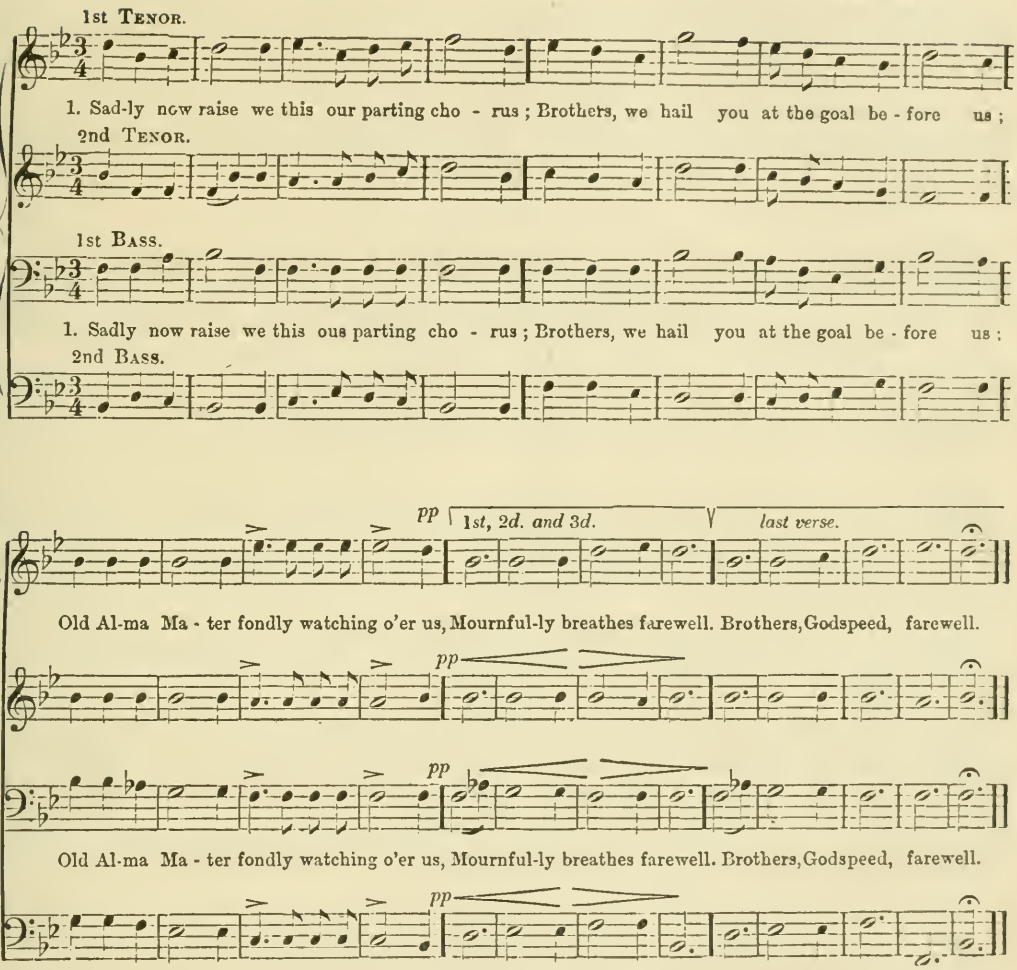
3 I'll smoke with them till they get dozy,
And have forgot for what they came;
And when I've been a long time cozy,
I will to them the door just name,
And say I can as well be free,
From thenceforth of their company;—
Their company—their company.

4 And if my heart grows sad with musing
Upon my drear and hapless life,
And I am foiled in the choosing
Of her, whom I would make my wife;
I'll soothe my heart so sadly rent,
By smoking till I feel content;—
I feel content—I feel content.

5 For should I ask, and she refuse me,
And to my question say me nay,
The comfort then, which should amuse me,
Would be a prime *regalia;*
A good cigar would be to me
A solace in my agony;—
My agony—my agony.

6 And when, at last, friend Death shall claim me,
I won't oppose his claim at all;
I shall rejoice to hear him name me,
As one he must from trouble call;
And so I'll ask him smoke with me,
For I shall then most happy be;—
Most happy be—most happy be.

H. H. 72.


1st Tenor.
1. Sad-ly now raise we this our parting cho - rus ; Brothers, we hail you at the goal be - fore us ;
2nd Tenor.
1st Bass.
1. Sadly now raise we this ous parting cho - rus ; Brothers, we hail you at the goal be - fore us ;
2nd Bass.
pp
1st, 2d. and 3d.
last verse.
Old Al-ma Ma - ter fondly watching o'er us, Mournful-ly breathes farewell. Brothers, Godspeed, farewell.
pp
pp
Old Al-ma Ma - ter fondly watching o'er us, Mournful-ly breathes farewell. Brothers, Godspeed, farewell.
pp

2 On pinions swift, more swift each year succeeding,
Old time has brought you here, and now is leading
On to life's battle-college scenes receding,
Scenes it delights to tell.

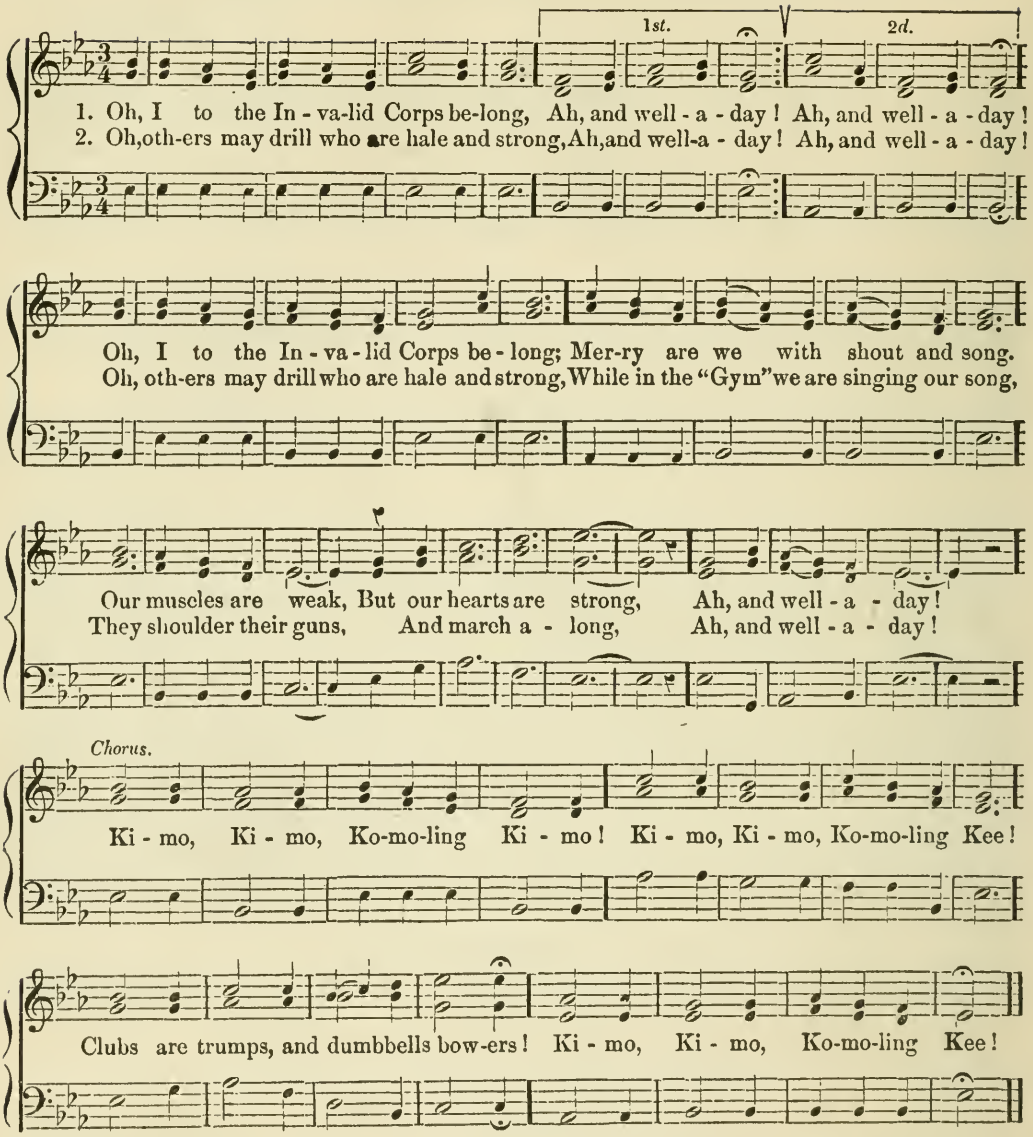
3 Press firmly on with confidence unshaken ;
Nor faint nor flatter, ne'er by hope forsaken ;
Oft will fond memories of these years awaken,
Causing the heart to swell.

4 Fervent the prayers heavenward ascending,
Heartfelt the blessings on you each attending;
Fortune smile on you, honor be unending,
Brothers, Godspeed, farewell.

DAVIS. 71.

THE INVALID CORPS.

BY T. T., 76.


1st.
2d.
1. Oh, I to the In - va-lid Corps be-long, Ah, and well - a - day! Ah, and well - a - day!
2. Oh,oth-ers may drill who are hale and strong,Ah,and well-a - day! Ah, and well - a - day!
Oh, I to the In - va - lid Corps be - long; Mer-ry are we with shout and song.
Oh, oth-ers may drill who are hale and strong,While in the "Gym"we are singing our song,
Our muscles are weak, But our hearts are strong, Ah, and well - a - day!
They shoulder their guns, And march a - long, Ah, and well - a - day!
Chorus.
Ki - mo, Ki - mo, Ko-mo-ling Ki - mo! Ki - mo, Ki - mo, Ko-mo-ling Kee!
Clubs are trumps, and dumbbells bow-ers! Ki - mo, Ki - mo, Ko-mo-ling Kee!

HAIL TO THE YEAR.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

1 Hail! brothers to the coming year
With hope and promise bright!
"Ring out" the *old* without a tear,
"Ring in" the *new* to-night!

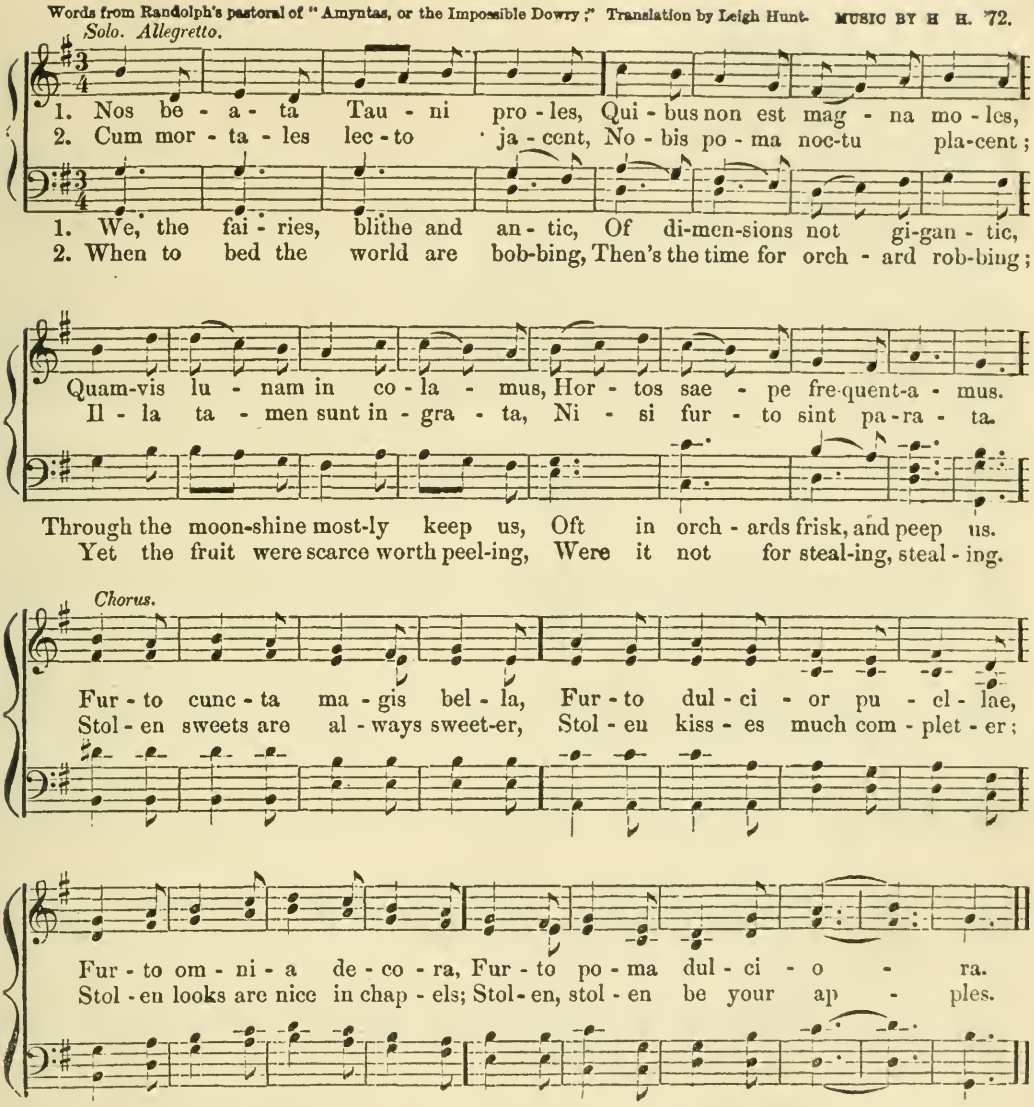
2 Our waiting eyes at length behold
The coming of the dawn.
The fading shadows wrapped in gold,
Are radiant with the morn.

3 With joyous hearts we'll raise our song,
In notes as wild and free,
As flashing waves that kiss the strand,
Which bounds the flowing sea.

4 In foaming cups we'll drink the year,
Whose parting smile is gone,
With joyful voices loud and clear,
Raise, boys, a farewell song.

NOS BEATA.

Words from Randolph's pastoral of "Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry;" Translation by Leigh Hunt. MUSIC BY H H. '72.


Solo. Allegretto.
1. Nos be - a - ta Tau - ni pro - les, Qui - bus non est mag - na mo - les,
2. Cum mor - ta - les lec - to ja - cent, No - bis po - ma noc-tu pla-cent;
1. We, the fai - ries, blithe and an - tic, Of di-men-sions not gi-gan - tic,
2. When to bed the world are bob-bing, Then's the time for orch - ard rob-bing;
Quam-vis lu - nam in co - la - mus, Hor - tos sae - pe fre-quent-a - mus.
Il - la ta - men sunt in - gra - ta, Ni - si fur - to sint pa-ra - ta.
Through the moon-shine most-ly keep us, Oft in orch - ards frisk, and peep us.
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peel-ing, Were it not for steal-ing, steal - ing.
Chorus.
Fur - to cunc - ta ma - gis bel - la, Fur - to dul - ci - or pu - cl - lae,
Stol - en sweets are al - ways sweet-er, Stol - en kiss - es much com - plet - er;
Fur - to om - ni - a de - co - ra, Fur - to po - ma dul - ci - o - ra.
Stol - en looks are nice in chap - els; Stol - en, stol - en be your ap - ples.

PARTING ODE.

AIR—"*Greenville.*"

BY J. B. SOUTHGATE, '53.

1 Useless, while they sleep in union,
Are the germs the seed-cells hold;
Not till each is lone and scattered,
Do its charms and worth unfold.

2 Small avail the gathered water,
Resting stagnant on its sand;
It must break in streams, projecting
Veins of life throughout the land.

3 See how all the worlds are scattered,
Sparsely dotting boundless space;
How in constant, strange division,
They their ordered courses trace.

4 So, my brother, in our union,
Balked designs and lives we see;
Works, however one, are severed;
Severed must the workers be.

5 Yet in manhood conquer sorrow,
Self postpone to noble deeds;
Part we must, our ends to answer,
Going where the Planner leads.

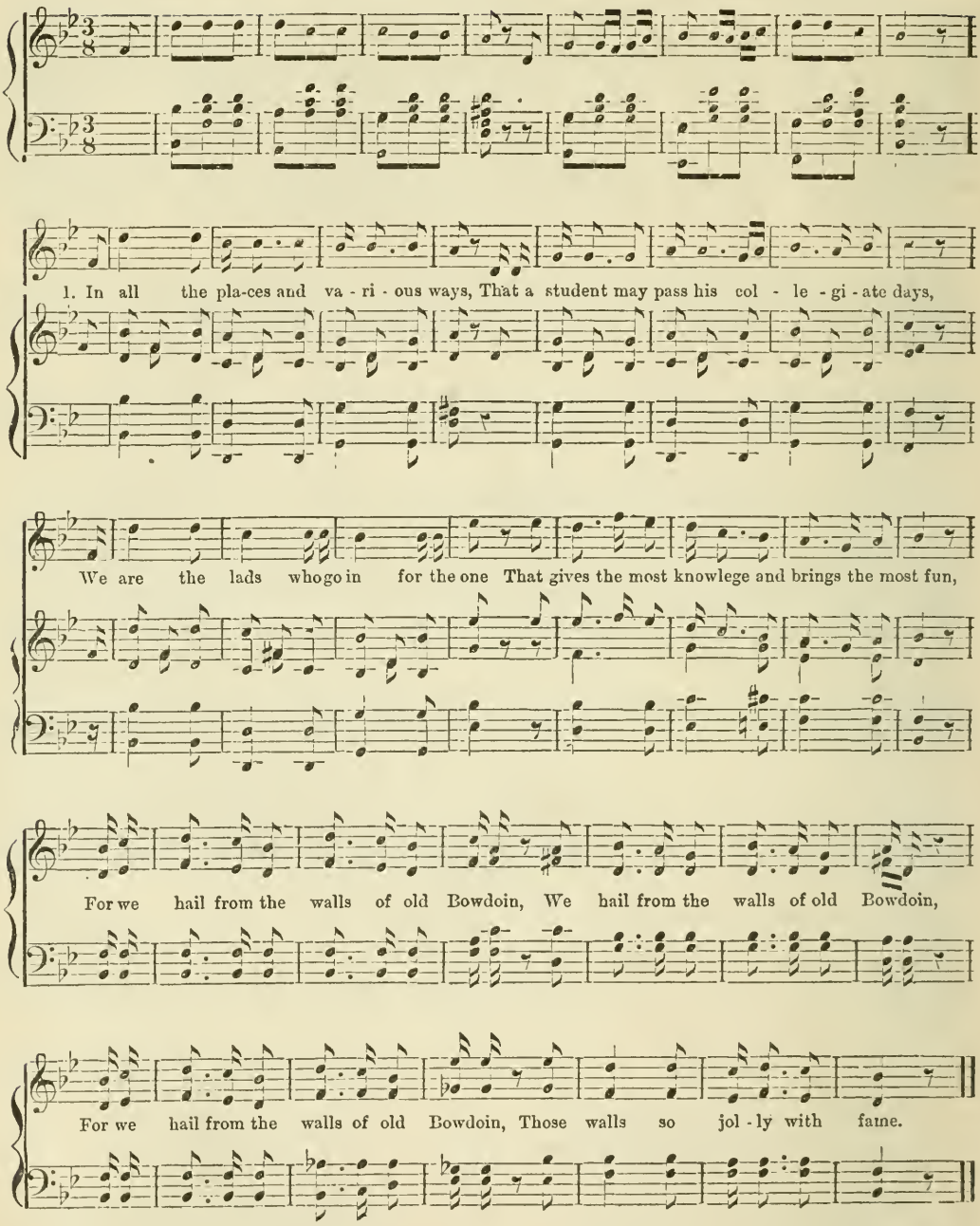
GONE FOREVER.

AIR—"*Cocachelunk.*"

1 Freshman year's now gone forever,
Let's rejoice and merry be;
Let's forget all care and sorrow,
At this festive jubilee.—CHO.

2 Let us join our hands as brothers,
Love and friendship each entwine;
May the bonds grow daily stronger,
Growing like the living vine.—CHO.

WALLS OF OLD BOWDOIN.

Music by MILLETT DUNBAR, '77.

1. In all the pla-ces and va - ri - ous ways, That a student may pass his col - le - gi - ate days,
We are the lads who go in for the one That gives the most knowlege and brings the most fun,
For we hail from the walls of old Bowdoin, We hail from the walls of old Bowdoin,
For we hail from the walls of old Bowdoin, Those walls so jol - ly with fame.

2 Some seedy old fogies, too frequently find
That to bide by their law, we are not inclined;
We follow the maxims of prudence and truth,
And we're bound to be young in the days of our youth.

3 Through the dull hours of day we wisely take rest,
For experience has taught us that this is the best;
In time that is bootless it puts us in plight
To use with discretion the hours of the night.

OUR BONNIE LAD.

DEDICATED TO THE FIRST CHILD BORN TO ANY MEMBER OF A CLASS.

AIR—"*Comin' thro' the Rye.*"

1 Gie's a song o' hearty greetin'
For our bonnie lad,
Lang we've ca'd the boy a brither
Whom he ca's his dad.

CHORUS—Here's a "cup o' kindness," laddie,
Frae the hands that take
Firmer clasp wi' one anither
For thy gentle sake.

2 Be his childhood fu' o' gladness,
Guard him, kindly, Fates,
Frae the ills sae oft descendin'
On puir bairnies' pates. CHO.

3 High success gae wi' him ever,
Health and joy as weel!
Sae pray we all and welcome,
Our ain bonnie chiel. CHO.

SPEAK SOFTLY.

AIR—"*Annie Lisle.*"

1 With the joy that fills our greetings,
On this festal night,
As the old and kindly faces
Meet again our sight.
Come thoughts of heartfelt sorrow
Which no words may tell—
Sweet, and sad, and silent memories
In our hearts they dwell.

CHORUS—Speak softly! gentlest Music,
Of the Boys above;
They who left our earthly greetings
Could not leave our love.

2 Deep the grief that mourns their absence,
True the love that clings
To the sacred thoughts which every
Glad reunion brings
Of brief lives, whose high endeavors
Nobly taught the truth,
That the goal of life and wisdom
May be won in youth. CHO

3 Brothers let us gather wisdom
From our bitter grief,
As some ripened fruit which falleth
From the garnered sheaf;
Faithful to our bond of friendship,
Loyal to the right,
Working as our day declineth
Toward the coming night.

CHORUS—While softly, gentlest Music
Speaks of those we love,
And the Boys who left the circle
Wait for us, above.

IVY ODE.

BY S. V. COLE, '74.

AIR—"*Araby's Daughter.*"

While fair is the sky of the June bending o'er us,
We gather to plant our young vine in the ground;
Hands lend their labor, let voices their chorus—
Gladden the day with a merrier sound.

CHO.—Heap the earth deeper there, place the vine yonder,
See that it lean to the gray chapel towers—
Over the lands, brothers, far we must wander,
And strangers will guard not this ivy of ours.

Over the lands, brothers, years they will lengthen,
And some of the memories ripen and fall;
But we shall return and a longing shall strengthen,
To look for our clambering vine on the wall.
CHO.

Over the lands, brothers, heads will grow whiter,
Speech will be slower, more noble the voice;
Yet hither returning our step will seem lighter—
We shall be men, but shall speak of the boys.
CHO.

Our dear Alma Mater, thy fair name and story
May never the death-cloud enwrap in its shades;
Still loyal the hearts that rejoice at thy glory,
And grateful the hearts that shall come to thy aid. CHO.

TEGERE TE CURA.

AIR—"*Vive L'Amour.*"

Away with your books and your cares for to-night,
Tegere te cura!
We'll pass the swift hours as we all think it right,
Tegere te cura!
CHORUS—Tegere, tegere, tegere, te
Tegere, tegere, tegere, te
Tegere te, tace, ve,
Tegere te cura.

So let us all join in enlivening song,
Tegere te cura!
And joyously singing the night we'll prolong.
Tegere te cura. CHO.

WHEN THE BONNY MOON.

G. M. BODGE, '68.

AIR—"*Tramp, tramp, tramp.*"

1 When the bonny moon is seen
Glinting down on Bowdoin green,
When the little stars are shining in the sky;
When the darker shadows fall
Round the north of Winthrop Hall,
We will muster, classmates, then to do or die.

CHO.—Blow! blow! blow! and sound the trumpet,
Ring! ring! ring! the clanging bell:
For with unremitting din we will lead the
Freshmen in,
And will throw around them Sodom's
mystic spell.

2 There is happiness in store
For each jolly Sophomore;
Only let each one endeavor if he can,
On the side of truth and right,
E'er to keep his honor bright,
Not forgeting (though in college) he's a man.

Cho.—Blow! blow! blow! &c.

3 Ever faithful, firm and true,
In whatever we may do,
Let us stand or fall together as we may,
That in unity and pride,
We may reach the other side,
And may hail with joy the next comencement day.

Cho.—Blow! blow! blow! &c.

FRESHMAN REMINISCENCES.

BY A MEMBER OF '62.

Air—"*Ben Bolt.*"

1 Oh don't you remember, sweet Freshmen, the time,
When we were so young and so fair,
How Sophomores laughed with infinite fun,
At seeing our quaint country air?
Oh when we were young, sweet Freshmen, you know,
We all went to a little girls' school,
We walked by the side of our mothers to church,
And sat on a little low stool.

Cho.—Oh when we were young, etc.

2 Oh don't you remember, dear Freshmen the morn,
When we met 'neath the shady beech trees,
When roses were springing in the meadows at home,
And leaflets were sighing to the breeze?
Oh the summer is come, sweet Freshmen, again,
And the meadows are haunted with flowers,
And often we meet by the shady old trees,
And loiter away the dull hours.

Cho.—Oh when we were young, &c.

3 Ah don't you remember too, Freshman, the days
When we used to sit down and weep,
When Paley and Prose and Algebra's "*Powers*"
Were the ghosts that troubled our sleep?
And don't you remember, oh Freshmen, our fears
That we never should get to be Sophs,
And learn how to play all their pretty fine tricks
And dare to "cut" Tutors and Profs?

Cho.—Oh when we were young, &c.

ODE.

Air—"*Lauriger Horatius.*"

1 Caritate, amore
Impleamus corda,
Quoque obliviscente,
Facta injucunda.

Chorus—Nunc, canamus festive
Fratres et sodales,
Gratulantes mutue,
Laeti et hilares.

2 Quamdin hic manemus,
Juncti et fideles,
Laude digni erimus,
Nihil metuentes.
Cho.—Nunc, canamus, etc.

3 Nos fiemus validi,
Mente copereque:
Matri Almae ornati
Multum sua spente.
Cho.—Nunc, camnamus, etc.

4 Fratres, gaudium nunquam,
Deserat nos tristes,
Semper habeamus spem
Commodum cernentes.
Cho.—Nunc, canamus, etc.

JOY HOVERS O'ER US.

Air—"*There's Music in the Air.*"

1 Classmates! Joy hovers o'er us,
Her echo loud and long,
Rings out in cheerful chorus,
With the gush of festive song.
Radiant joy, Heaven's beauteous bride
Rule our hearts and be our guide,
Till beyond the night's dark shade,
Earthly sorrows fade.

2 The dead Past's spirit liveth
In our own, till time is told;
Its days unfading glimmer,
Spans the future's mist of gold.
Onward, brothers! press for aye
From the *Now* on gladsome way,
Gathering strength from toil and time,
For the beauteous morning clime.

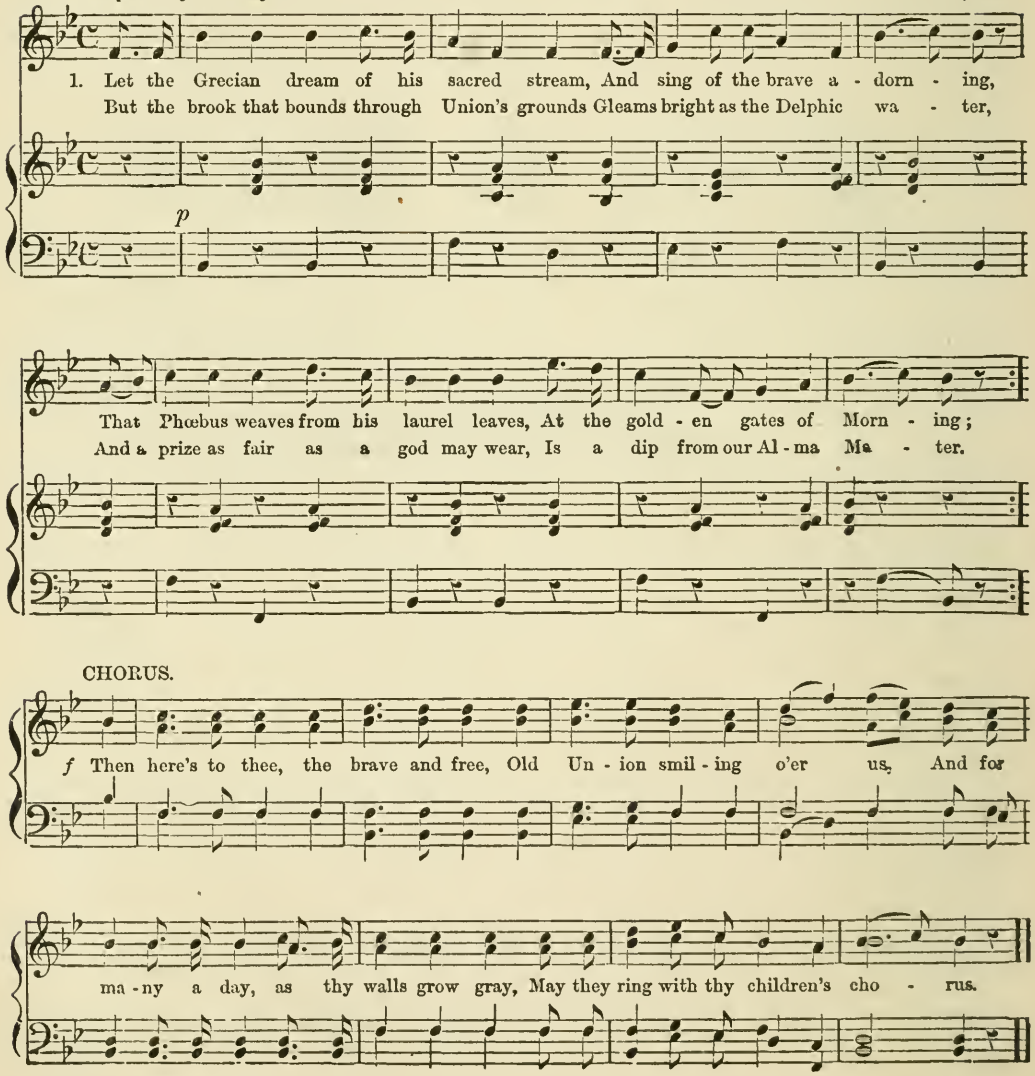
SONGS OF UNION.

"Then here's to thee, the brave and free,
Old UNION smiling o'er us;
And for many a day, as thy walls grow gray,
May they ring with thy children's chorus."

SONGS OF UNION.

SONG TO OLD UNION.

Usually sung at the close of Commencement exercises.

AIR—"*Sparkling and bright.*" WORDS BY F. H. LUDLOW, '56.

1. Let the Grecian dream of his sacred stream, And sing of the brave a - dorn - ing,
But the brook that bounds through Union's grounds Gleams bright as the Delphic wa - ter,
p
That Phœbus weaves from his laurel leaves, At the gold - en gates of Morn - ing;
And a prize as fair as a god may wear, Is a dip from our Al - ma Ma - ter.
CHORUS.
f Then here's to thee, the brave and free, Old Un - ion smil - ing o'er us, And for
ma - ny a day, as thy walls grow gray, May they ring with thy children's cho - rus.

2 Could our praises throng on the waves of song,
Like an Orient fleet gem-bringing,
We would bear to thee the argosy,
And crown thee with pearls of singing;
But thy smile beams down beneath a crown,
Whose glory asks no other;
We gather it not from the green sea-grot—
'Tis the love we bear our Mother!
CHORUS.—Then here's to thee, etc.

3 Let the joy that falls from thy dear old walls,
Unchanged brave Time's on-darting,
And our only tear falls once a year
On hands that clasp ere parting;
And when other throngs shall sing thy songs,
And their spell once more hath bound us,
Our faded hours shall revive their flowers,
And the Past shall live around us.
Then here's to thee, etc.

MECHANICS.

BY A MEMBER OF '64.

AIR—"*Sparkling and bright.*"

1 To the solemn tricks of Mechanics
We bid farewell forever;
To the line and the sine, and the plane incline,
And the confounded lever;
The problems bred in the water's head,
Breed no more pain in ours;
But we shout a stave o'er gravity's grave,
And we bury a power of powers.
CHORUS.—To the solemn tricks, etc.

2 His screw was loose, his wedge no use;
Reversed was his metacenter;
His tender sucking pump was stuck,
And his horse-power off on a canter;
His wheel was spoked, his siphon choked,
His force pump valves were sleeping,
Then Mechanics gave his last kicks,
And there was little weeping.
CHO.—To the solemn tricks, etc.

3 Now Mechanics has measured Styx,
His sticks no more we'll measure;
The barometer's bore shall bore us no more,
Nor the dirty water's pressure;
For here we fix dead Mechanics,
Let none of his whereabout tattle,
Till in gifted ear of the Sophs next year,
His old dry bones shall rattle.
CHO.—To the solemn tricks, etc.

LOGIC.

BY A MEMBER OF '56.

AIR—"*Sparkling and bright.*"

1 We'll poll no more for the hidden lore
Within our Logic's pages,
But let it rest in the earth's cold breast,
To slumber there for ages.
CHORUS.—Then cover o'er the greatest bore
We've found in all creation;
And may it ne'er on the earth appear,
To prove a "*predication.*"

2 May we forget our deep regret
For hours of fruitless labor,
O'er the lifeless clay, we here display,
In searching for the "*Major.*"
Then cover o'er, etc.

3 Then sound the knell, which bids farewell
To Whately's much loved "*dictum;*"
The term has passed, and now, at last,
We've reached the Ultimatum.
Then cover o'er, etc.

4 O, chant the praise of the happy days
That hope now holds before us,
And sing the rhyme of the blissful time
When Logic ne'er shall bore us.
Then cover o'er, etc.

5 Prolong the strain with might and main,
And swell the hearty chorus;
And give a cheer for the Junior year
Which opens bright before us.
Then cover o'er, etc.

WHATELY.

BY A MEMBER OF '56.

AIR—"*Massa's in the cold, cold ground.*"

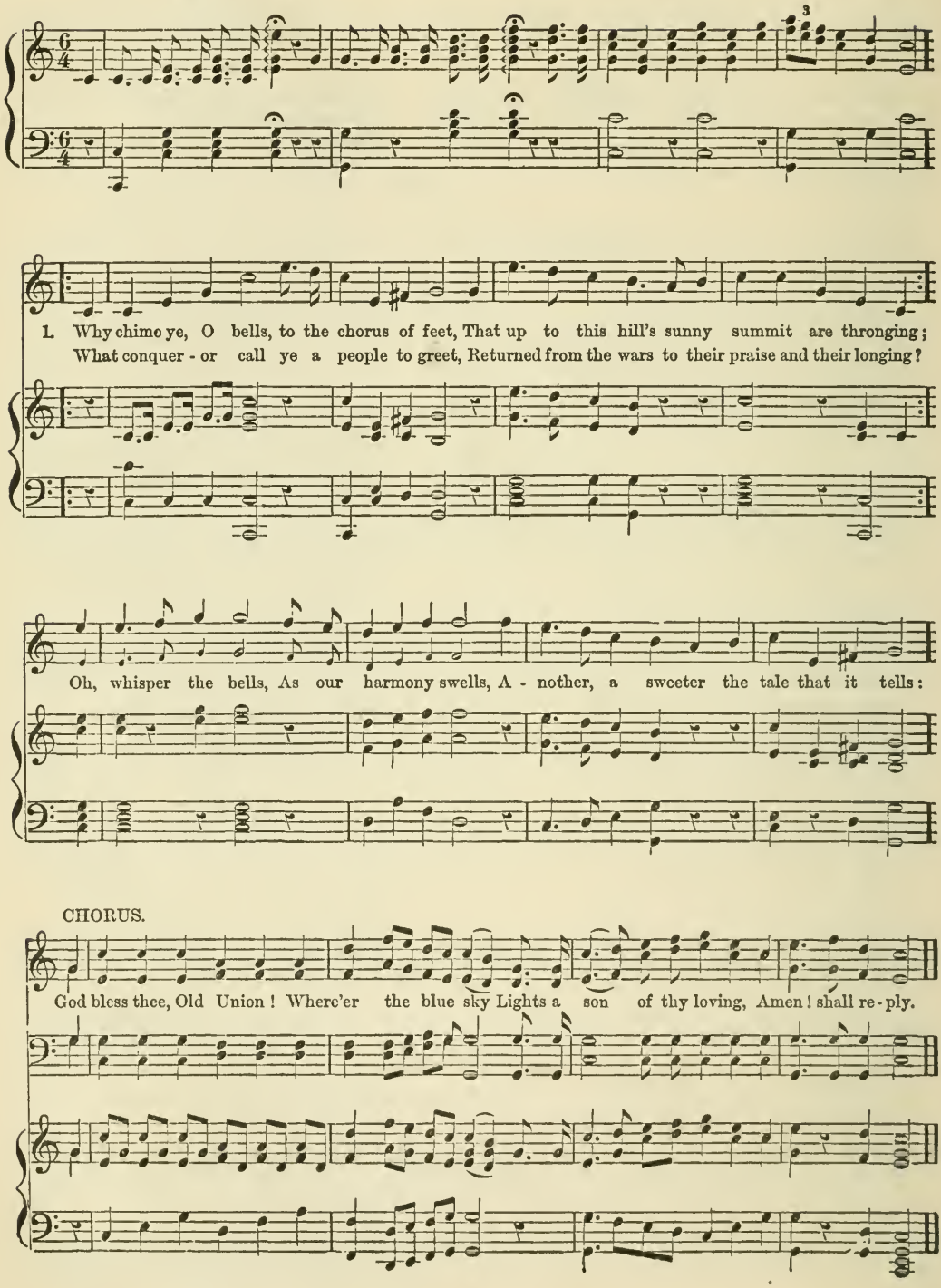
1 Oh, round the college, hear the groaning,
Oh, hear the mournful sound,
All the Sophomores are weeping,
Old Whately's in the cold—cold ground.
CHORUS.—All round the college,
Hear the mournful sound,
Old Whately soundly lies a sleeping,
Sleeping in the cold—cold ground.

2 Oh, Whately's travel'd over Jordan,
To that blissful shore;
And there he never can be heard, on
A "fizzling" Sophomore.
CHO.—All round the college, etc.

3 Now Whately's dead and buried,
On the sandy shore;
Now the Junior days are coming,
Logic never bores us more.
CHO.—All round the college, etc.

ALUMNI SONG.

AIR—"*Star Spangled Banner.*" WORDS BY F. H. LUDLOW, '56.


3
1. Why chime ye, O bells, to the chorus of feet, That up to this hill's sunny summit are thronging;
What conquer - or call ye a people to greet, Returned from the wars to their praise and their longing?
Oh, whisper the bells, As our harmony swells, A - nother, a sweeter the tale that it tells:
CHORUS.
God bless thee, Old Union! Where'er the blue sky Lights a son of thy loving, Amen! shall re - ply.

2.

O'er all the broad earth thy beloved have strayed,
In the stillness of woods—on the foam of the ocean;
Thy wand'rers come forth from the mountain and glade,
Thou drawest them hence from the town's loud commotion;
Oh Mother, most dear!
No air is so clear
As this which we waft with our song to thine ear:
CHORUS.—God bless thee, Old Union! etc.

3.

From the past spring again, fragrant moments of old!
Your faith and your love are too holy to perish:
See! Heaven seems graven with legends of gold,
Saying, Time cannot kill the best things that we cherish.
With hand clasped in hand,
Our brotherly band
Shall go singing once more through Youth's hope-beaming land.
CHO.—God bless thee, etc.

4.

We are one—'tis Concordia hath spoken that word—
In one presence the sons and the fathers are kneeling;
At the flame of one altar our spirits are stirred,
We all drink one strength from her fount of revealing:
When we turn to the field,
She shall bind on our shield,
And bid us be brave till life's victory's sealed:
CHO—Then God bless Old Union! Where'er the blue sky
Lights a son of her loving, Amen! shall reply.

ODE TO ALMA MATER.

BY J. W. BROWN, '32.

AIR—"*The Star-Spangled Banner.*"

1.

On the world's crowded paths, where the strong tides of life
Roll onward, unresting, like waves of the ocean;
When the spirit, which trial has braced for the strife,
Oft sighs for the scenes blest by youth's pure emotion;
When the pressure of care, which the bravest must share,
Is felt on the heart which still scorns to despair,
O, 'twas sweet, Alma Mater, to feel thy control,
Giving nerve to the frame—giving tone to the soul.

2.

With filial devotion we gather to-day,
In the pride of our son-ship, to lay on thine altar
The tribute of love which we glory to pay,
From spirits which ne'er in thy service shall falter.
May the sweet words of cheer which have welcom'd us here,
Breathe on, through the future, in memory's ear,
Inspiring brave deeds, and, with virtuous control,
Giving strength to the heart—giving tone to the soul.

3.

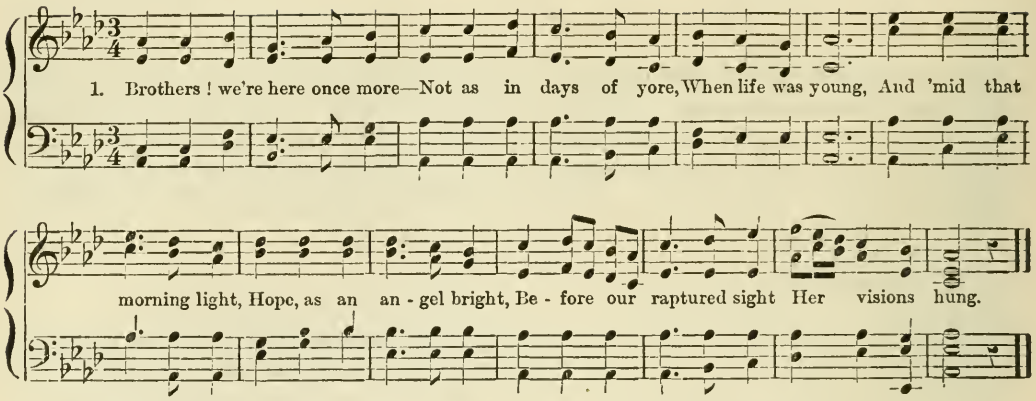
As we gaze on thy walls, which still proudly arise
O'er fair scenes endeared to our mem'ries forever,
Fond prayers for thy welfare ascend to the skies,
From souls bound by ties which no distance shall sever;
We pray for thy weal, that truth, learning, and zeal,
May be to thee ever as ramparts of steel,
And religion and science be watch-words of power,
To bless thee and thine to thy life's latest hour.

4.

Stand firmly—stand nobly, thro' sunshine and storm;
There are true hearts around thee, and bright skies above thee;
May thy laurels, well-won, be forever well-worn,
And glorious thy name to the thousands that love thee.
May myriads unknown thy high influence own,
When we sleep in death may thy glory run on,
To comfort our sons, and with noble control,
Giving strength to the heart—giving nerve to the soul.

SOCIETY ODE.

AIR—"*America.*" WORDS BY H. P. TAPPAN, '25.


1. Brothers! we're here once more—Not as in days of yore, When life was young, And 'mid that
morning light, Hope, as an an - gel bright, Be - fore our raptured sight Her visions hung.

2 Home of our early thought!
Where, hand in hand, we sought
Knowledge and truth,
Receive us back again,
Coming, as care-worn men,
As you received us then
In early youth.

3 Some are not with us here—
Their mem'ry claims a tear—
The hallowed dead!
To brighter worlds now flown,
Their work of life well done,
For noble thoughts were sown
Ere they had fled.

4 Here let us pledge our truth,
As erst in early youth,
Faithful to be!
The honored name we bear,
The holy trusts we share,
Claim that we do and dare
All manfully.

5 A higher life to live,
More precious gifts to give;
This is our part:
That when our work is done,
And we the prize have won,
We, like the setting sun,
May hence depart.

So say we all of us,
So say we all of us,
So say we all;
So say we all of us,
So say we all of us,
So say we all of us,
So say we all.

ANNIVERSARY ODE.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*" BY E. H. SEARS, '34.

1 "We've wandered east, we've wandered west,"
Since through these walks we strayed,
And fondly dreamed our waking dreams
In Union's soothing shade;
We now return, with sandals worn,
To Learning's ancient shrine,
Where busy memories start and throng
From days of auld lang syne.
From auld lang syne so dear,
From auld lang syne;
The thronging memories, fond and dear,
Of auld lang syne.

2 "We've wandered east, we've wandered west,"
O'er many a shifting scene;
This spot, in all the length'ning past,
Has only grown more green,
For here our Father, Friend and Sage,
With locks of silvery shine,
Kept watch above our youthful ways
In days of auld lang syne;
In auld lang syne so dear,
In auld lang syne;
We've kept his memory fond and bright
From auld lang syne.

3 When, borne upon the solemn sea,
From Time's receding shore,
Union! thy light, from which we steered,
Shall greet our eyes no more;
Still, thou, the Pharos of the waves
Shalt o'er the waters shine,
And bear upon thy glorious front
Our name from years lang syne;
From auld lang syne so dear,
From auld lang syne;
That father's loved, remembered name
From auld lang syne.

THE WAY WE HAVE AT OLD UNION

AIR—"*It's a way we have at Old Harvard.*"

1 O, it is the Union creed, boys,
Never to run to seed, boys,
But always take good heed, boys,
To drive dull care away.
CHORUS.—It's a way we have at Old Union,
It's a way we have at Old Union,
It's a way we have at Old Union,
To drive dull care away.

2 O, the people in the town, boys,
They think that we're around, boys,
For we can take them down boys,
To drive dull care away.
CHO.—It's a way, etc.

3 O —— is a bore, boys,
And skilled in Grecian lore, boys,
Who always piles on more, boys,
To drive dull care away.
CHO.—It's a way, etc.

4 Now we think it no harm in the least, boys,
To have an occasional feast, boys,
And turkey is the beast, boys,
To drive dull care away.
CHO.—It's a way, etc.

TERRACE SONG.

BY F. H. LUDLOW, '56.

AIR—"*A little more Cider.*"

1 Ye Union boys, whose pipes are lit,
Come forth in merry throng;
Upon the terrace let us sit,
And cheer our souls with song;
Old Prex may have his easy-chair—
The Czar may have his throne—
Their cushions can get worse for wear,
But not our seat of stone.
1st CHORUS.—This grand old seat of stone,
This jolly seat of stone,
Then here's to thee, right merrily,
Thou grand old seat of stone.

2 'Twas here the old Alumni sat
On balmy nights of yore;
And many voices joined in chat,
Whose music rings no more;
From many a lip the spirals curled,
But, when they rolled away,
The smoker went into the world,
And came no more for aye.
2d CHORUS.—But thou, old seat of stone,
Thou jolly seat of stone,
The changing year still finds thee here,
Thou grand old seat of stone.

3 And when we all shall have our "Dips,"
In shining sheets of tin,
Let no one, with irreverent lips,
Against thee dare to sin;
A cobbler's bench—a congress seat—
May rest our trotters yet,
But thou, old Terrace, can't be beat
By any we shall get.
3d CHO.—Thou gay old seat of stone,
Thou dear old seat of stone,
May smoke and song float o'er thee long,
Thou grand old seat of stone!

4 When *Captain* JACK. has seen his plants
In bloom a few times more,
Some boys, who sport our altered pants,
Will knock at Union's door;
And when the Tutes have let them in,
Old Terrace, thou shalt see
Them sitting where their dads have been,
And singing over thee.
4th CHO.—For thou, old seat of stone,
Thou dear old seat of stone,
To thee shall be our legacy,
Thou grand old seat of stone!

WHY DO WE MOURN?

BY A MEMBER OF '64.

AIR—"*China.*"

1 Why do we mourn, why do we fear
Mechanic's early doom?
We all are pilgrim strangers here
Descending to the tomb.

2 His form no more excites our fear
So horrid, ghastly, grim;
Mechanics now is on his bier,—
But then the beer's on him.

3 He's gone with lever, wedge, and screw,
To Pluto's dark domain;
We pray his phiz we ne'er may view,
Nor see his like again.

4 In Hades now there's tumult dire,
All hands have got the blues;
The younger imps from trying friars,
Have gone to trying screws.

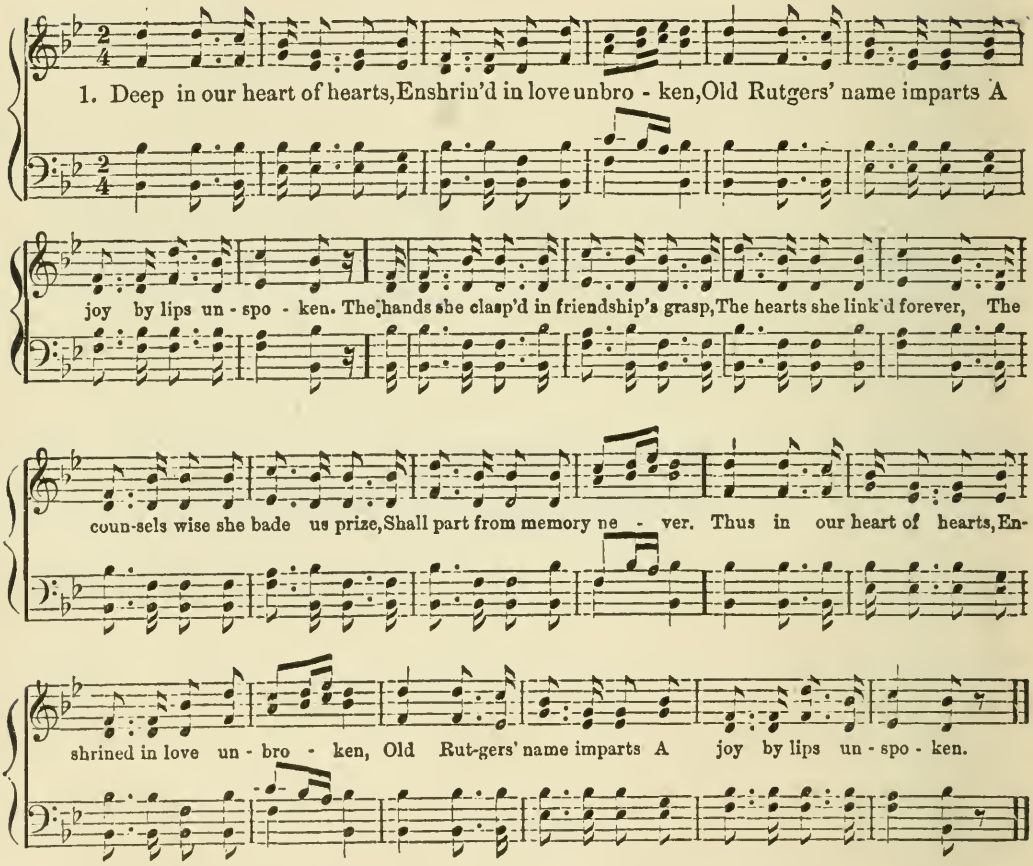
SONGS OF RUTGERS.

"Then sing aloud to Alma Mater,
And keep the Scarlet in the van,
With her motto ever high, Rutgers' name shall never die,
On the banks of the old Raritan."

SONGS OF RUTGERS.

ALMA MATER.

WORDS BY W. R. DURYEE, '56.

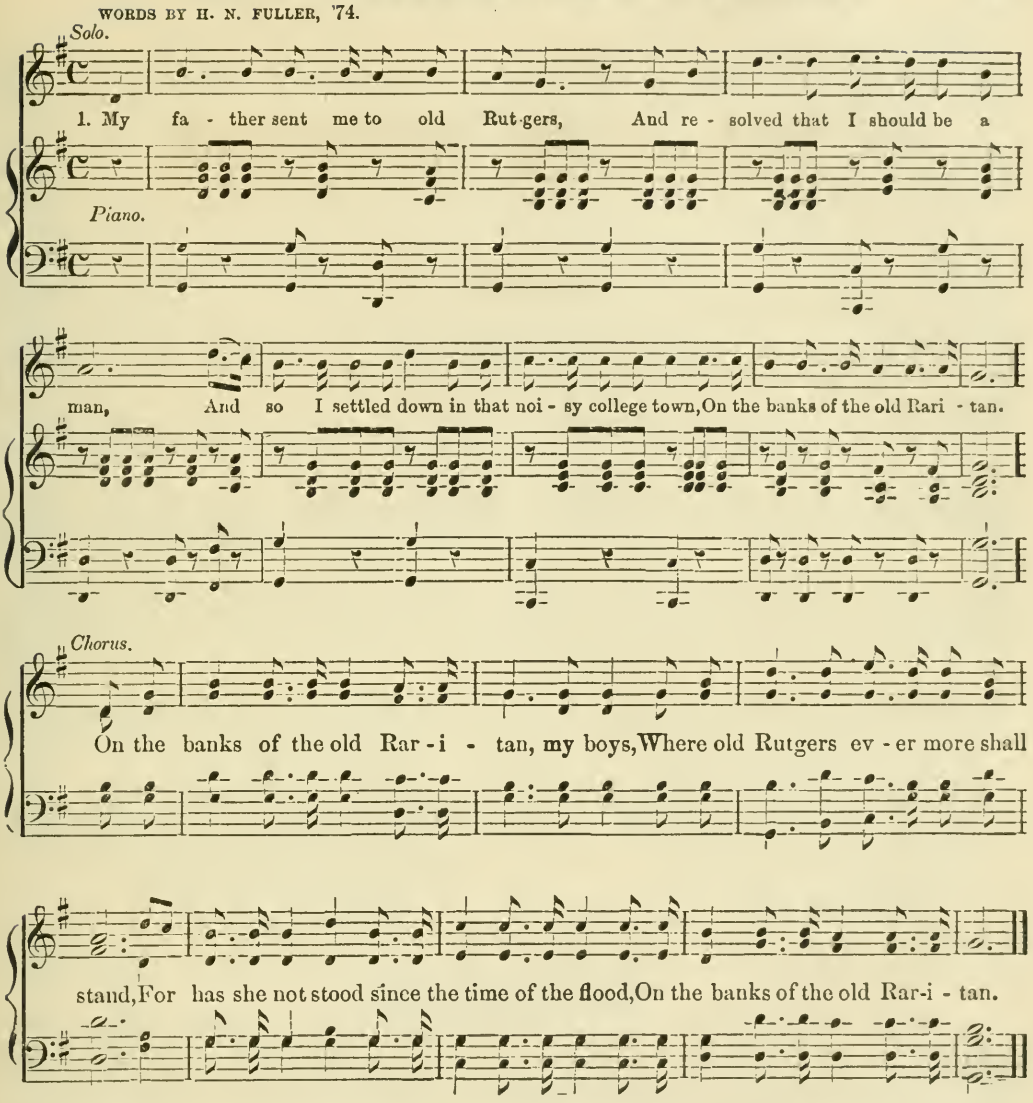

1. Deep in our heart of hearts, Enshrin'd in love unbro - ken, Old Rutgers' name imparts A
joy by lips un - spo - ken. The hands she clasp'd in friendship's grasp, The hearts she link'd forever, The
coun-sels wise she bade us prize, Shall part from memory ne - ver. Thus in our heart of hearts, En-
shrined in love un - bro - ken, Old Rut-gers' name imparts A joy by lips un - spo - ken.

2 Throned on her hillside throne,
The waving elms above her,
Dearer for long years flown,
The queen of those who love her,
She sits to cheer the warriors dear,
For life's brave conflict burning,
And crowns with fame each victor's name,
When to her feet returning.
Thus in our heart of hearts, &c.

3 Shadows may cross her way,
The stormy cloud may lower,
Brighter the coming day,
And stronger her queenly power.
From hearth and home her children come,
Like pilgrims of old story,
Our gifts to bring, our praise to sing
Of Alma Mater's glory.
Thus in our heart of hearts, &c.

ON THE BANKS OF THE OLD RARITAN.

WORDS BY H. N. FULLER, '74.


Solo.
1. My fa - ther sent me to old Rut-gers, And re - solved that I should be a
Piano.
man, And so I settled down in that noi - sy college town, On the banks of the old Rari - tan.
Chorus.
On the banks of the old Rar - i - tan, my boys, Where old Rutgers ev - er more shall
stand, For has she not stood since the time of the flood, On the banks of the old Rar-i - tan.

2 As Fresh, they used me rather roughly,
But I the fearful gauntlet ran,
And they shook me so about
That they turned me inside out,
On the Banks of the Old Raritan.

3 I passed through all these tortures nobly,
And then, as Soph, my turn began,
And I hazed the poor Fresh so
That they longed for Heaven, I know,
On the banks of the Old Raritan.

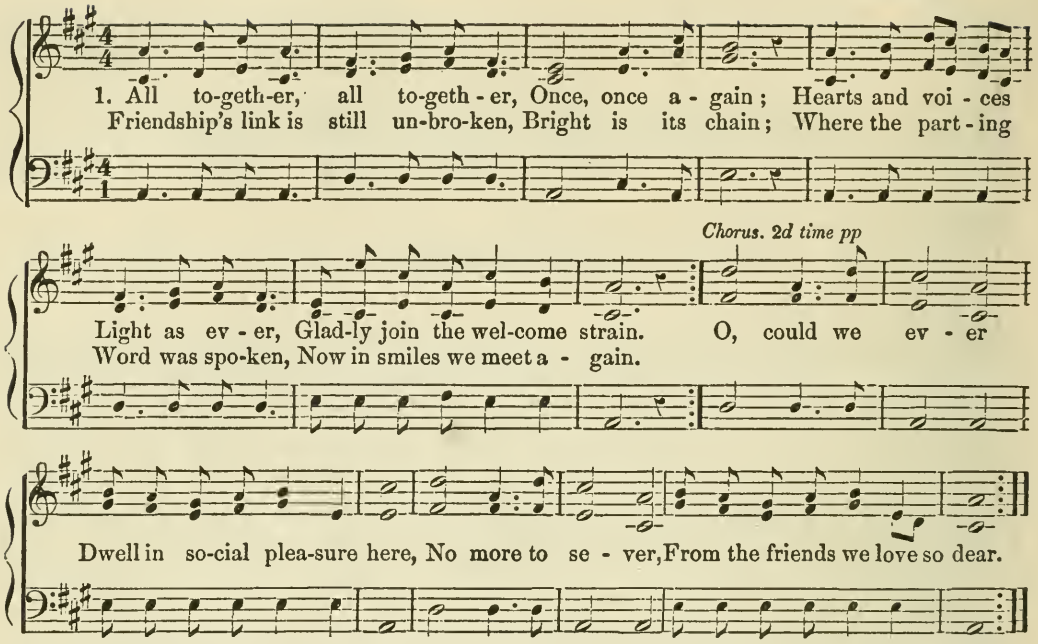
4 And then I rested at my pleasure,
And steered quite clear of Prex's ban,
And the stars their good-bye kissing
Found me not from euchre missing,
On the banks of the Old Raritan.

5 And soon I made my social *entrée*
When I laid full many a wicked plan,
And by my cunning art
Slew many a maiden's heart,
On the banks of the Old Raritan.

6 Then sing aloud to Alma Mater,
And keep the Scarlet in the van;
For with her motto high
Rutgers' name shall never die
On the banks of the Old Raritan.

ALL TOGETHER.

G. F. ROOT,

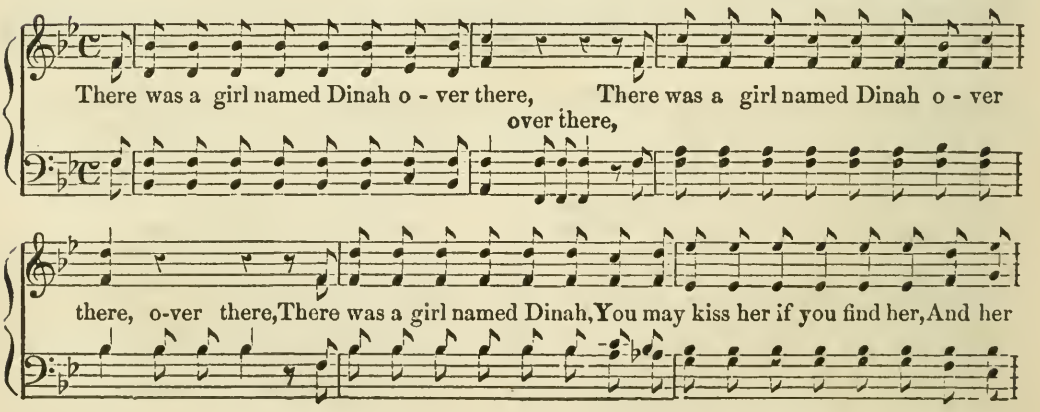
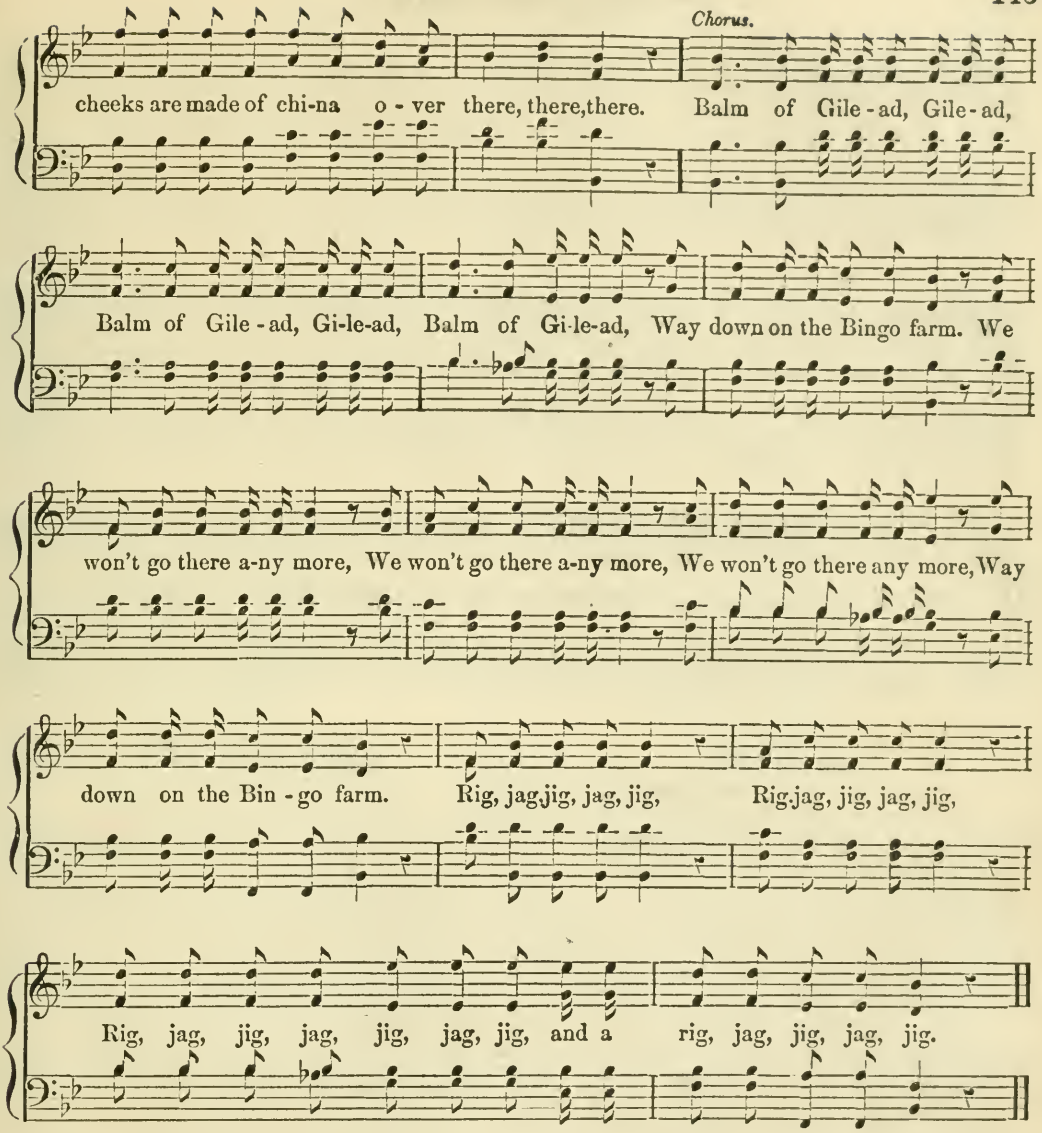

1. All to-geth-er, all to-geth-er, Once, once a-gain; Hearts and voi-ces
Friendship's link is still un-bro-ken, Bright is its chain; Where the part-ing
Chorus. 2d time pp
Light as ev-er, Glad-ly join the wel-come strain. O, could we ev-er
Word was spo-ken, Now in smiles we meet a-gain.
Dwell in so-cial plea-sure here, No more to se-ver, From the friends we love so dear.

2 While the absent we are greeting,
Let us forget,
In this hour of social meeting,
Every thought of past regret,
Since the present, full of gladness,
Bids us be gay,
Banish every cloud of sadness,
And be happy while we may.
O, could we ever, &c.

3 When the warning,—we must sever,—
Comes once again,
Yet in feeling true as ever,
Shall our faithful hearts remain.
Oft shall memory breathing o'er us,
Sweet friendship's strain,
Bring this happy time before us,
Till we all shall meet again.
O, could we ever, &c.

RIG-JAG-JIG-JAG.

BUTGERS VERSION.

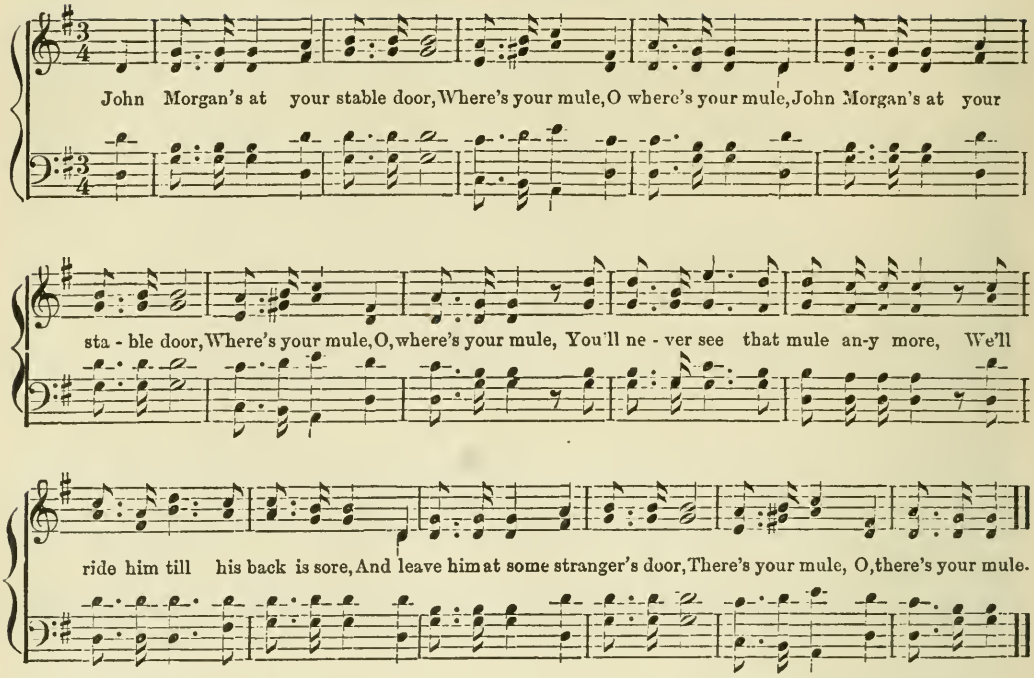

There was a girl named Dinah o-ver there, There was a girl named Dinah o-ver
over there,
there, o-ver there, There was a girl named Dinah, You may kiss her if you find her, And her

Chorus.
cheeks are made of chi-na o - ver there, there, there. Balm of Gile - ad, Gile - ad,
Balm of Gile - ad, Gi-le-ad, Balm of Gi-le-ad, Way down on the Bingo farm. We
won't go there a-ny more, We won't go there a-ny more, We won't go there any more, Way
down on the Bin - go farm. Rig, jag, jig, jag, jig, Rig, jag, jig, jag, jig,
Rig, jag, jig, jag, jig, jag, jig, and a rig, jag, jig, jag, jig.

2 I wish I was a geese, over there,
I wish I was a geese, over there,
I wish I was a geese,
And a-eating grass in peace,
And accumulating grease,
Over there, there, there.—Cho.

3 Ah! there's millions in the cheese, over there,
There's millions in the cheese, over there.
There's millions in the cheese,
You may eat them if you please,
For they think they're bumble-bees
Over there, there, there.—Cho.

4 There was a big clam pie, over there,
There was a big clam pie, over there,
There was a big clam pie,
And its crust was made of rye,
You will eat it or you'll die,
Over there, there, there.—Cho.

5 Ah! potatoes they grow small, over there,
Potatoes they grow small over there,
Potatoes they grow small,
For they plant them in the fall,
And then eat them tops and all,
Over there, there, there.—Cho.


John Morgan's at your stable door, Where's your mule, O where's your mule, John Morgan's at your
sta - ble door, Where's your mule, O, where's your mule, You'll ne - ver see that mule an-y more, We'll
ride him till his back is sore, And leave him at some stranger's door, There's your mule, O, there's your mule.

SMOKING SONG.

PROF. T. S. DOOLITTLE, D.D. '59.

AIR—"*Sparkling and bright.*"

1 Sorrow and strife leave the student's life
When his pipe is kindled brightly,
Its glowing bowl can fire the soul,
And make all cares sit lightly.
CHO. Then light the pipe for the Dutchman ripe,
In the love of sturdy knowledge,
His unctuous frame well oils his brain,
And crowns him king of college.

2 Sweet as the ray of the budding day,
As the scent of earliest flower,
The first new curls, the weed unfurls,
Rise rich in blissful power.—CHO.

3 Calm and serene as a stellar beam,
Lie the wreaths around us floating,
With wand-like power, they gild the hour,
Life's highest joys promoting.—CHO.

4 Happy we'll dwell while the weed burns well
O'er life's past and checkered story,
And spite of fears, see future years,
All crowned with love and glory.—CHO.

5 Hid in the weed, like life in the seed
Lies a mystic spirit sleeping,
At fire's surprise she'll wake and rise,
In sky blue robes upleaping.—CHO.

GIVING OF THE PIPE.

PROF. T. S. DOOLITTLE, D.D., '59.

AIR—"*It was my last cigar.*"

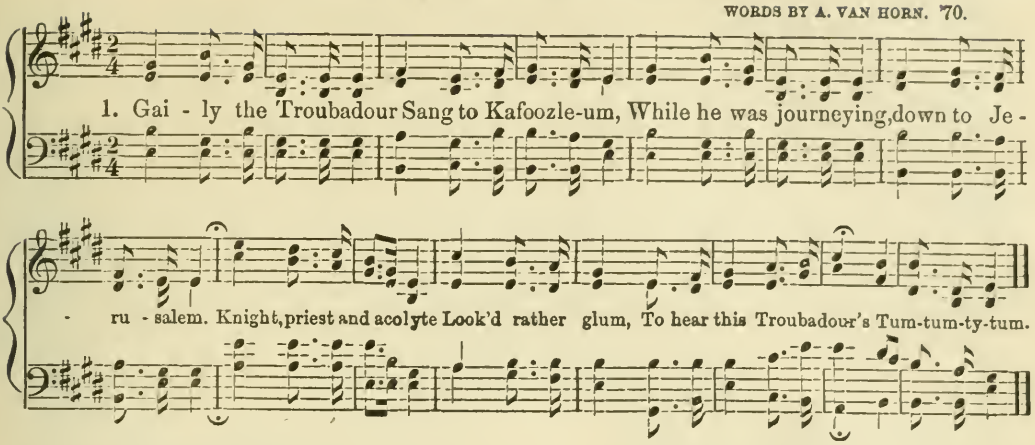
1 To-night our hearts are full and strong,
And stormy loves arise,
As one we choose from out our throng,
To honor with our prize.
A prize sought earnestly and long,
Like rain from arid skies,
Like olive branch of Grecian song,
Like love from maiden eyes.

2 The Gods ne'er meant a gift so rare
For beardless Freshman green,
Nor foolish Soph of apish air,
Nor Senior, ripe in spleen;
But for our Junior, frank and fair,
And kind, and wise, and keen,
Let him our wizard Meerschaum bear,
A fount of joys serene.

3 More fragrant than the breath of flow'rs,
More rich than ruby wine,
The Meerschaum ripens with the hours,
And charms with dream divine.
Here, honored Junior, rest thy powers,
While smoke wreaths round thee twine;
They weave for youth hope's fairy bowers,
And sweeten life's decline.

GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.

WORDS BY A. VAN HORN. '70.

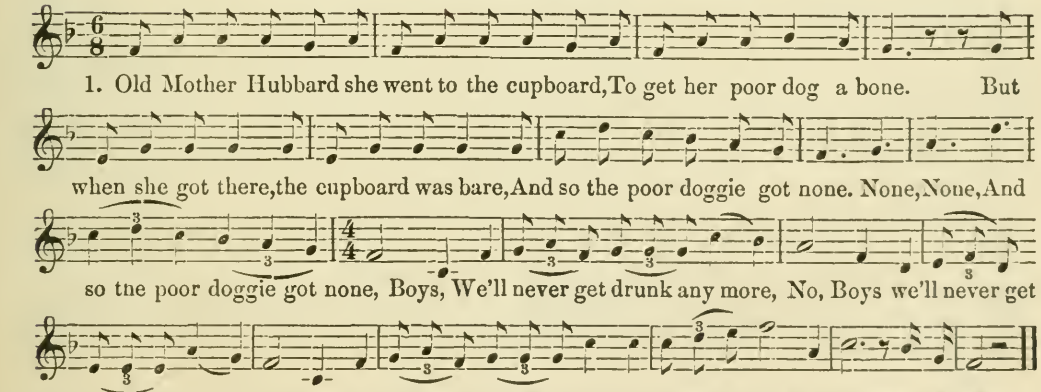

1. Gai - ly the Troubadour Sang to Kafoozle-um, While he was journeying, down to Je -
- ru - salem. Knight, priest and acolyte Look'd rather glum, To hear this Troubadour's Tum-tum-ty-tum.

2 Sweetly the Troubadour
Sang to Ka-foozle-um,
Down by the high road
That leads to Jerusalem:
Jews, Turks and Fenians
Thought it was fun
To hear this Troubadour's
Rum, tum, ti, tum.

3 Sadly the Troubadour
Sang for Ka-foozle-um,
Cutting across lots
Down to Jerusalem:
Long-legged Arabs
From him did run,
Scared by this Troubadour's
Rum, tum, ti, tum.

4 And when this Troubadour
Was old as Methusalem,
He was drowned in the river
That runs near Jerusalem.
No more will he sing
Of his Ka-foozle-um:
She dies, poor thing!
Of al-a-ma-foozle-um.

MOTHER GOOSE IMPROVED.

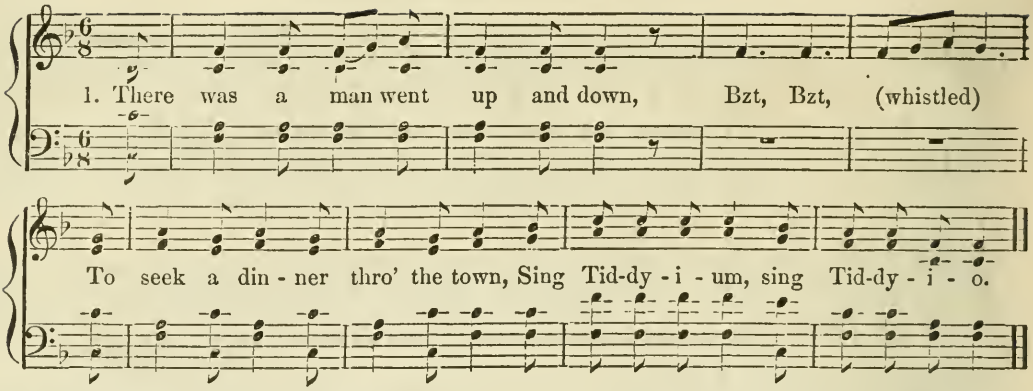

1. Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard, To get her poor dog a bone. But
when she got there, the cupboard was bare, And so the poor doggie got none. None, None, And
so the poor doggie got none, Boys, We'll never get drunk any more, No, Boys we'll never get
drunk any more, No, Boys we'll never get drunk any more, We'll never get drunk, get drunk an - y more.

2 Little Miss Muffet
She sat on a tuffet,
A-eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away-way-way-way,
And frightened *Miss Muffet* away-boys! CHO.

3 Little Jack Horner
He sat in a corner,
A-eating his Christmas pie:
He put in his thumb,
And he pulled out a plum,
And said "Oh! what a good boy am I-I-I-I,
And said "Oh! what a good boy am I," boys: CHO

4 Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle!
The cow jumped over the moon:
The little dog laughed
To see the sport,
And the dish ran away with the Spoon, Spoon, Spoon, Spoon
And the dish ran away with the Spoon, boys. CHO.

TIDDY-I-UM.



2 What wretch is he who wife forsakes,
Who best of jam and waffles makes.

3 He feels his cash to know his pence,
And finds he has but just six cents.

4 He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.

5 The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.

6 The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-ball."

7 The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers—"one Fish-ball."

8 The waiter roars it through the hall,
The guests they start at "one Fish-ball."

9 The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."

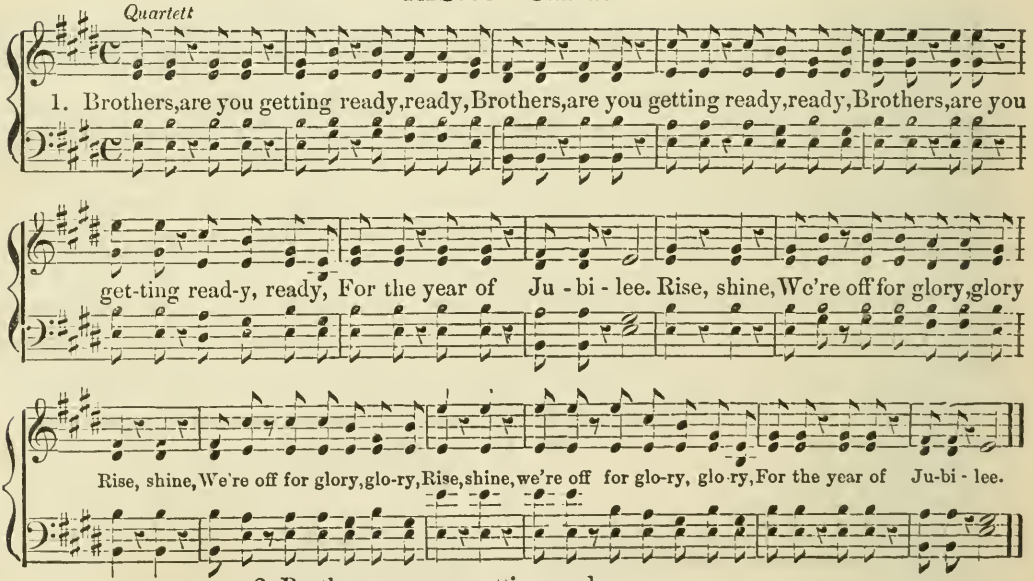
10 The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball!"

MORAL.

11 Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,
Must get it first or not at all.

12 Who would Fish-ball with fixins eat
Must get some friend to stand a treat.

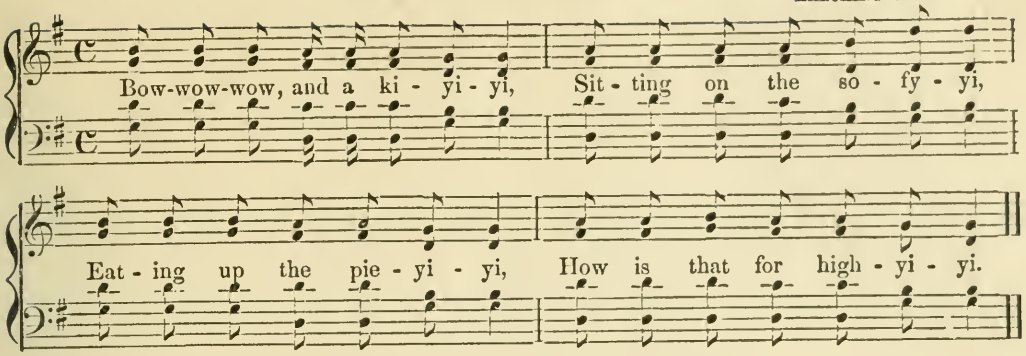
RISE! SHINE.


Quartett
1. Brothers, are you getting ready, ready, Brothers, are you getting ready, ready, Brothers, are you
get-ting read-y, ready, For the year of Ju - bi - lee. Rise, shine, We're off for glory, glory
Rise, shine, We're off for glory, glo-ry, Rise, shine, we're off for glo-ry, glo-ry, For the year of Ju-bi - lee.

2 Brothers, are you getting ready,
3 Sisters, are you, and so on, ad infinitum.

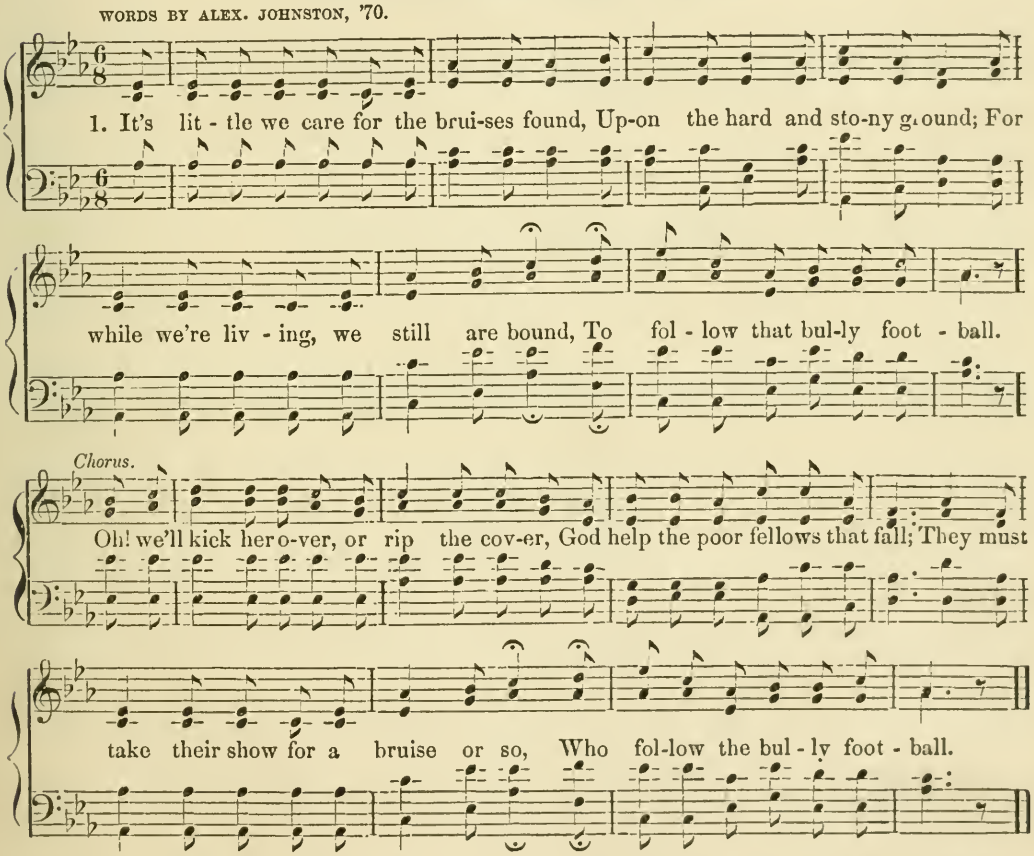
BOW-WOW-WOW.

MARCHING SONG.



RUTGERS FOOT-BALL SONG.

WORDS BY ALEX. JOHNSTON, '70.


1. It's lit - tle we care for the brui-ses found, Up-on the hard and sto-ny ground; For
while we're liv - ing, we still are bound, To fol - low that bul-ly foot - ball.
Chorus.
Oh! we'll kick her o-ver, or rip the cov-er, God help the poor fellows that fall; They must
take their show for a bruise or so, Who fol-low the bul - ly foot - ball.

2 The kickers are all in their rival rows,
With scarlet caps and scarlet hose;
The word is given and off she goes,
And up with the bully foot-ball.—CHO.

3 And now, as the opening line deploys,
In silence kick, and hold your noise;
And wherever a fist can reach her, boys,
Then hammer that bully foot-ball.—CHO.

4 And, when the last over, the twenty gain,
We'll quickly bury all the slain,
And to-morrow the living are ready again.
To follow that bully foot-ball.—CHO.

CARMINA COLLEGENSIA.

PART SECOND.

SONGS OF COLLEGES FOUNDED SUBSEQUENT TO THE YEAR 1800.

SONGS OF

1. HAMILTON,
2. HOBART,
3. TRINITY,
4. AMHERST,
5. KENYON,
6. WESTERN RESERVE,
7. WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,
8. UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK,
9. UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN,
10. MADISON UNIVERSITY,
11. COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF N. Y.,
12. UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER,
13. UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN VIRGINIA,
14. TUFTS COLLEGE,
15. CORNELL UNIVERSITY,
16. UNIVERSITY OF SYRACUSE,
17. FISK UNIVERSITY.

INDEX OF SONGS OF THE COLLEGES.

Songs of Hamilton 5
" Hobart 21
" Trinity 29
" Amherst 37
" Kenyon 49
" Western Reserve 55
" Wesleyan University. 59
" University of N. Y... 65
" Michigan University. 71
" Madison University.. 79
" College of the City of New York 83
" Rochester University. 91
" Tufts 97
" University of W. V.. 101
" Cornell University... 107
" University of Syracuse 117
" Fisk University 123

Ah! well we remember 63
All hail 120
Alma Hobart 26
Alma Mater 6, 72, 109
Alma Mater, we honor and love thee 8
Amherst, our Queen 47
Angel's are waiting 103
At Wesleyan 61
Aurem Præbe Mihi 89
Bacchanal Ballad 16
Barber, spare those hairs 69
Biennial Song 40
Bone Man (The) 92
Broken Chord 109
Cap and Gown 70
Carmen Salutations 27
Chapeau 116
Chapel Bell 102
Cheer, boys, cheer 8, 53
Chimes (The) 109
Chingery Chan 44
Class-Day Song 35
Class whose praise we chime ... 119
College Boy 12
College Boys 16
College Days 62
College Grove 40
College Lay 76
Come, all ye jolly Sophomores.. 35
Come, Classmates 19
Come, gather near 52
Come, raise the Song 52
Commencement Ode 98
Concrematio Anna-Lyticorum .. 34
Conflagratio Conicorum 35
Cornell 109
Cornell Version 112
Dactylia 17
Dear Kenyon 51
Dear Wesleyan 63
Decoration Day 82
Die Deutche Companie 16
Dirge 64
Each to each 51
Evening hours 36
Evening Song 52
Examinandum Est 70
Fairy Maiden 13
Farewell 13
Farewell Song 25, 32, 89
First time I saw a Tutor 44
Flag of "Magenta and White". 96
Flunker (The) 70
Fortune's Ball 84
Founder's Hymn 115
Four bright years 33
Four songs within a song 14
Gay old Amherst Sophomore ... 39
Giant of Eld 45
Girls of Ithaca 114
Go down, Moses 126
Good old Cornell times 112
Good old Trinity 30
Gratitude 19
Greek Song (*Λυπὴν ἀποστίλλειν.*) 17
Greek Song (*Ὠδὴ τῶν νεωτέρων.*) 18
Gymnasium Song 44
Hair-Belles 96
Hamilton 7
Happy are we 41
Hip, Hurrah! 42
Hobart College Song 24
Hobart, our Home 22
Hobart "Paddle" Song 26
Home of the beautiful 104
Home we prize 70
Hour is late 115
Hurrah for Ann Harbor 75
Hurrah! for College Days 103
I met a Freshman 10
I'm dreaming now of Hadley ... 44
I'll hear the Trumpet sound 125
Invocation 34
Janitor's Song 85
Jolly are we to-night boys 16
Joy our spirits feel 119
Joyous and free 45
Jubilate 11
Jubilee, loud Jubilee 68
Jubilee Song 63
Junior (The) (Greek) 17
Junior Bone Song 95
Junior Ex 88
Junior Supper Song 18
Keep me from sinking down 125
Kommos 78
Latin Song 17
Life Preserver 89
Lonely round the Portals 40
Long live old Trinity 30
Mary and Martha 128
Medley 81
Memories 28
Monkeying is a bore 105
Moustache 110
My College Course must have an end 46
My College Days 13
New Year 68
Nunc, Sodales 57
Oh, Brothers 119
Oh! hail to our loved N. Y. U.. 70
Oh University 75
O Tempora! O Mores 80
October's Leaves are falling 52
Ode 42, 43
O'er each heart 95
O'er hill and dale 113
Oft in our future course 38
Old Amherst Brave 43
Old Madison 81
Old Poplars 9
Once more we meet 19
Our Alma Mater 76
Our Class 28
Our College Home 78
Our Hill-side Queen 7
Our Jubilee 64
Our Maidens far away 81
Out of the Freshman year 119
Paddle Song (Hobart) 26
Parting 28, 36, 47
Parting Ode 53
Quodlibet 73
Rambling Rake of Poverty 113
Remarkable 46
Rex Anthropophagæ Insulæ 88
Roll, Jordan, Roll 128
Sapiens et Rubetum 96
Semper Fidus 51
Senior Class Song 106
Ship (The) 115
Shoemaker (The) 66
Shout for Alma Mater O! 51
Sing out the Glad Song 27
Sing! Sing! 43
Sing Tangent, Co-tangent 46
Sit Salus Perpetuo 26
Sleighing Song 42
Smoking Song 94, 95
Solomon 115
Song 27, 34
Song of Hobart 26
Song of the Birds 88
Song of the Bolt 120
Song of the Graduate 47
Sons of Hamilton 18
Steal Away 127
Strike the string 78
Student Song 100
Student's Life 121
Swing low, sweet Chariot 129
Tempus Consecratum 57
There thy star is gleaming 116
'Tis a way we have at Cornell.. 109
To Calculus, Good Bye 120
Training Song 108
Tree Song 95
Trinity Jubilee 34
Turn back Pharaoh's Army 124
University Song (Wesleyan) ... 60
University Song (Michigan) ... 77
Upidee (Cornell Version) 112
Vale 36
Victory 64
Vive la Captaine John 43
Waiting 118
We gather here 45
We have been Friends together. 56
Welcome to the Alumni 19
What Memories 95
When first the Sun had risen .. 27
When first we saw the Major ... 112
When these Days are over 87
While we gather here 82
While yet there's time 96
Who can tell 15
With Spirits light 56
World's all before us 50
Ye gallant Sophomore 108

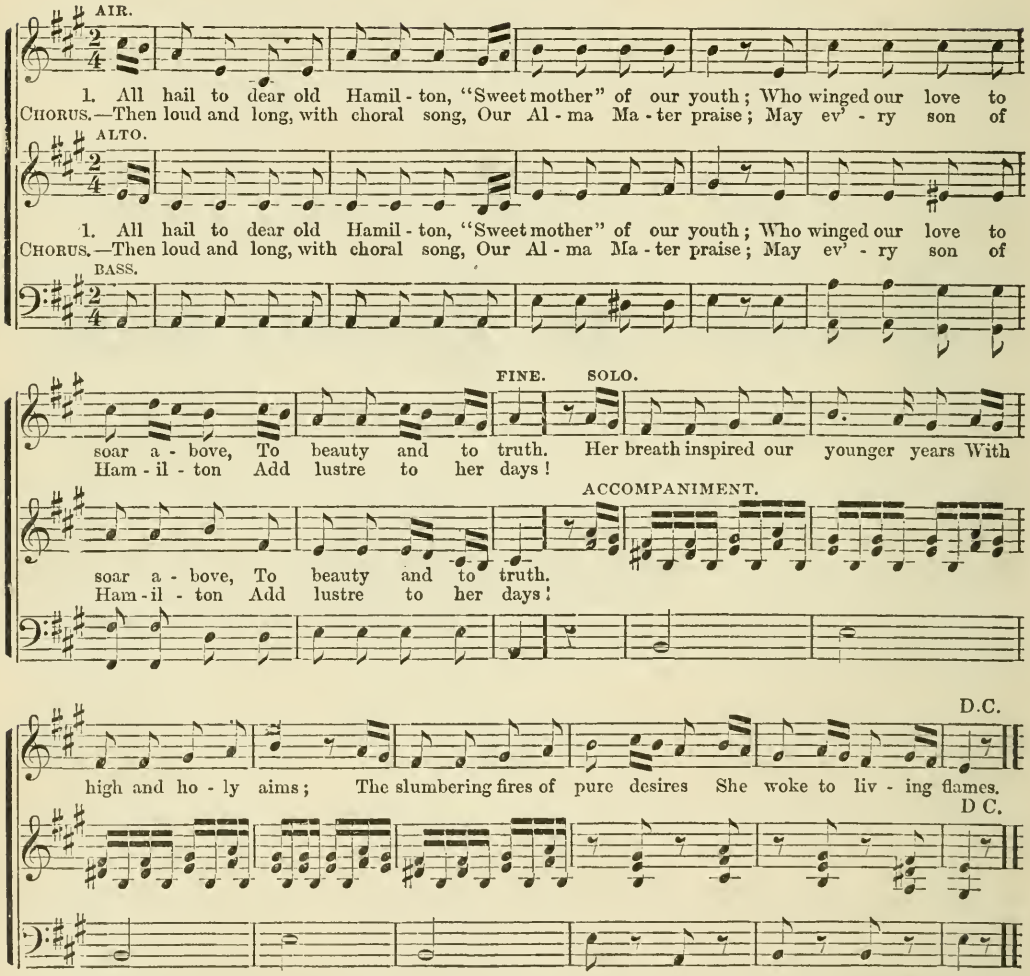
Songs of Hamilton.

"Sing with a will, of our College on the hill,
Dear Hamilton, our hearts are ever thine."

SONGS OF HAMILTON.

ALMA MATER.

AIR—"*A wet sheet and a flowing sea.*" BY A. T. PIERSON, '57.


AIR.
1. All hail to dear old Hamil - ton, "Sweet mother" of our youth; Who winged our love to
CHORUS.—Then loud and long, with choral song, Our Al - ma Ma - ter praise; May ev' - ry son of
ALTO.
1. All hail to dear old Hamil - ton, "Sweet mother" of our youth; Who winged our love to
CHORUS.—Then loud and long, with choral song, Our Al - ma Ma - ter praise; May ev' - ry son of
BASS.
FINE.
SOLO.
soar a - bove, To beauty and to truth. Her breath inspired our younger years With
Ham - il - ton Add lustre to her days!
ACCOMPANIMENT.
soar a - bove, To beauty and to truth.
Ham - il - ton Add lustre to her days!
D.C.
high and ho - ly aims; The slumbering fires of pure desires She woke to liv - ing flames.
D.C.

2 She taught us in our early days
To know that *Right* is *Might*,
And in life's war, forever more,
In this firm faith to fight.
She laid her hands upon our brow,
And words of blessing said;
We feel the prayer still linger there,
A helmet for our head. CHORUS.

3 She bade us like brave men to tread
The battle-field of life;
With each new foe ourselves to show,
Heroic in the strife.
Our trophies at her feet belong,
And there we lay them down;
The laurel leaves which triumph weaves,
No brow but her's shall crown. CHORUS.

HAMILTON.

AIR– "*Annie of the Vale.*"

BY A MEMBER OF '65.

1.

Far up the hill of science, where bright lights are glowing,
Let Hamilton be the first to take her stand,
Rich with the harvests of many years, bestowing
Her choicest blessings on her chosen band.
CHORUS.—Sing, sing, sing boys, sing,
Sing of the treasures of the mind;
Sing with a will of our College on "the hill,"
Dear Hamilton, our hearts are ever thine.

2.

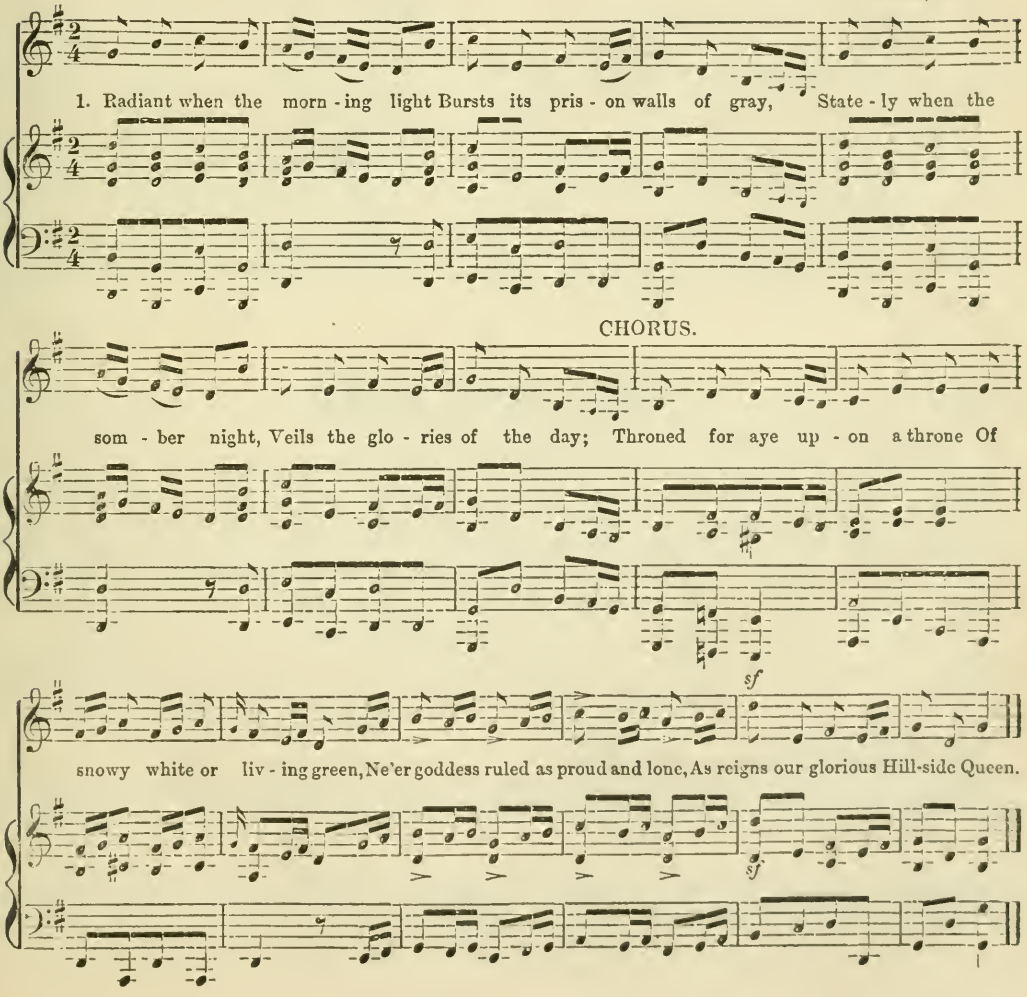
Thy children adore thee, our dear Alma Mater,
For all the gifts bestowed upon them here;
And we now implore thee, thy sons coming later,
To grant us thine honored, bounteous cheer.
CHORUS.—Sing, sing, etc.

3.

Forever, then, thy walls be firm and enduring,
Thy fame and numbers great alway;
And in the distant future, while other sons alluring,
Point thou with pride to thy sons to-day.
CHORUS.—Sing, sing, etc.

OUR HILL-SIDE QUEEN.

BY H. R. WAITE, '68.


1. Radiant when the morn - ing light Bursts its pris - on walls of gray, State - ly when the
CHORUS.
som - ber night, Veils the glo - ries of the day; Throned for aye up - on a throne Of
sf
snowy white or liv - ing green, Ne'er goddess ruled as proud and lone, As reigns our glorious Hill-side Queen.
sf

2 There's a sacred story told,
In each record that appears,
Graven on her sides of old,
By the tempests of the years.
CHORUS.—Throned for aye, etc.

3 Winds that kiss her granite walls,
Murmur songs in Runic rhyme,
While the feet that press her halls,
Waken sounds of "Olden Time."
CHORUS.—Throned for aye, etc.

4 Towering grandly 'mid the storms
They defiantly repel,
Giant poplars lift their forms,—
Sentries grim,- and guard her well.
CHORUS.—Throned for aye, etc.

5 Age shall not her might impair;
"As her days, her strength shall be;"
And beneath her fostering care,
Rise a countless progeny.
CHORUS.—Throned for aye, etc.

6 Glory of the Empire State,—
By the honors her's to-day,—
By her laurels that await,
We will crown her, QUEEN FOR AYE!
CHORUS.—Throned for aye, etc.

ALMA MATER, WE HONOR AND LOVE THEE.

AIR—"*Red, White, and Blue.*" Page 69.

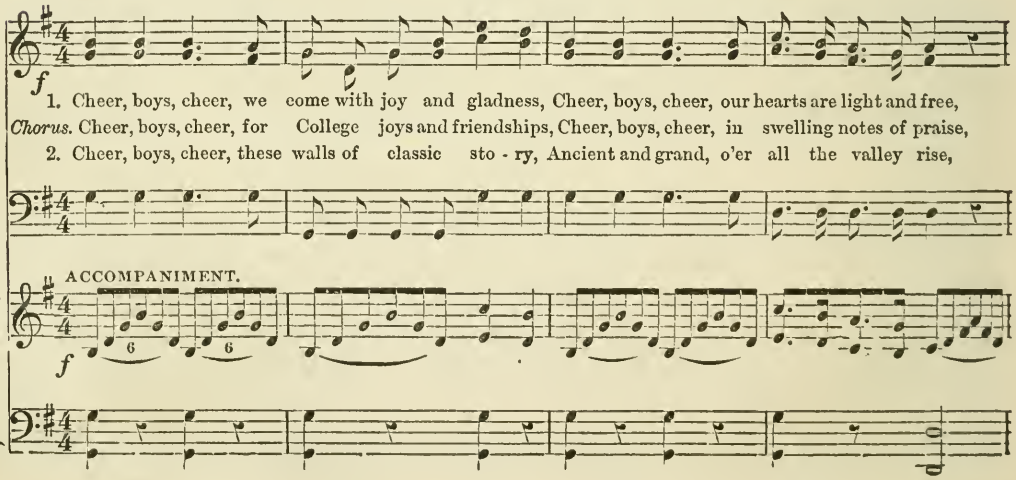
1 Alma Mater, we honor and love thee;
Our praises shall cease ne'er to flow,
And through all the future thy memory
Cling firmly wherever we go;
Though billows of trouble roll o'er us,
And sorrow o'erwhelm every one,
We'll cheerfully join in the chorus,
"Hurrah for Old Hamilton."

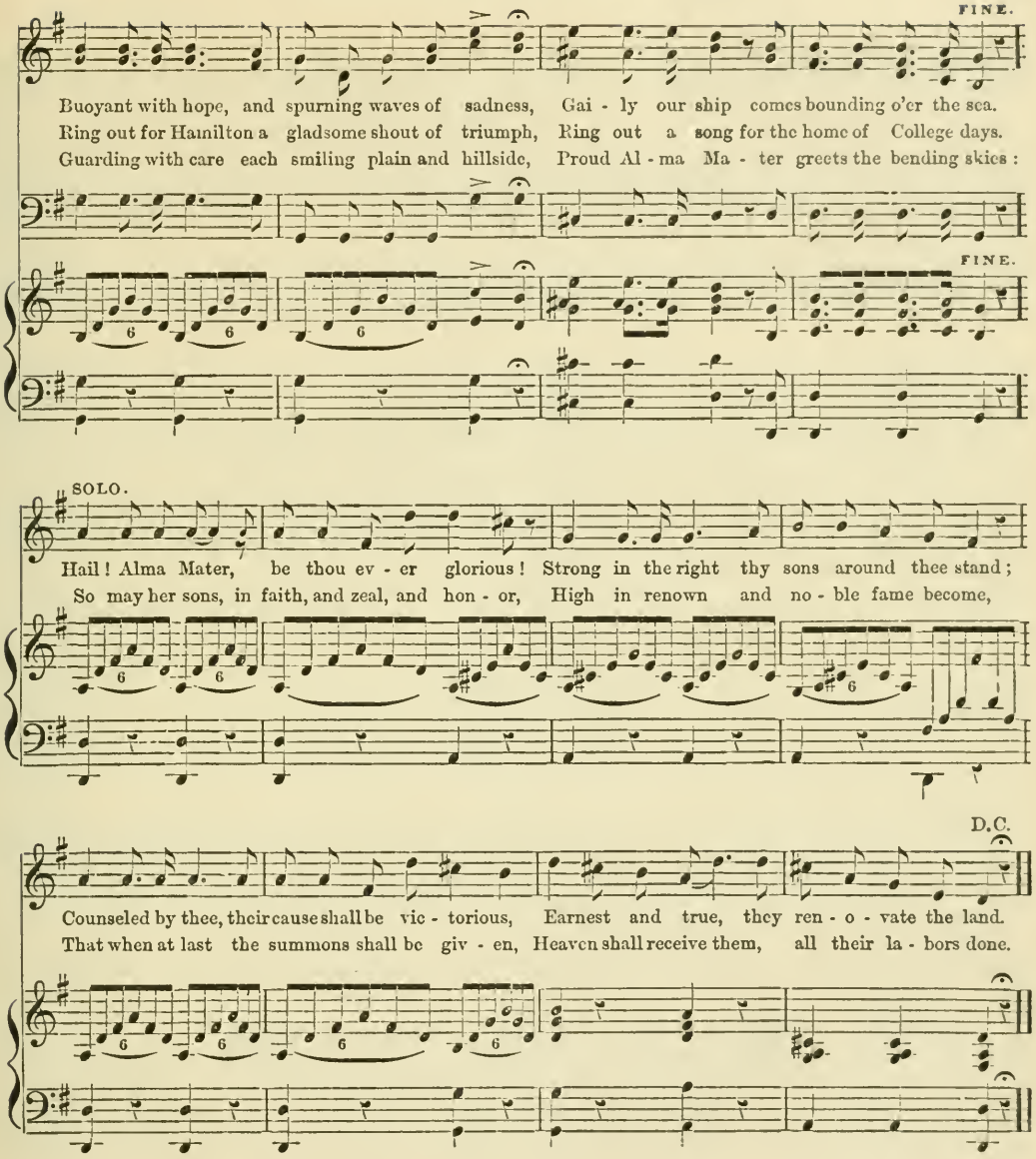
2 Then let courage be ours for all duty,
To dare, and to will, and to do;
For a crown is promised of beauty,
To the life that is loyal and true.
Let danger arise, who will fear it?
Or who in the battle will quail?
E'er buoyant in hope and in spirit,
The bright days to come we will hail.

3 And when, time having scattered our number,
Through life we shall labor apart,
Bright fancy shall waken the slumber
That heavily rests on the heart;
Then give to the air our bright banner,
Its golden-hued colors fling out,
And with it, in loudest hosanna,
For Mater, dear Mater, we'll shout!

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

AIR—"*Cheer, boys, cheer.*" WORDS BY GEO. H. STARR, '61.


f
1. Cheer, boys, cheer, we come with joy and gladness, Cheer, boys, cheer, our hearts are light and free,
Chorus. Cheer, boys, cheer, for College joys and friendships, Cheer, boys, cheer, in swelling notes of praise,
2. Cheer, boys, cheer, these walls of classic sto - ry, Ancient and grand, o'er all the valley rise,
ACCOMPANIMENT.
6
6
f


FINE.
Buoyant with hope, and spurning waves of sadness, Gai - ly our ship comes bounding o'er the sea.
Ring out for Hamilton a gladsome shout of triumph, Ring out a song for the home of College days.
Guarding with care each smiling plain and hillside, Proud Al - ma Ma - ter greets the bending skies :
FINE.
SOLO.
Hail ! Alma Mater, be thou ev - er glorious ! Strong in the right thy sons around thee stand ;
So may her sons, in faith, and zeal, and hon - or, High in renown and no - ble fame become,
D.C.
Counseled by thee, their cause shall be vic - torious, Earnest and true, they ren - o - vate the land.
That when at last the summons shall be giv - en, Heaven shall receive them, all their la - bors done.

THE OLD POPLARS.

BY S. J. FISHER, '67.

AIR—"*Araby's Daughter.*" Page 72.

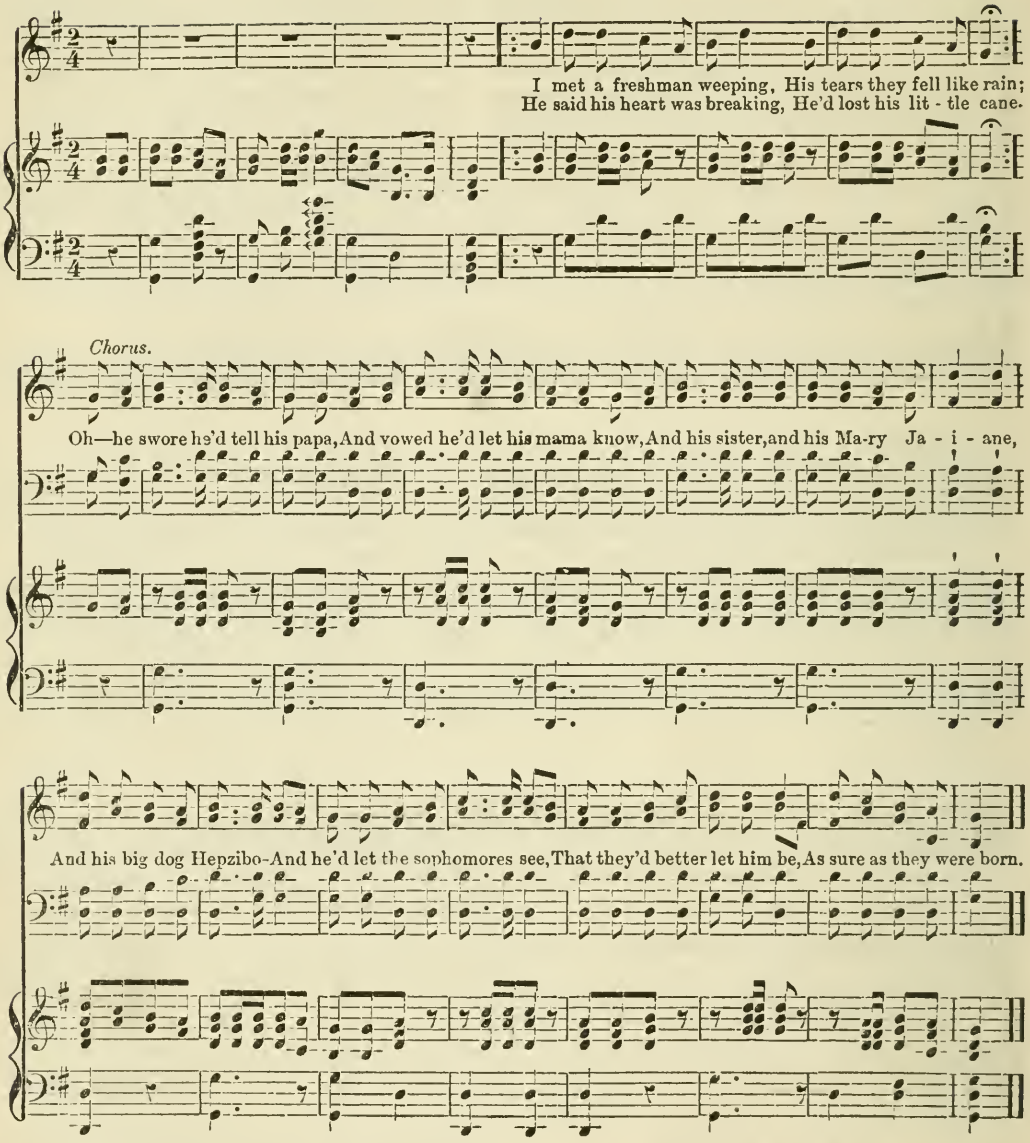
There's a grim row of sentries along the hill-side,
As to climb the old steep we manfully try ;
'Tis the dear row of poplars, we'll cherish with pride,
As they stand there like giants against the blue sky.
Cho. The storm-riven poplars, the moss-covered poplars,
The rough, giant poplars that stand by the way.

They stand there so proudly, as if bearing the brunt
Of the rough winter blasts which thro' their leaves play,
Like stern vet'ran warriors in the battle's dark front,—
But each falling leaf tells us they're passing away.
Cho. The loved chain of poplars, the dear band of poplars,
O long-lived poplars, you are passing away.

Oh, friends of our boyhood, and past generations,
Like you to reach upward, be ever our aim ;
Unscathed by the storms of life's toils and temptations,
Unflinching in duty, unsullied in fame.
Cho. O long live the poplars, the friendly old poplars,
May you still, dear old poplars, live many a day.

I MET A FRESHMAN.

BY H. B. W. '68.


I met a freshman weeping, His tears they fell like rain;
He said his heart was breaking, He'd lost his lit - tle cane.
Chorus.
Oh—he swore he'd tell his papa, And vowed he'd let his mama know, And his sister, and his Ma-ry Ja - i - ane,
And his big dog Hepzibo-And he'd let the sophomores see, That they'd better let him be, As sure as they were born.

2 I met another freshman,
Bemoaning his sad fate,
He'd had an awful "ducking,"
His agony was great—CHO.

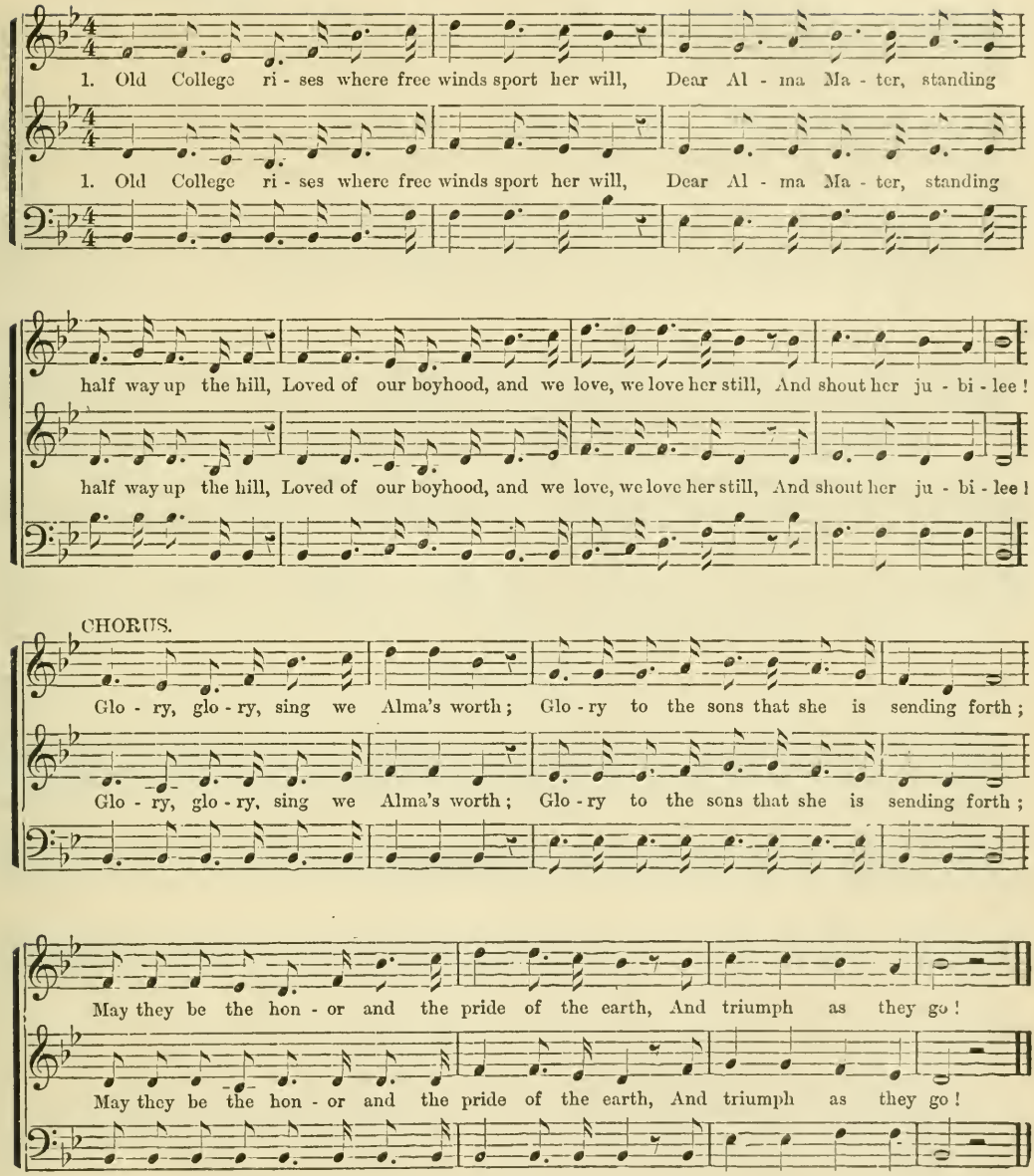
3 I met another freshman,
As pale as pale could be,
"Tobacco—agh! he whispered,
Oh deathly sick was he—CHO.

4 I saw another freshman,
His head was hairless quite:
He looked both ways for Sunday—
Oh fearful was his fright—CHO.

5 I saw another freshie,
He'd joined the "Gamma Nu;"
And tearfully he told me
Of how they put him through—CHO.

JUBILATE.

AIR—"*John Brown.*" BY GUY K. CLEVELAND, '50.

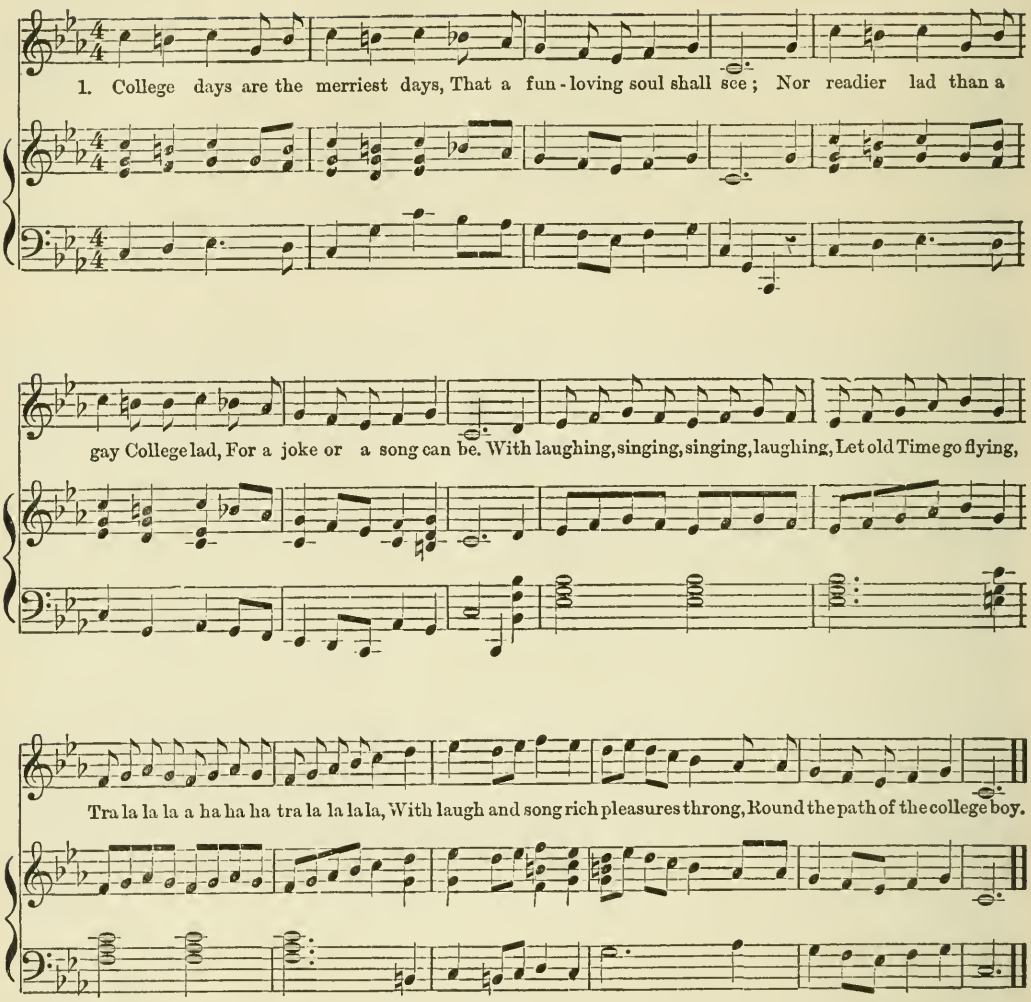

1. Old College ri - ses where free winds sport her will, Dear Al - ma Ma - ter, standing
1. Old College ri - ses where free winds sport her will, Dear Al - ma Ma - ter, standing
half way up the hill, Loved of our boyhood, and we love, we love her still, And shout her ju - bi - lee!
half way up the hill, Loved of our boyhood, and we love, we love her still, And shout her ju - bi - lee!
CHORUS.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, sing we Alma's worth; Glo - ry to the sons that she is sending forth;
Glo - ry, glo - ry, sing we Alma's worth; Glo - ry to the sons that she is sending forth;
May they be the hon - or and the pride of the earth, And triumph as they go!
May they be the hon - or and the pride of the earth, And triumph as they go!

2 Come we over mountains, from rivers far away,
Homes beside the ocean, and from fields of dying day,
Singing, shouting, leaping, as we did of old at play,
And shout her jubilee. CHORUS.

3 Fold us once more fondly to thy bosom white as snow;
Feed us wine and kisses, and then bless us ere we go,
Parted till the air of Heaven o'er us blow,
At the final Jubilee. CHORUS.

THE COLLEGE BOY.

WORDS BY R. R. WAITE, '68.


1. College days are the merriest days, That a fun-loving soul shall see; Nor readier lad than a
gay College lad, For a joke or a song can be. With laughing, singing, singing, laughing, Let old Time go flying,
Tra la la la a ha ha ha tra la la la la, With laugh and song rich pleasures throng, Round the path of the college boy.

2 Oh, the prince of contentment is he,
'Neath the sun of the summer sky,
As lazily lounging, he courts the cool shade
Of the trees on the campus nigh.
With laughing, singing, etc.

3 When the hours of the winter have come,
In his gown and his slippers clad,
He basks in the glow of a radiant fire,
With the joy of a College lad.
With laughing, singing, etc.

4 As he puffs at his odorous pipe,
And the ringlets of blue curl high,
There rises a glow from the soul to the face,—
There are flashings of hope in his eye.
With laughing, singing, etc.

5 When he strives in the warfare of life,
By his glorious conquests then
He'll prove to the world, that in college boy lives
Are the souls of its hero men.
With laughing, singing, etc.

MY COLLEGE DAYS.

BY C. S. PERCIVAL, '45.

AIR—"*Good-bye Song.*" Page 154.

1 Back to the valley my sad heart strays,
Where my happiest hours were past;
Now I'm dreaming again of my college days—
Too pleasant and dear to last.
The old College stands on the shady hill,
And its spire still points through the trees;
Its gray old walls—I see them still,
And the poplars that waved in the breeze.

2 Still, in the branches overhead,
The rooks are cawing as shrill
As when at even, with lingering tread,
I sauntered up the hill.
Still, in the zephyr that played with my book,
The whispering leaflet twirls;
And again, from many a well-known nook,
Come the voices of laughing girls.

3 Many a gay and careless rhyme
I sang in those hours of bliss;
And the songs that heightened the joy of that time
Can lighten the grief of this,
While in a weary path I stray,
And often I pause to weep.
Though much that I learned I have lost by the way,
All, all that I felt I keep.

THE FAIRY MAIDEN.

BY C. S. PERCIVAL, '45.

AIR—"*Midnight hour.*"

1 I stood on the bank of a fairy stream,
By the side of a fairy maiden;
And the stars sent down their placid beam,
With a tremulous beauty laden.

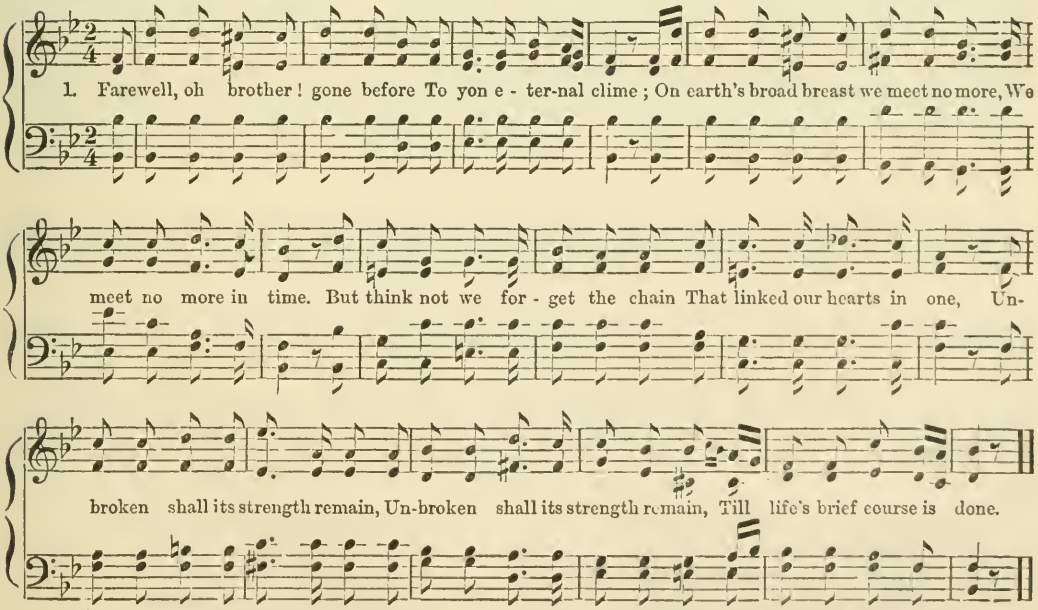
2 And sweetly up from the mirrored skies,
Those stars were smiling on me;
But I saw alone two starlike eyes,
Whose ravishing light had won me.

3 The fairy stream went murmuring on,
While the spell of beauty bound me,
And sweetly the while its melting tone
Came floating soft around me.

4 But I heard alone, in my witching dream,
The tones with music laden,
That fell, as I stood by that fairy stream,
From the lips of that fairy maiden.

FAREWELL.

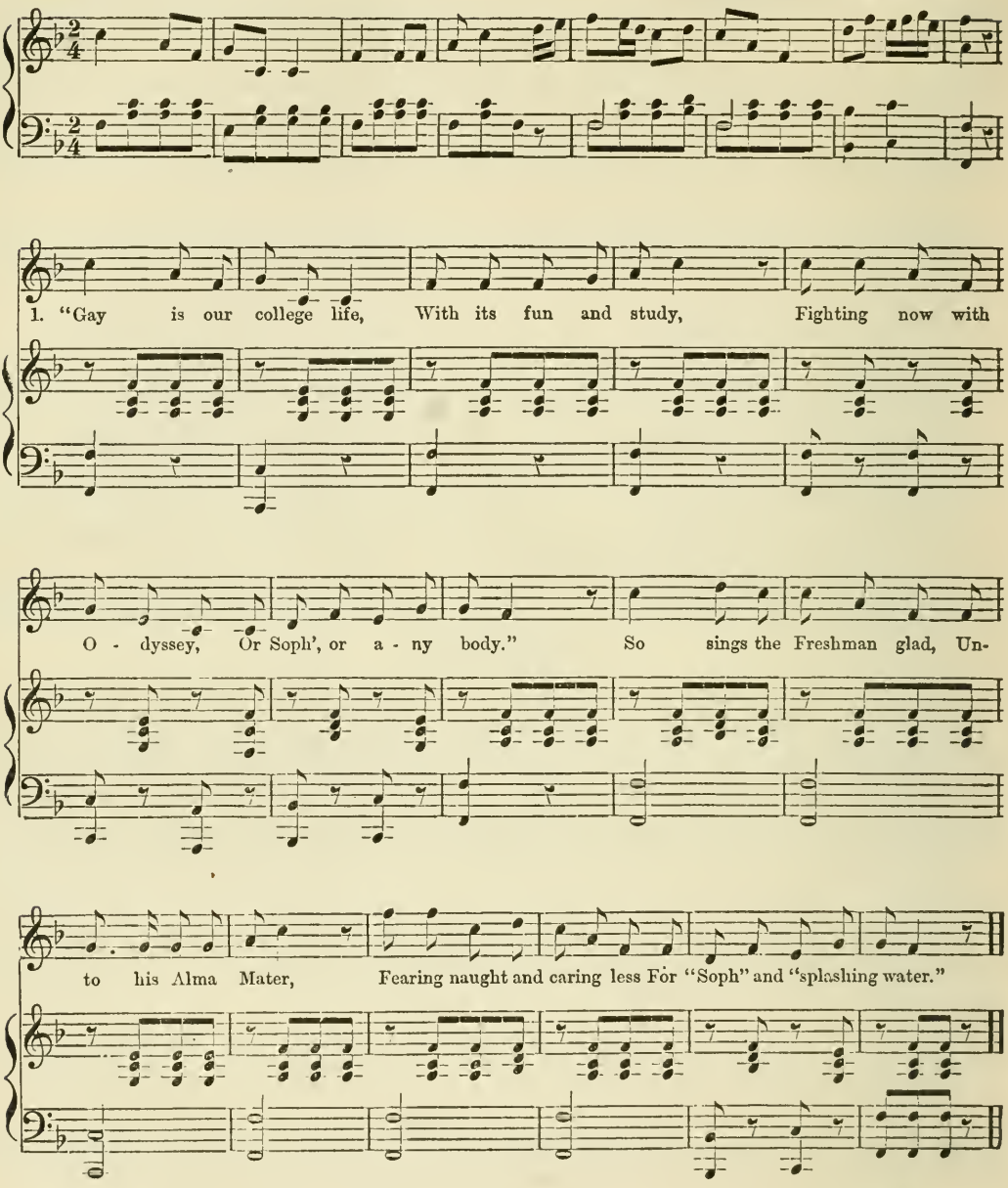
AIR—"*O, sing that song again.*" WORDS BY J. A. PRIEST, '47. MUSIC BY F. SCHUBERT.


1. Farewell, oh brother! gone before To yon e - ter-nal clime; On earth's broad breast we meet no more, We
meet no more in time. But think not we for - get the chain That linked our hearts in one, Un-
broken shall its strength remain, Un-broken shall its strength remain, Till life's brief course is done.

2 The golden moments we have spent
In learning's honored walls,
With all their joys and sorrows blent,
Fond memory recalls.
Full nobly, brother, hast thou wrought
Upon the loom of life;
Full nobly, brother, hast thou fought,
Where duty called to strife.

3 Rest sweetly where thy silent place
Is dug beneath the sod;
We'll strive to meet thee face to face,
Beside the throne of God.

FOUR SONGS WITHIN A SONG.

AIR—"*The blue Juniata.*" WORDS BY L. D. POMEROY, '68.

1. "Gay is our college life, With its fun and study, Fighting now with
O - dyssey, Or Soph', or a - ny body." So sings the Freshman glad, Un-
to his Alma Mater, Fearing naught and caring less For "Soph" and "splashing water."

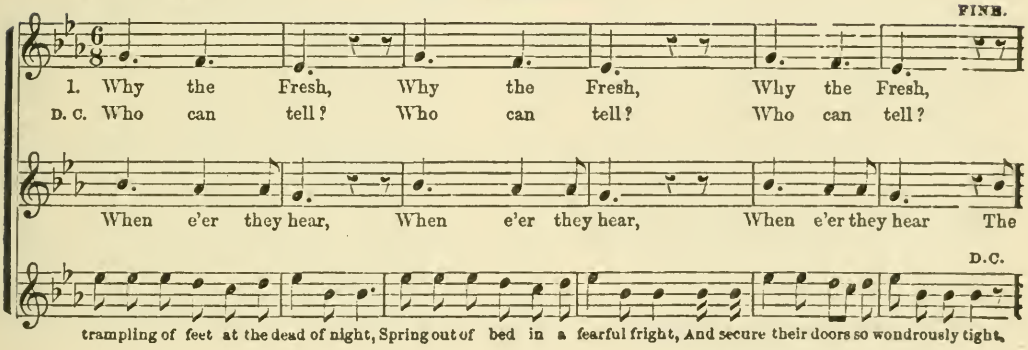
2 "Heigh-ho, sir! here's a "row,"
And I am just the fellow,
Clipping short poor Freshie's curls,
And "cutting" such a swell-o!"
So sings the Sophomore,
With his "cane" and "beaver,"
"Double barring" every door
That hides a grim Professor.

3 "Search for Truth," the Junior sings,
"In the Past and Present,"
"With Æschylus and Sophocles,"
"Passing nights most pleasant;"
"Looking back upon the hills,"
"All lit with classic glory,"
Sitting at the feet of peers,
In History and Story.

4 Manly sings the Senior grave,—
"We will be 'Truth s teachers;'"
Metaphysics lifts her veil,
And shows her charming "features."
"Upon the world we'll 'lay the law,'
With mind and heart warm burning;
Farewell! O Mother dear,
God bless you for our learning!"

5 So sing the classes all,
Unto their Alma Mater;
Loud their voices rise and fall,
O'er hill and "laughing water."
Fleeting years may bear away
The singers' tuneful voices,
Still their deeds will ever live,
And HAMILTON rejoices.

WHO CAN TELL? CATCH.

AIR—"*Three blind mice.*" BY A MEMBER OF '68.

FINE.
1. Why the Fresh, Why the Fresh, Why the Fresh,
D. C. Who can tell? Who can tell? Who can tell?
When e'er they hear, When e'er they hear, When e'er they hear The
D.C.
trampling of feet at the dead of night, Spring out of bed in a fearful fright, And secure their doors so wondrously tight,

2 How much sport, ‖ *Ter.*
Soph-o-mores have, ‖ *Ter.*
In diving into all sorts of scrapes,
In "salting" of "Fresh," and "curing" of grapes,
In the "gobbling of gobblers," and narrow escapes,
Who can tell? ‖ *Ter.*

3 How much more, ‖ *Ter.*
Of Junior time, ‖ *Ter.*
With thoughts far away from the book in hand,
Is spent in the castles of airy land,
Where celestial beauties bewitchingly stand,
Who can tell? ‖ *Ter.*

4 What success, ‖ *Ter.*
Seniors have, ‖ *Ter.*
By practise of "Science," and practise of "Arts,"
Through making of love, and breaking of hearts,
In becoming a prey to "Cupidine" darts,
Who can tell? ‖ *Ter*

DIE DEUTCHE COMPANIE.

AIR—"*The Captain with the whiskers.*"

1 Kind people, vat you tinks, I trys to sing a song?
I tells you how I listed, to who I belong;
I writes down Shnigglefritz, mit von great steel pen
goose quill,
And I swears I drink no lager more, till von enemy
I kill.

CHORUS.

Oh! die Deutche Company is de best companie,
Dat ever did come over from old Germanie.

2 Dey put me on de back of a great big pony mare,
And dat mare rears up behind, and trows me in the
air;
I come down on my head, like von great big stone
hail;
And I tinks I was all right, mit de bridle holding on
de tail. CHO.

3 Oh, den I vas so mad, ven dat mare she trows me
down,
And I shtrikes so awful hard, ven my head comes on
de ground.
Oh, dat mare she vas a devil, vat de Captain gave to
me,
And I's de bravest man in de whole companie.
CHO.

JOLLY ARE WE TO-NIGHT, BOYS.

AIR—"*Happy are we to-night, boys.*"

1 Jolly are we to-night, boys,
Jolly, jolly are we;
For we claim it a natural right, boys,
To have a little spree.
Then let our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's sacred lyre—
We'll make the classic halls resound,
And thus our strain inspire.

2 Merry are we to-night, boys,
Merry, merry are we;
The future looks so bright, boys,
We'll have a little spree.
Around this board we've gathered here
To chase dull care away,
Then let us join in hearty cheer,—
This is our festal day.

3 Happy are we to-night, boys,
Happy, happy are we;
We'll welcome morning light, boys,
With a hearty "three times three."
For since the world was first create,
And onward rolled the sun,
No mother boasts of boys so great,
As glorious Hamilton

COLLEGE BOYS.

BY OREN ROOT, JR., '56.

AIR—"*Upidee.*"

1 Oh, we college boys have a happy life,
Naught know we of care or strife,
Free are we from grief and pain,
Then join we all the glad refrain.
Upidee, &c.

2 When first we enter Freshman year,
Soph'more malice oft we fear,
But soon the trying hour is past,
And free from care we sing at last.
Upidee, &c.

3 We "ring off rust" in a gallant way,
And then swell out as Soph'mores gay,
We row the Fresh as we were rowed,
And shout the chorus long and loud.
Upidee, &c.

4 When another year has rolled around,
We are with Junior honors crowned,
We're trotted out in the public ring,
And as we go we merrily sing.
Upidee, &c.

5 Now Senior year has come at length,
And dignity comes out with strength,
We give the law to the College throng,
And pitch the tune to the jolly song.
Upidee, &c.

6 But soon we make our farewell bow,
And as Alumni go we now,
But still our ears will sometimes ring
With College songs we used to sing.

A BACCHANAL BALLAD.

AIR—"*Litoria.*"

1 Prex Bacchus was a jovial Prex,
The roughest, kindest of his sex,
His lips let fly full many a joke,
And jests he woke that others spoke.

2 One night he caught a Freshman tight,
And helped him home with wrath and might;
In other words, a Freshman drunk
He shouldered like a traveler's trunk.

3 The Freshman's plucky *mater* wit
Gave back the saucy, saving hit—
"*O quo me, Bacche, plenum te*
O magne Prex quo rapis me."

4 When the tired teacher shuts his book,
When pastors rest, by hook or crook,
When city bankers seek to know
A bank whereon wild violets grow

5 When doctors, lawyers, editors,
Would sharpen up their ancient saws,
When half a century's uncorked wit
Floods the gay board where brothers sit,

6 And, drunk with frolic, titled men
Grow back to college boys again;
Then good Prex Bacchus' jovial soul
Fills up for each the brimming bowl,

Each mother's son grasps by the hand,
And wrings from each the old demand—
"*O que me, Bacche, plenum te*
O magne Prex quo rapis me."

DACTYLIA.

BY C. B. AUSTIN, '68.

AIR—"*Litoria.*"

1 When Æschylus a play did write,
It must have been at dead of night;
His metres they are all a bore—
Some turned behind and some before.
CHORUS—Dactylia, Dactylia,
Borous *sisi* an'a pest.
Dactylia, Dactylia,
With classics we are done.

2 Some meters had a sidelong walk,
Which made us Juniors t·ip and balk;
But worst of all, Professors wrong,
Surnamed them harmony, and song.
CHORUS—Dactylia, etc.

3 And in our dreams like buzzing gnats,
Came screaming cats and hyper cats;
We drove them away with a choriamb,
And waking gasped, "I'm a corpse, I am."
CHORUS—Dactylia, etc.

4 And by our restless, sleepless bed,
Stalked Sophocles with tread of lead;—
If his hands were made as his feet were made,
No one could e'er their weight have weighed.
CHORUS—Dactylia, etc.

5 At length was sent "*Απαλλαγῆν,*"
The life blood started through our brain,
Ahead we viewed a streak of blue,
Which proved examination through.
CHORUS—Dactylia, etc.

6 Farewell then Dactyls, Iambs too
Your're done with us and we with you;
Hereafter we will scan full well,
The foot that trips to the marriage bell.

THE JUNIOR.

BY PROF. EDWARD NORTH, '41.

μέλος—"*Gideon's Band.*"

I.

πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κουδὲν οὐ
δεινότερον ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΥ.
ὑπερχωρεῖ 'Ορισκάνην
χειμερίῳ νότῳ ὑοῆν,
ζητῶν χάριν τοῦ δείπνου.

II.

γλωσσῶν τε τὰν ὑπερτάταν
ἀποτρύει ὐκαμάταν,
ἰλλωμένων πύλ' ἀρότρων,
γένει ἱππείῳ πωλεύων,
ζητῶν οἰὸς δυφθέραν

III.

κουφονόων νεανίδων
φῦλον ἀγει ἀμφιβαλὼν,
σπείραισιν ἀγνοῦ φὼεγματος,
περιφραδὴς ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΣ
ζητῶν χάριν νυμφεων.

LATIN SONG,

BY H. R. W. '68.

AIR—"*Gaudeamus.*"

1 Qualis laeto praesenti,
Nova spes futuro,
Venit forti homini;
Semper sit huic hilari
Sexaginta Octo.

2 Ut hac nocte canimus,
Animo jucundo,
Semper sic cantabimus,
Tibi et sperabimus,
Sexaginta Octo.

3 Vero sine lachryma
Pro tempore transacto,
Utare fide optima,
Aspires et ad maxima,
Sexaginta Octo.

"*λυπὴν 'αποστέλλειν.*"

BY PROF. EDWARD NORTH, '41.

μέλος—"*It's a Way We Have at Old Harvard.*"

ἢ μέτεστι 'Αμιλτονιδῶις
'ουκ 'αμπλακεῖν 'Ελληνικῶις,
'Εγω δ' 'εκαστος μητρὸς πῶις
λύπην 'αποστέλλειν
Χορός—*Τὸ ἐιωθὸς 'ημῖν τοῦὺ 'Αμίλτου*
λύπην 'απυστέλλειν.

ἡ μετεστι 'Αμιλτονιδῶις
νικᾶν τ' ἀγαθά τε και καλά,
'Εγνωσαν καὶ λόγων ἀλαλὰ
λύπην 'αποστέλλειν.
Χορός.

ἡ μέτεστι 'Αμιλτονιδῶις
μετασχεῖν δαιτὸς εὐθύμως,
ὄρνις ἔγνω κ' 'οπτός καλῶς
λύπην 'αποστέλλειν.
Χορός.

ἡ μέτεστι 'Αμιλτονιδῶις
'αγρονόμοις φοιτᾶν αὐλᾶις
νεανίδεσοι σὺν καλᾶις,
λύπην 'αποστέλλειν.
Χορός.

TRANSLATION.

1 The sons of Hamilton seek, sir,
Never to fail in Greek, sir,
But ever to have the "check," sir,
To drive dull care away.
CHORUS.—It's the way we have at old Hamilton,
To drive dull care away.

2 They always have understood, sir,
In all that is noble and good, sir,
Never to make less than a "blood," sir,
To drive dull care away. CHO.

3 Old Hamilton's sons at least, sir,
Partake with good will of a feast, sir,
"And the turkey is the beast," sir.
To drive dull care away. CHO.

4 But far the most happy repast, sir,
Is when their studies are past, sir,
To win a fair damsel at last, sir.
To drive dull care away. CHO.

'Ωδὴ τῶν νεωτέρων.

BY H. R. WAITE, '68.

μέλος — "Few Days."

1 Συμμαθηταὶ ὦ σύνεπε,
'Ενῦι, 'ενῦι,
'Ωκείαν ὥραν ἄγετε
'Ως χρὴ νεωτέρους

Χορός.
'Ω νῦν ποτίζετε,
'Ενῦι, 'ενῦι,
Δεπας γεμίζετε,
'Ω χαίρετε
Κηρύσσετε γ'ὠδαῖς,
'Ενῦι, 'ενῦι,
:‖ *'Εν ταῖς αὐγῆι ὥραις,* ‖:

2 Καταίνετ' αὐθις πᾶν 'εργον,
'Ενῦι, 'ενῦι,
Παραλλάσσοντα καὶ χρόνον,
'Ως χρὴ νεωτέρους. Χορ

3 Τὰ πρῶτα τ'ἐξετάσεας,
'Ενῦι, 'ενῦι,
'Ενειχόμεθα, σκέψεας,
'Εχρην ὣς ἀρίστους. Χορ

4 Μελίζετε τὴν 'ανδρείαν
'Ενῦι, 'ενῦι,
'Εν 'αγώνι 'ευτυχίαν,
'Ην 'εμφανίσαμεν. Χορ

5 Τὴν δ' ἀξιόλογον δείλην,
'Ενῦι, 'ενῦι,
'Επιφανῆ τὴν δ 'εισδοκήν
'Ως χρὴ νεωτέρους. Χορ

6 Πρὸ φωσφόρου χωρίσομεν.
'Ενῦι, 'ενῦι,
'Ατὰρ παλὶν συνήξομεν
Καθὼς πρεσβύτεροι. Χορ.

JUNIOR SUPPER SONG.

BY A. H. BRADFORD, '67.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

1 Brothers, there'll beam in future years
No clearer, brighter light,
Than that which sheds its radiance from
Our exhibition night.
CHORUS—Then let us all the strain prolong,
And join our hearts in cheer,
And sing to-night till the golden light
Of morning's rays appear.

2 Brothers, the home we all shall love,
In long, long years to come,
Shall be where blooms the poplar tree
That shades Old Hamilton. CHO.

3 There is a golden clasp that joins
Our kindred hearts in one;
A clasp that Time shall ne'er unbind,
It is old Hamilton. CHO.

4 This clasp with jewels four is set,
And wreathed around with love;
O, may it ne'er be broken here,
Its power be felt above.
CHORUS—Then let us all the strain prolong
As now we've gathered here,
And celebrate with joy and song,
Our gladsome Junior year.

ONCE MORE WE MEET.

BY W. W. HOWE, '53.

AIR—"*America.*"

1 Brothers! once more we meet
At Learning's chosen seat,
Old College Hill.
Come, sing a joyful song,
With voices deep and strong,
Till echo shall prolong
The choral rill.

2 From wrestle, toil and strife,
In dusty streets of life,
We hither come.
Here, in these calm retreats,
Brother with brother meets,
For Alma Mater greets
Her children home.

3 She dons her nicest cap,
Smooths her great, cosy lap,
With smiling mien:
We climb about her knee
In loving liberty,
In thought and action free,
We're boys again.

4 At her domestic hearth,
That dearest spot on earth,
We take our cheer:
Feeding the holy fire
That never shall expire,
But blazes—purer—higher,
With every year.

WELCOME TO THE ALUMNI.

BY A. T. PIERSON, '57.

AIR—"*Sparkling and Bright.*"

1 Come, friendly throng, and join our song,
We welcome every brother,
To hands that grasp, and hearts that clasp,
And the greeting of "our mother."
CHORUS.
Then welcome all to our festal hall,
And another merry greeting;
Warm hearts are here, and a brother's cheer,
And our Alma Mater's greeting.

2 In Hamilton's praise your voices raise;
Her love your youth attended:
By every tongue, be her merits sung,
Till earthly songs are ended. CHO

GRATITUDE.

BY PROF. EDWARD NORTH, '41.

AIR—"*Old Hundred.*"

1 Father Supreme! as here we stand,
Cheerful in hope, a brother-band,
To thee we lift our hearts, and praise
The grace that crowns with good our days.

2 Next let our thoughts in sadness meet
Above the grave of those whose feet
Once pressed the paths we this day press,
Where yet their memory lives to bless.

3 Welcome the hour and dear the tie,
That here in hallowed sympathy,
Links hearts and hopes about the shrine
Where Study worships Truth divine.

4 Hail, Seat of Science, ever dear!
Let peace and thrift, from year to year,
Attend thy gates: nor be forgot
The Hand that shapes thy happy lot.

COME CLASSMATES.

AIR—"*Landlord Fill.*"

BY A. C. COXS, '68.

1 Come classmates raise a merry song,
Banish care and sorrow;
Loud and long the strain prolong,
Until the dawning morrow.
CHORUS—For our class—Hurrah my boys,
The theme of song and story;
Let every member fill his glass,
And ever sing his glory.

2 Once again we here renew,
The ties that none may sever;
Tried and true in all we do,
We will be forever. CHO.

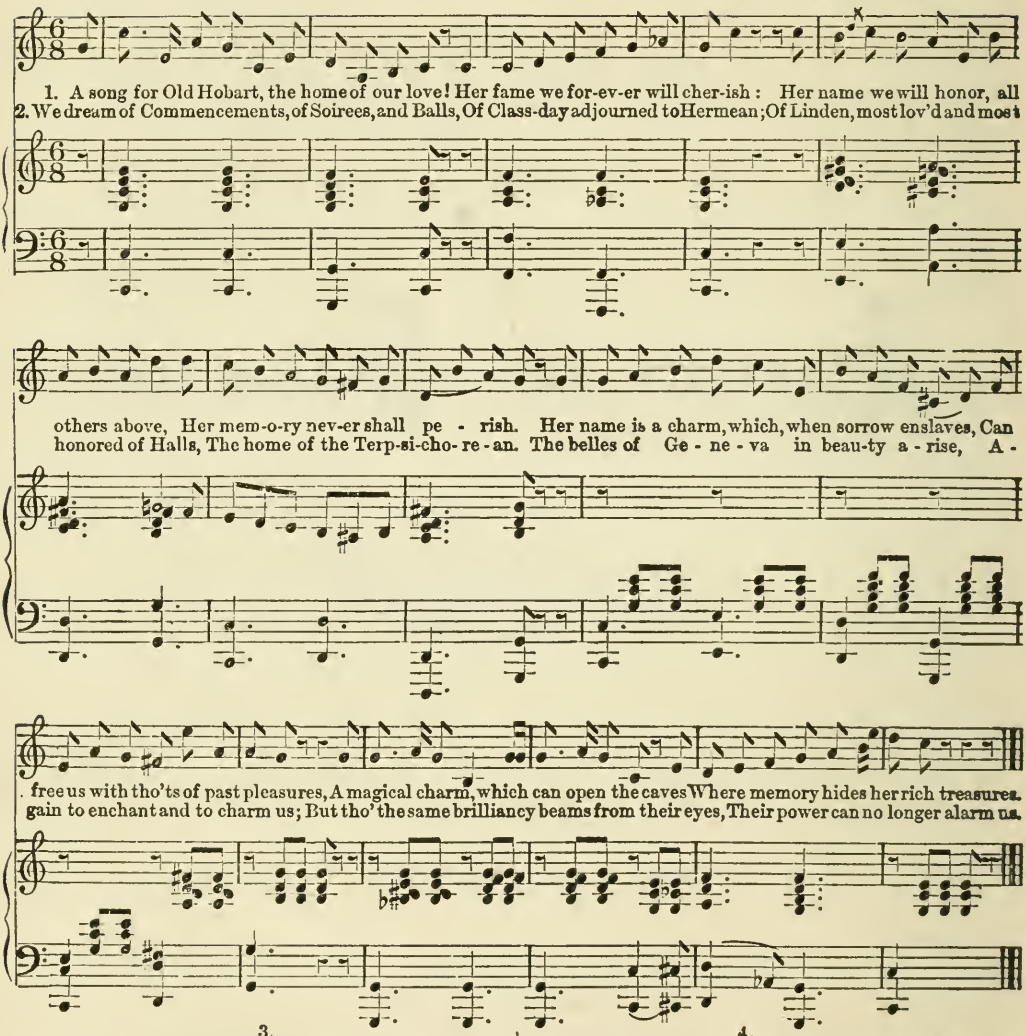
3 Now let friendship rule the hour,
And pleasure hover o'er us;
Roll along the loud huzza,
And raise the swelling chorus. CHO.

SONGS OF HOBART.

"A song for Old Hobart, the home of our love,
Her fame we forever will cherish;
Her name we will honor, all others above,
Her memory never shall perish."

SONGS OF HOBART.

HOBART OUR HOME.

WORDS BY LEWIS HALSEY. MUSIC BY MADAM TOWLER.

1. A song for Old Hobart, the home of our love! Her fame we for-ev-er will cher-ish : Her name we will honor, all
2. We dream of Commencements, of Soirees, and Balls, Of Class-day adjourned to Hermean; Of Linden, most lov'd and most
others above, Her mem-o-ry nev-er shall pe - rish. Her name is a charm, which, when sorrow enslaves, Can
honored of Halls, The home of the Terp-si-cho- re - an. The belles of Ge - ne - va in beau-ty a - rise, A -
free us with tho'ts of past pleasures, A magical charm, which can open the caves Where memory hides her rich treasures.
gain to enchant and to charm us; But tho' the same brilliancy beams from their eyes, Their power can no longer alarm us.

3.

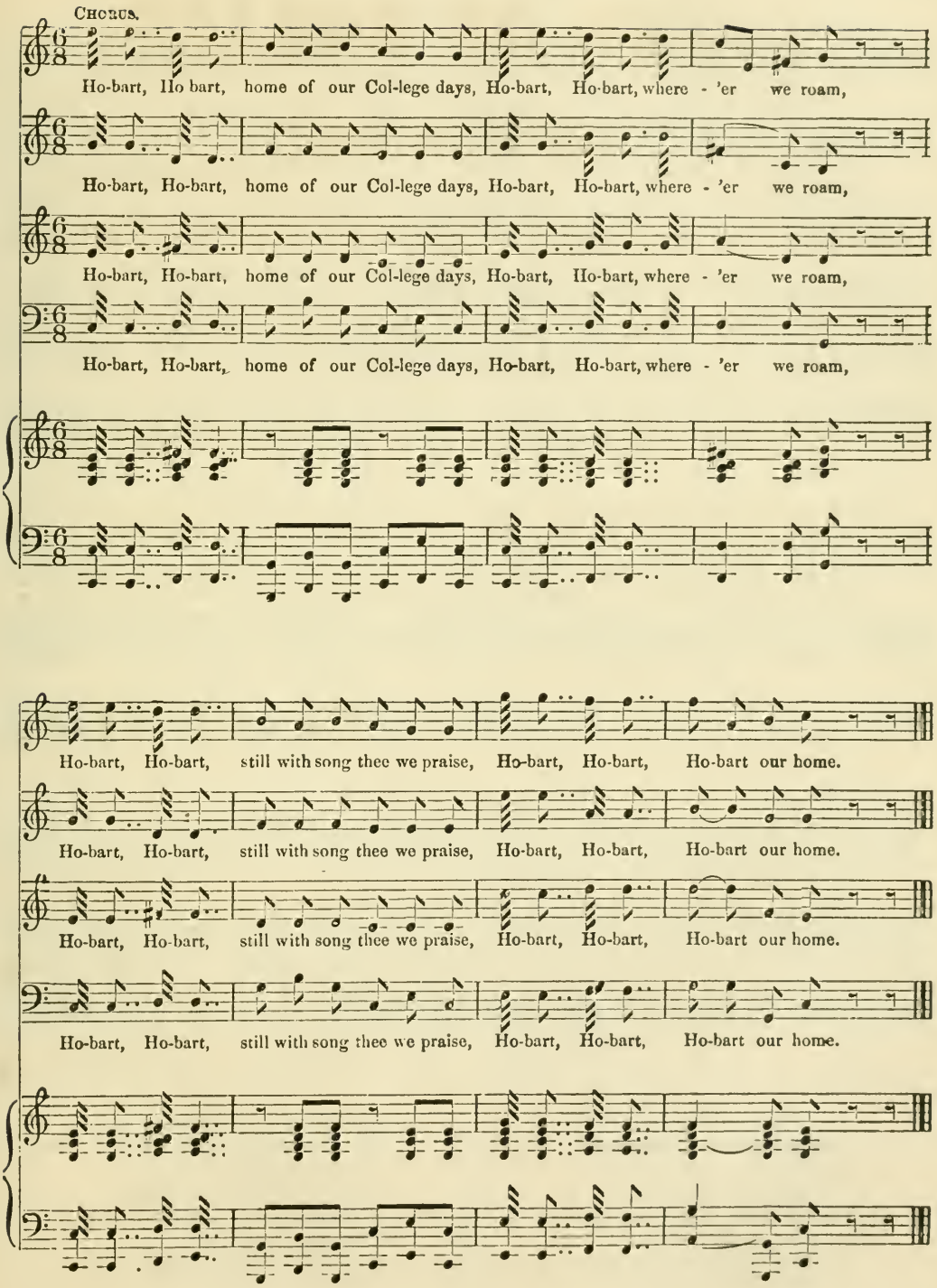
Again the smooth sheen of the calm "Silver Lake"
In beauty is gleaming before us,
The skies, winds, and waters are only awake,
To listen, and join in our chorus.
The pert little waves, gently skipping along,
Make music among the smooth pebbles,
The merry stars, winking, keep time with the song
The wind-harps chime in with their trebles,

CHORUS :—

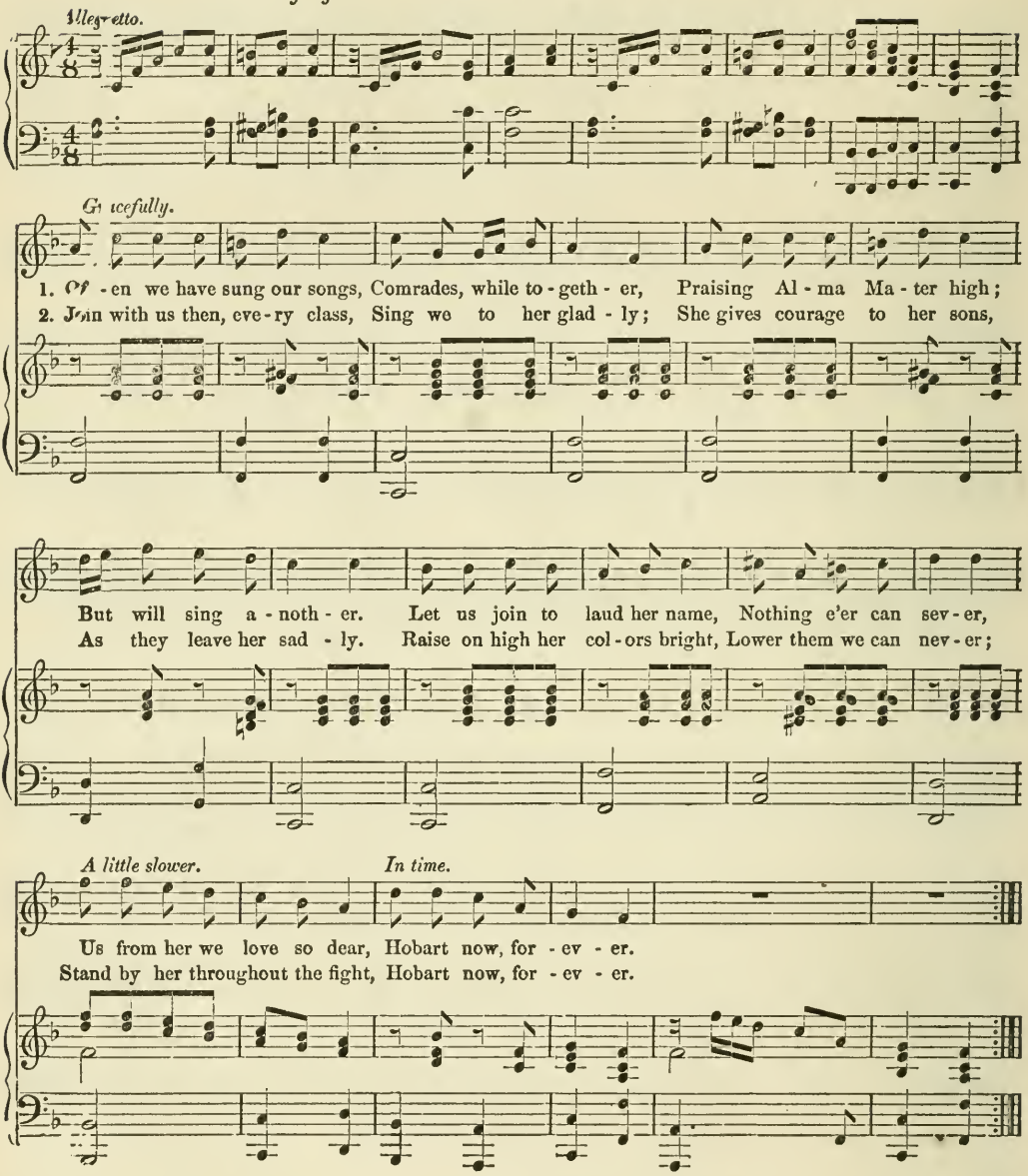
4.

Then shout for Old Hobart, Old Hobart our home,
What memories cluster around her;
Her honor we cherish wherever we roam,
No hate nor detraction shall wound her.
Her star shall shine brighter as others grow dim,
And rise to its zenith of glory;
Her name shall be honored in pæan and hymn,
Her fame shall be cherished in story.

CHORUS :—


Chorus.
Ho-bart, Ho bart, home of our Col-lege days, Ho-bart, Ho-bart, where - 'er we roam,
Ho-bart, Ho-bart, home of our Col-lege days, Ho-bart, Ho-bart, where - 'er we roam,
Ho-bart, Ho-bart, home of our Col-lege days, Ho-bart, Ho-bart, where - 'er we roam,
Ho-bart, Ho-bart, home of our Col-lege days, Ho-bart, Ho-bart, where - 'er we roam,
Ho-bart, Ho-bart, still with song thee we praise, Ho-bart, Ho-bart, Ho-bart our home.
Ho-bart, Ho-bart, still with song thee we praise, Ho-bart, Ho-bart, Ho-bart our home.
Ho-bart, Ho-bart, still with song thee we praise, Ho-bart, Ho-bart, Ho-bart our home.
Ho-bart, Ho-bart, still with song thee we praise, Ho-bart, Ho-bart, Ho-bart our home.

HOBART COLLEGE SONG.

AIR—"*Kitty Ryder.*" INSERTED BY PERMISSION OF ROOT AND CADY.

Allegretto.
Gracefully.
1. Of - en we have sung our songs, Comrades, while to - geth - er, Praising Al - ma Ma - ter high;
2. Join with us then, eve - ry class, Sing we to her glad - ly; She gives courage to her sons,
But will sing a - noth - er. Let us join to laud her name, Nothing e'er can sev - er,
As they leave her sad - ly. Raise on high her col - ors bright, Lower them we can nev - er;
A little slower.
In time.
Us from her we love so dear, Hobart now, for - ev - er.
Stand by her throughout the fight, Hobart now, for - ev - er.

3.

She protects her every son,
Guides him through all danger.
Fits him for his race to run,
Taking him a stranger.
Can we basely then resign,
Cast aside and sever
All those ties we hold so dear?
Hobart, now, forever

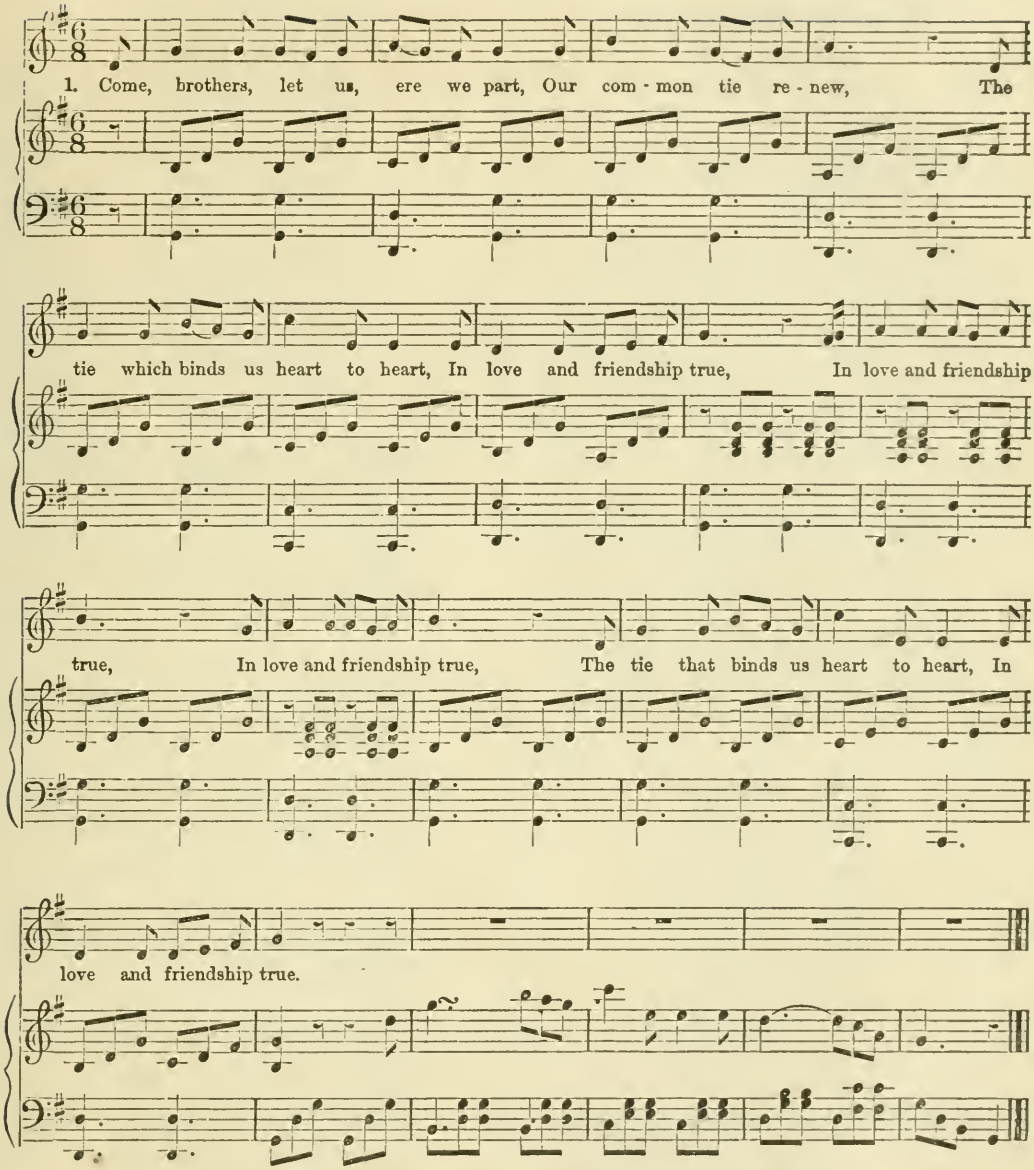
4.

No! but in one friendly grasp
Pledge ourselves to aid her;
View her glory in the past,
Though sometimes upbraid her.
Let us then extol her name,
Nothing e'er can sever
Us from her we love so dear,
Hobart, now, forever!

FAREWELL SONG.

AIR — *"Good-Bye."*

BY W. W.


1. Come, brothers, let us, ere we part, Our com - mon tie re - new, The
tie which binds us heart to heart, In love and friendship true, In love and friendship
true, In love and friendship true, The tie that binds us heart to heart, In
love and friendship true.

2 The pleasures will not ever last
We've had since first we met;
But O! the scenes of the joyous past
We never can forget.
We never can forget, &c.

3 Our hearts more closely will entwine;
We'll gladly labor on;
And every energy combine,
Until the prize is won, &c.

4 But soon these joys will pass away;
The time is drawing nigh,
When, each to each, will sadly say,—
Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye, &c.

5 Then, brothers, let us, ere we part,
Our common tie renew;
The tie which binds us heart in heart,
In love and friendship true,
In love and friendship true, &c.

A SONG OF HOBART.

BY LEWIS HALSEY.

AIR —"*Old Grimes.*"

Old Hobart's halls have ever been
The home of mirth and glee,
And oft reëchoes to the sound
Of college jollity.

2.

Then let the laugh and jest go round,
And mirth be unconfined;
And may the pleasures of this day
In memory be enshrined.

3.

Then let us join to praise the day
That saw us Hobart's sons,—
Of all the students in the land,
The happy favored ones.

4.

And often, as in after years
These happy days come back,
And mem'ry, in her magic car,
Shall take life's olden track,

5.

We'll bless old Hobart's name once more,
As in those happy hours;
Whose mem'ry shall our souls refresh,
As dew the drooping flowers.

ALMA HOBART.

BY LEWIS HALSEY. 68.

AIR.—"*Ellen Bayne.*"

1 Dear Alma Mater,
Hobart our pride,
Thy star shall ever
Shine as our guide,
Where'er our footsteps
On earth shall roam,
Our hearts will ever
Turn to our home.

CHORUS.—Ever turn our thoughts to thee,
Home of mirth and jollity,
Hobart still our song shall be,
Honored and loved!

2 Then in our visions,
Glorious and grand,
Once more within thy
Portals we stand;
Once more around us
Crowd friends of old,
And our embraces,
Loved forms enfold.

CHORUS.

3 While we shall cherish
Friendship and truth,
While live in mem'ry
Day dreams of yor th,
Thy name, Old Hobart,
Our songs shall praise,
Thy joyous pæans,
Glad voices raise. CHORUS.

4 Long may these visions
Gladden our hearts,
With the rich treasures
Mem'ry imparts.
Long may old Hobart,
Be Heaven's bequest,
With greater glory
Live to be blest! CHORUS.

HOBART "PADDLE" SONG.

BY L. H. '68.

1.

We welcome thee, Time-honored Token,
To love which shall never abate.
The bonds of a friendship unbroken
Shall join us in every fate.

2.

Thy fame shall be cherished in story,
While Hobart her name shall retain;
And new pæans be sung in thy glory,
New voices shall join in the strain.

3.

Thy friendship can never deceive us,
We welcome thee home to our hearts,
Misfortune can never bereave us
Of the joy which thy presence imparts.

4.

No τέχνη, no Greek can enslave us,
When the PADDLE hangs over the door:
Thy charm from suspension shall save us,
Conditions shall vex us no more.

5.

Then welcome to friendship unbroken,
To love unembittered by hate;
With a guide in this time-honored token,
We march to a glorious fate.

SIT SALUS PERPETUO.

BY H. R. GIBSON. '62.

MODI:—"*Lauriger Horatius.*"

1 Tollite voces tuas,
Carmina cantate!
Dii nunquam arduas
Nobis res donate!

CHORUS:—Sit salus perpetuo
Omnibus amemus;
Sexaginta et Duo
Sanctum nos servemus!

2 Nobis quae carissimae
Res, Hobartianis?
Virgines dulcissimae,
Carmen, merum, sanis.
Sit salus perpetuo, &c.

3 Ergo imo pectore
Semper pulchra plica!
Multi uno corpore,
Eu! "Eu touto nika!"
Sit salus perpetuo, &c.

CARMEN SALUTATIONIS.

BY B. W. WOODWARD, '62.

AIR—"*Lauriger Horatius.*"

Nunc sodales gaudio
Vinum nos bibamus;
Cantione lepido
Tempus et teramus.
CHORUS.—Vincula sanctissima,
Animis conjungant;
Firma sit concordia,
Fides atque crescant!

Laeti nos convivia
Decus et canamus,
Ac per plena pocula
Noc tene festam agamus.

Fama cum potentia
Verum nos expectat,
Pariter justitia
Cordia defendat.

Alma Mater gloria!
Superat labores;
Tua sapientia
Colligat honores.
CHORUS.—Vincula sanctissima,
Animis conjungant;
Firma sit concordia
Fides atque crescant.

SONG.

BY EDWARD S. LAWSON.

AIR—"*Red White and Blue.*"

1 Old Hobart now towers in glory,
Her radiance glowing afar;
She's famous in deed and in story,
Of Colleges she is the star;
Let us kneel to her laws with devotion,
And be to her faithful and true,
Whilst we ring from far ocean to ocean,
The praises so justly her due.

2 All troubles and sorrowings scorning,
She laughs at the inroads of Time;
And bright as the star of the morning,
She shines in the sky more sublime.
Let us quaff the sweet wine in her honor,
Let's to her firm pledges renew,
May prosperity e'er shine upon her,
And glory on brave Sixty-Two!

SING OUT THE GLAD SONG.

BY B. W. W. '62.

AIR—"*Alma Mater Forever.*"

1 Sing out the glad song to our loved Alma Mater,
Drive sorrows and cares from the heart of each frater,
While loudly we'll sing of the joys yet before us,
And join all our voices in swelling the chorus,—
Hurra! Hurra! Alma Mater Forever,
Hurra! Hurra! Alma Mater Forever.

2 So boldly and manfully ever advancing,
Our labors subduing, our glories enhancing,
Alma Mater, our guardian, shall never deplore us,
But proudly shall look on the Fame that hangs o'er us.

3 United in hand, by true Friendship united,
Right boldly will onward, by nothing affrighted,
New honors achieving, and glories unbounded,
That bards never sung, nor lyre ever sounded,

4 Our banner triumphant and waving high o'er us,
Our star and our motto still shining before us,
Our hearts knit in friendship that nought e'er can sever,
Will join in the shout; Alma Mater Forever!

WHEN FIRST THE SUN HAD RISEN.

BY E. S. LAWSON. '62.

AIR—"*Anne Laurie.*"

1 When first the sun had risen
Upon old Hobart's walls,
Which gazed upon us entering
Within those sacred halls,
Within those sacred halls,
He smiled the brighter far,
For he knew we'd add new lustre
To Hobart's rising star.

2 Like brothers we have wandered,
Both one in heart and hand;
We've passed through joys and troubles
A true and happy band,
A true and happy band,
So let the past e'er glow
With a brightness unsurpassing,
As on through life we go.

3 Fair eyes are o'er us beaming,
Fair hearts beat true and warm,
So let us bow to loveliness,
And kneel to every charm,
And kneel to every charm,
For love alone can shower
That sweet bliss which makes life happy,
And smoothes each passing hour.

MEMORIES.

BY L. S.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

1 Should Time e'er mar this happy band,
With mourning or with grief,
We'll turn—and with no trembling hand—
O'er many a chequered leaf!

2 We meet as classmates, hand in hand,
As classmates will we part;
And Time shall never break the band,
That binds us heart to heart.

3 And fear not! but mid many a blot,
There yet are pages fair;
And flowers which Time can wither not,
Preserved, still fragrant, there.

4 As the still year glides slowly on,
Let Music raise her strain;
And tell of pleasures that are gone,
With those that yet remain.

PARTING SONG.

BY L. S.

AIR—"*Sparkling and Bright.*"

1 The dewy light of the morning bright,
The blush of the summer sunrise,
The purple gleam on cliff and stream,
May pass away as the day dies.

CHORUS—But our gay song we'll roll along,
With its ever swelling chorus;
For Hobart's few shall the world renew,
Like a bow of promise o'er us.

2 The white winged cloud with its misty shroud,
That trails o'er lake and mountain,
May calmly die in the summer sky,
Like the last faint gush of a fountain. CHO.

3 The wreaths of spray that are floating away,
Borne by the wild waves' motion;
As they come and go with a ceaseless flow,
May sink in the troubled ocean. CHO.

4 The gay songs sung, the wild notes flung
Once o'er the Rhone's bright river,
Are heard no more along its shores
Forever and forever. CHO.

5 That sad'ning knell—a last farewell,
The silent tear drop starting;
The trembling grasp of hands that clasp,
All tell us of a parting. CHO.

OUR CLASS.

BY S. W. TUTTLE, '62.

AIR—"*Benny Havens O.*"

1 A dear kind mother Hobart is,
And we good sons will be,
A bright example we will set
The classes yet to be;
That when old things have passed away,
And time shall all renew,
Remembrance may full oft recall,
Our own dear class to view.

CHORUS—Our own, &c.

2 What tho' our Alma Mater boasts
Her many noble boys,
Whose brilliant fame may help to fill
The measure of our joys;
Yet still the roll is incomplete,
Of all her offspring true,
Until she shall inscribe thereon—
Our names, my classmates, too.

CHORUS—Our names, &c.

3 Oh! gallant are the hearts that beat
Amid that youthful throng,
And worthy to inspire the muse
To breathe her noblest song;
Oh! may they ne'er forget to keep
That guiding star in view,
Which shed its silver rays upon
Our class its four years through.

CHORUS—Our class, &c.

4 Then round the hallowed altar
Of friendship let us stand,
And each pledge to the other,
The faith of heart and hand;
To battle on together,
Brave the journey through,
And still remembered, all shall be
When we have said adieu.

CHORUS—When we have said, &c.

Songs of Trinity.

"Come, let us laugh and sing,
And let us merry be;
And loudly let our voices ring
Through good old Trinity."

SONGS OF TRINITY.

LONG LIVE OLD TRINITY.

BY J. H. BROCKLESBY, '65.

AIR—"*Gay and Happy.*"

1 Long shall live our dear old College,
Student life so gay and free,
Drinking at the fount of knowledge,—
Long shall live Old Trinity.

CHORUS.—Long live Trinity! let us twine
Garlands for her brow divine;
Alma Mater, glory to thee,
Long shall live Old Trinity.

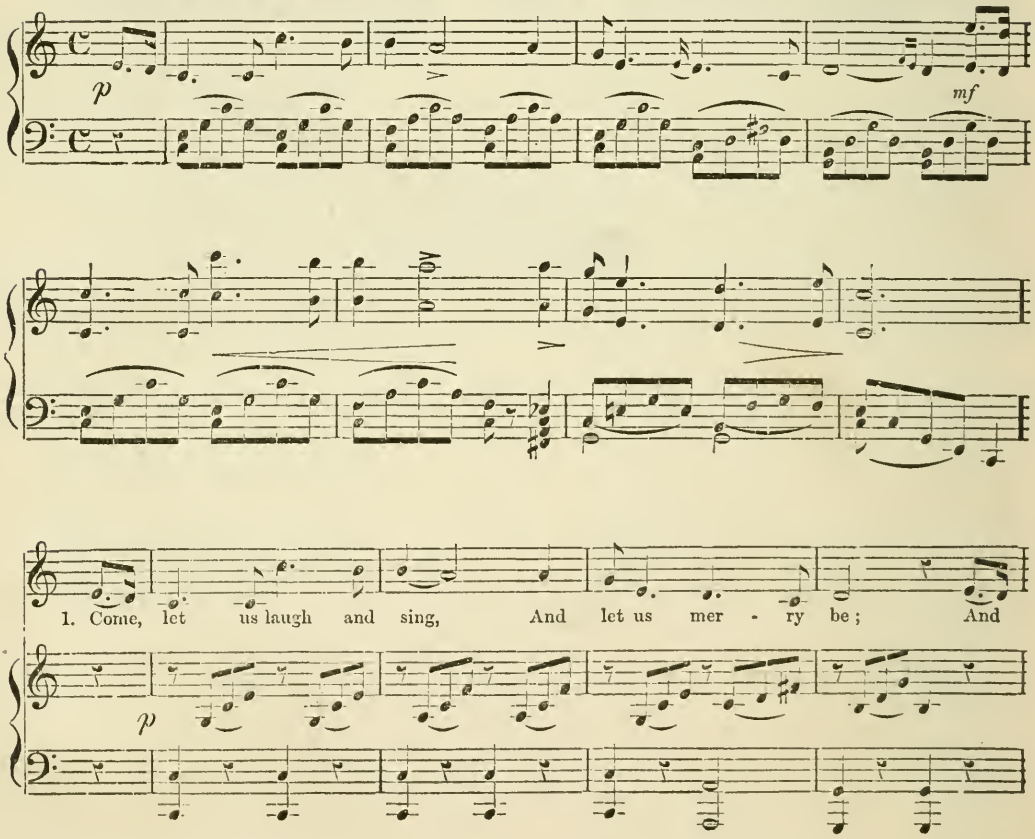
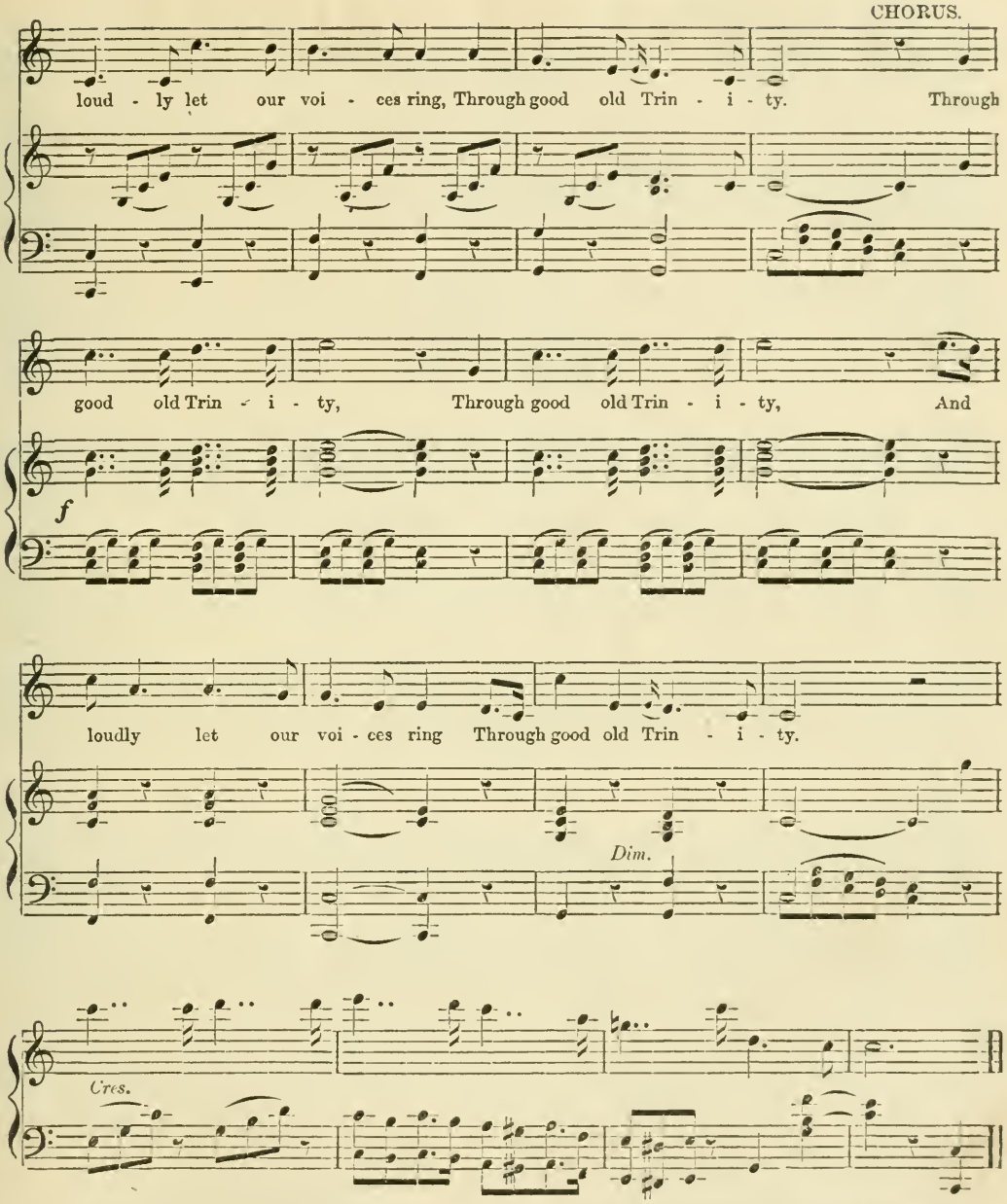
2 While the night-winds breathe their chorus,
Through the clamb'ring vine,
We, the moonbeams watching o'er us,
Student voices intertwine. *Chorus.*

3 Chant the love of Alma Mater,
We who at her altar kneel;
Fondest love, which we'll ne'er barter,
Be with us through woe and weal! *Cho.*

4 Distant waters rippling measure,
Fleeting in their moonlight glee,
Tell us that too soon our pleasure
Ends at dear Old Trinity. *Cho.*

GOOD OLD TRINITY.

AIR—"*Annie Lawrie.*"

WORDS BY JAMES BUCHANAN, '53.


CHORUS.
loud - ly let our voi - ces ring, Through good old Trin - i - ty. Through
good old Trin - i - ty, Through good old Trin - i - ty, And
f
loudly let our voi - ces ring Through good old Trin - i - ty.
Dim.
Cres.

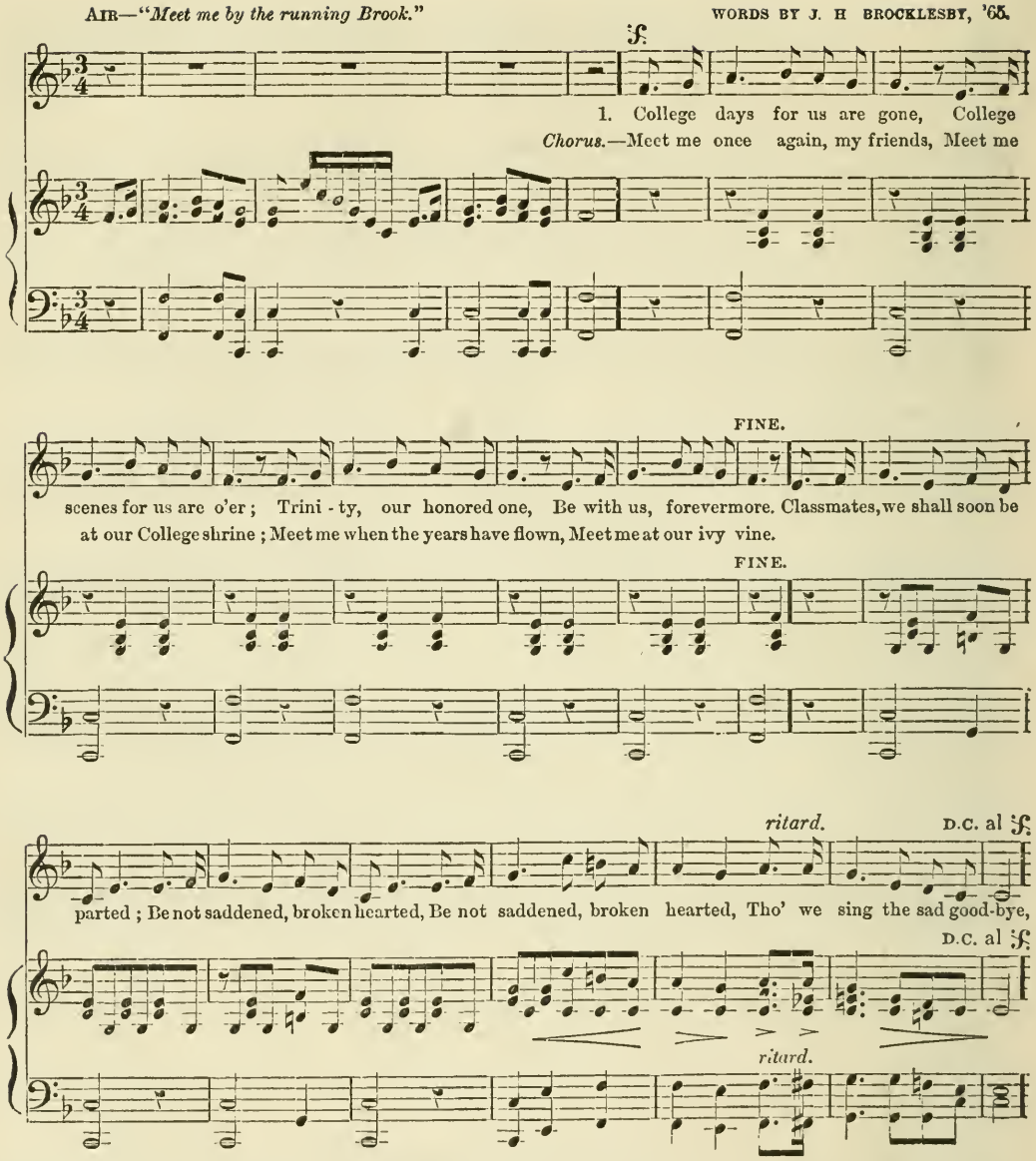
2 'Twill not be long ere we must leave
These good old College halls,
And take our places in the world,
Wherever duty calls.
Chorus.—Wherever duty calls,
Wherever duty calls,
And take our places in the world,
Wherever duty calls.

3 And when at length old age shall come,
And eyes begin to glaze,
With trembling voice we'll sadly hum
The songs of College days.
Chorus.—The songs of College days,
The songs of College days,
With trembling voice we'll sadly hum
The songs of College days.

FAREWELL SONG.

AIR—"*Meet me by the running Brook.*"

WORDS BY J. H BROCKLESBY, '65.


1. College days for us are gone, College
Chorus.—Meet me once again, my friends, Meet me
FINE.
scenes for us are o'er; Trini - ty, our honored one, Be with us, forevermore. Classmates, we shall soon be
at our College shrine; Meet me when the years have flown, Meet me at our ivy vine.
FINE.
ritard.
D.C. al
parted; Be not saddened, broken hearted, Be not saddened, broken hearted, Tho' we sing the sad good-bye,
D.C. al
ritard.

2 Alma Mater, ever be
Faithful to thy trust and aim;
Praise we render unto thee,
Honor to thy sacred name.
Classmates, we shall soon be parted;
Be not saddened, broken-hearted,
Though we sing the sad good-bye.

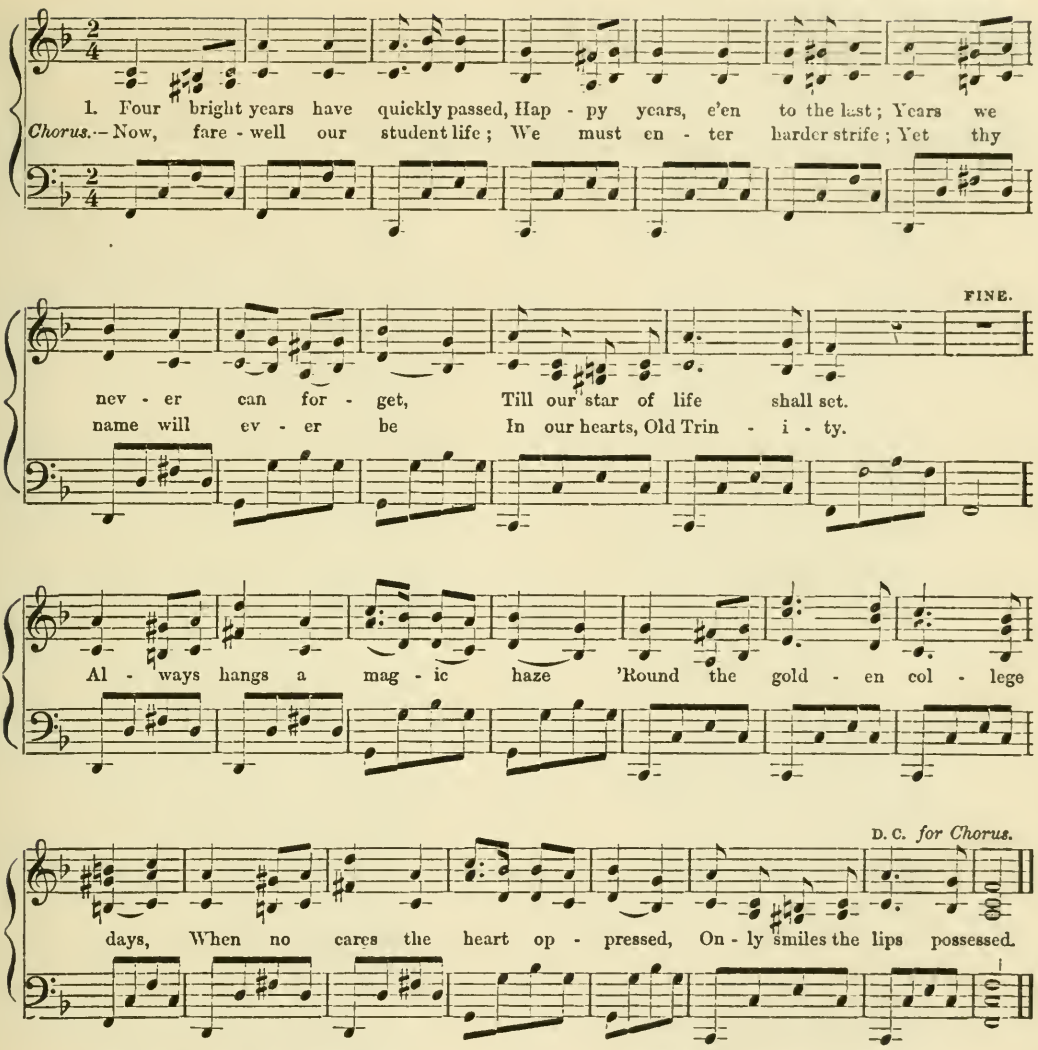
CHORUS.—Meet me, etc.

3 Trinity, to thee good-bye,—
Once our lovely College home;
Yes, we leave thee with a sigh,
Widely o'er the world to roam.
Classmates, we shall soon be parted;
Be not saddened, broken-hearted,
Though we sing the sad good-bye.

CHORUS.—Meet me, etc.

FOUR BRIGHT YEARS.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GEO. G. NICHOLS.


1. Four bright years have quickly passed, Hap - py years, e'en to the last; Years we
Chorus.—Now, fare - well our student life; We must en - ter harder strife; Yet thy
FINE.
nev - er can for - get, Till our star of life shall set.
name will ev - er be In our hearts, Old Trin - i - ty.
Al - ways hangs a mag - ic haze 'Round the gold - en col - lege
D. C. for Chorus.
days, When no cares the heart op - pressed, On - ly smiles the lips possessed.

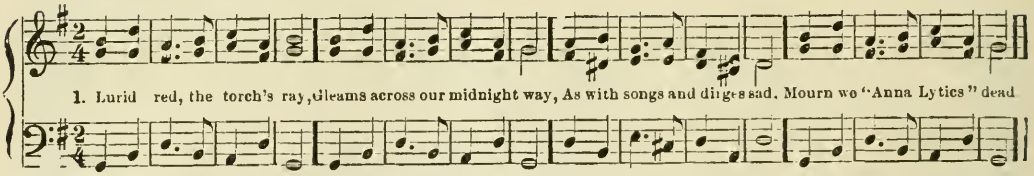
2 Here some hearts have felt the dart,
Fastened there by Cupid's art.
Some the dart transfixed, indeed,
Others, for a moment, bleed.
Some fair image, when we part,
May be found in every heart.
Will some fair one cherish ours,
In her mem'ry's fondest bowers?
CHORUS.—Now, farewell, etc.

3 Through these halls "our war-cry" rang,
Touching serenades we sang.
Always happy, always gay,
Thus the four years passed away.
Merry classmates we have been,
Always "one," without, within,
Bound together by a tie
Which shall now endure for aye.
CHORUS.—Now, farewell, etc.

4 Farewell, now, our transient loves,
Farewell, students, farewell Profs.;
Yet the saddest words we hear,
When we part with classmates dear.
"Sixty-seven" now must part,
With a sad, but hopeful heart.
May our lives hereafter be
Cloudless, as at Trinity.
CHORUS.—Now, farewell, etc.

CONCREMATIO ANNA-LYTICORUM.

AIR—"*Pleyel's Hymn.*" WORDS BY J. B. CHESHIRE.



2 Hushed is now the busy world,
And the day's bright banner furled;
Weeping Sophomores, draw near!
See our "Anna" on her bier.

3 Now, for us, her course is run,
And our weary victory won;
For the gaping Freshman crew,
She shall rise with terrors new.

4 When the greedy flame shall eat
Coffin, pall, and winding sheet,
Still we'll chant our solemn lays,
Mindful of her pristine days.

5 Though, through many a weary night,
She's disturbed our slumbers light,
Yet we'll sing, right mournfully,
"Requiescat in pace."

TRINITY JUBILEE.

AIR—"*I-eel.*" Page 40.

1 To Trinity we came so green,
Softer Freshmen ne'er were seen;
But when the "Annual" was passed,
We all were Sophomores at last.
Chorus.

2 In Sophomore we have our task;
'Tis best performed by torch and mask;
For "Anna" dead, the students mourn,
When to the blazing pyre she's borne. *Cho.*

3 In Junior year we take our ease,
We smoke our pipes, and sing our glees;
For studies we don't care a "cuss,"
But drink to "Areopagus." *Cho.*

4 In Senior year we take our "parts,"
In making love and winning hearts;
The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid our friends farewell. *Cho.*

SONG.

AIR—"*Bounding Billows.*"

1 Conics has forever left us;
He has vanished into air;
Time has blessedly bereft us,
Shout then, loudly! free from care!
Cramming never more need bore us,
When examinations come,
Ponies' backs shall never gore us,—
Classmates! we are truly "some."

2 Sometimes rushed we through the "sections,"
Sometimes fizzled,—sometimes flunked;
Oh! refrain from sad reflections,
For old Conics is defunct.
Let us leave to those behind us,
All our sorrow, all our grief;
Fate for nobler deeds designed us;
Sighing never brings relief.

3 Now no more to recitation,
Leading in our steeds we tread;
Now we'll spend a glad vacation,—
Conics is among the dead!
See! in hottest flames we'll bake him;
Dear "Ellipse" we'll smack once more;
May old "Pluto's" bull-dog shake him,
When he gains the other shore.

INVOCATION.

BY J. W. CLARK, '63.

AIR—"*Annie Lisle.*"

1 Could these nestling boughs above us
Speak, as once of yore,
Mighty oaks of old "Dodona"
Murmured evermore,
They might tell us of the future,
With prophetic sound,
While we listened to their music,
On this classic ground.
Chorus.—Then come, invoke their voices,
From each waving tree;
Let them chant Æolian blessings
For old Trinity.

2 Hear them, when the morning breezes
Shake from leaf and stem,
Many a crystal dewdrop, sparkling
Like some Eastern gem.
They are speaking of the present,
Happy, bright, and new;
While before us, life's broad landscape
Opens to the view.
Cho.—Then come, etc.

3 Many a beacon light seems glimmering
Over Time's dark stream,
And we gaze far down the waters,
Sadly, in a dream;

As again we hear at even,
When the sun has set,
Many a leaflet whispering memories
We would not forget.
Cho.—Then come, etc.

4 When the Autumn's melancholy
Winds begin to sigh,
We shall then alone united,
By the heart's firm tie,
Like those sibyl leaves be scattered,
And no more be found,
Waking echoes in the silence,
On this classic ground.
Cho.—Then come, etc.

CONFLAGRATIO CONICORUM.

AIR—"*Sparkling and bright.*"

1 Gather ye here by the dusky bier,—
Let the requiem deeply roll,
As through the isle of a gothic pile
Swells the dirge for a parted soul.
Chorus.—Then carry him down, tho' dark is the frown
Of the skies, and the shadows grow deeper,
Where the branches nod o'er the dewy sod,
We'll carry, we'll carry the sleeper.

2 Silent we go as the waters flow,
When still is the breath of the evening;
Muffled we tread, as we carry the dead
Where the night may know no breaking.
Cho.—Then carry, etc.

3 Pale is the gleam where the torches stream,
As they flit by the dusky pall,
Like a taper's glance by shield and lance,
In the depths of a castle hall.
Cho.—Then carry, etc.

4 Now cold and dull as a hollow skull,
Are these limbs, since rests the reaper;
No Orphean lyre, no Phœnix fire,
Should e'er wake or rouse the sleeper.
Cho.—Then carry, etc.

5 But grim and pale, in his cloudy vail,
Let him rest, since his march is done,
As a veteran proud whom death hath bowed,
On the field where his fame was won.
Cho.—Then carry, etc.

COME, ALL YE JOLLY SOPHOMORES.

BY A MEMBER OF '57.

AIR—"*Benny Havens, O.*"

1 Come, all ye jolly Sophomores,
Old Conics is no more;
Our ponies now we'll bid adieu,
Our need of them is o'er.
Come, swell a hearty chorus 'round
Our Alma Mater's walls,
And burn the flickering torches near
Her ancient, classic halls.

2 In grandeur towers the funeral pile,
Where Conics meets his fate;
The midnight winds chant requiems,
His death to celebrate.
'Mid smoke and solemn dirge's sound,
A bore we'll send below,
To shadowy realms of Tartarus,
Where Stygian waters flow.

3 The memory of Conics fled
Is now *identified*
With many a glorious morning *nappe*,
And ponies ne'er outvied.
His life, indeed *eccentric*,
To death is *tangent* now;
His *problems* are *elliptical*,
All Soph'mores will allow.

4 Oh, all ye verdant Freshmen, who
Now gaze with wondering eyes
On Conics, as he takes his flight,
And Tartarus descries,—
Remember, while we celebrate
The death of College bore,
For future Soph'mores he's not lost,—
He's only gone before.

5 Then, brothers, join in parting song,
Our Soph'more trials fled;
Old Conics now sleeps peacefully,
In regions of the dead.
And brightly beams our future,
As in Trinity we stand,
With hearts of kindred feeling,
With hand now joined in hand.

CLASS-DAY SONG.

BY J. H. S. QUICK, '58.

AIR—"*Home again.*"

1 Oh, sad each ray which falls to-day
O'er Trinity's proud walls;
For sad doth swell our last farewell,
Which echoes through her halls;
For we must part! deep in each heart,
We heave the parting sigh;
Come, brothers, sing! let these walls ring
With our last, long good-bye.
Chorus.—Good-bye, good-bye! for now at last,
Our noble class must part;
But still shall friendship ever hold
Her reign within each heart.

2 Four summers gay we've passed away,
'Neath Alma Mater's eye;
And now we meet, each one to greet

With our last, sad good-bye.
Though from these homes each classmate roams,
To enter life's long way,
Sweet mem'ry still shall each heart thrill,—
The mem'ry of this day.
Chorus.—Good-bye, etc.

3 Farewell! farewell! that magic spell
Shall hover o'er us all,
When hours sad, with sorrows clad,
Sink down with sable pall;
Yet still that sound shall float around,
Through all life's drear decline,
And still our class will celebrate
The days of Auld Lang Syne.
Cho.—Good-bye, etc.

EVENING HOURS.

BY A MEMBER OF '65.

AIR—"*Sparkling and bright.*"

1 The twilight gaze, with its gentle rays,
O'er Trinity's campus stealing,
Veils the ivied walls of the College halls,
With a mantle half concealing.
The echoing song trips merrily along,
To the notes of her musical laughter,
In pleasure roves through classic groves,
And sings of the bright hereafter.

2 With its liquid rhymes, the river chimes
Bright songs of the evening hours,
While the music-breeze of the campus trees,
Breathes sweetly through these bowers.
Through the azure cloud that seems to shroud
The face of Luna smiling,
The moon-light gleams in silvery beams,
Life's college hours beguiling.

3 Shining afar, each diamond star
Of Night's bright-jeweled crown,
Each precious gem of the diadem,
In beauty-light looks down.
But these evening hours, like the fairy flowers
That float on the sparkling river,
In their silent flight soon fade from sight,
And are lost to us forever.

PARTING SONG.

AIR—"*Auld lang syne.*"

1 Four years of life have passed away,
Since first, poor "Fresh," we strayed,
Where mirth and learning hold their sway,
Beneath this classic shade.
Chorus.—For auld lang syne, my friends,
For auld lang syne,
We'll aye leave kindly hearts and hands
For auld lang syne.

2 And now the word that sadly falls,—
We meet to say Farewell,
And loud through Trinity's old halls,
One parting song to swell. *Cho.*

3 "All hail to Trinity," we sing,
"Old Mother, staunch and true,
May added years fresh honor bring,
And still her age renew." *Cho.*

2 Then once again in friendly grasp,
Classmates, our hands we'll join,
And sing, while hand in hand we clasp,—
These days of "auld lang syne." *Cho.*

VALE.

BY J. J. MC COOK, '63.

AIR—"*Lauriger Horatius.*"

1 Trinitatis filii
Hic beate visimus,
Nunc ponendi hederem,
Tempus est quod diximus.
Chorus.—Trinitatis filii
Nunc appropinquemus,
Immortali hedera
Matrem coronemus.

2 Tempus est tristitiæ,
Nobis nam linquendum
Omnes quos amavimus;
Vale et dicendum. *Cho.*

3 Vale mater Trinititæ
Valete Professores,
Valeatis socii,
Etiam sorores. *Cho.*

4 Hæcce vitis parvula,
Posita a nobis,
Quanquam vos relinquimus,
Nos ligabit vobis. *Cho.*

SONGS OF AMHERST.

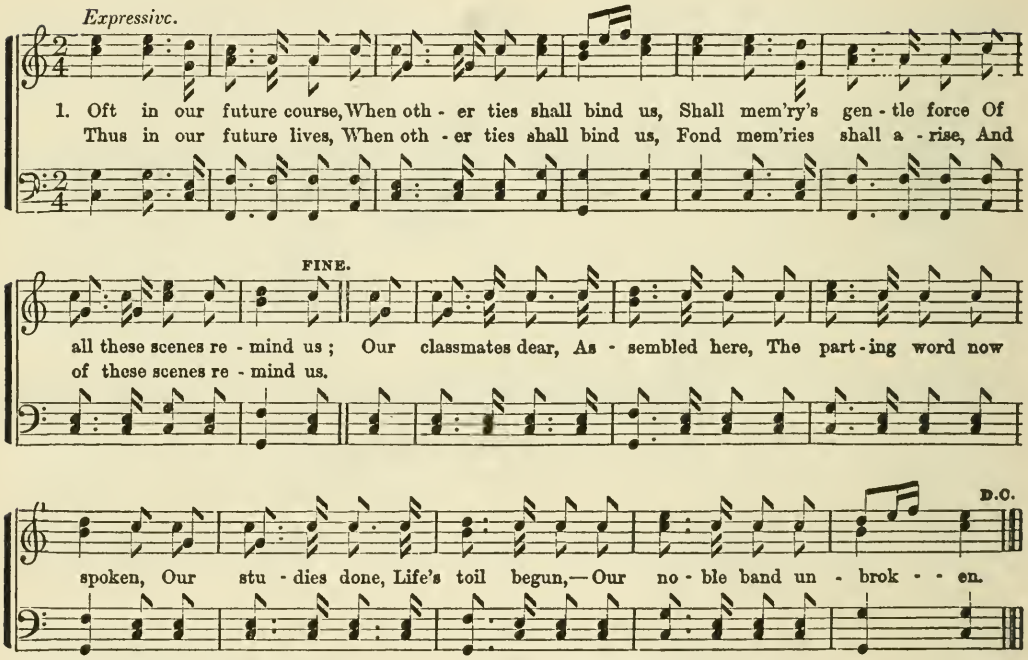
"Sing in the morning's rosy light,
Sing through the star-lit hours of night,
Sing of old Amherst's vale and sky,
And the mountains grand that round her lie."

SONGS OF AMHERST.

OFT IN OUR FUTURE COURSE.

A PARTING SONG.

AIR—*"Oft in the Stilly Night.*


Expressive.
1. Oft in our future course, When oth - er ties shall bind us, Shall mem'ry's gen - tle force Of
Thus in our future lives, When oth - er ties shall bind us, Fond mem'ries shall a - rise, And
FINE.
all these scenes re - mind us; Our classmates dear, As - sembled here, The part - ing word now
of these scenes re - mind us.
D.C.
spoken, Our stu - dies done, Life's toil begun,—Our no - ble band un - brok - - en.

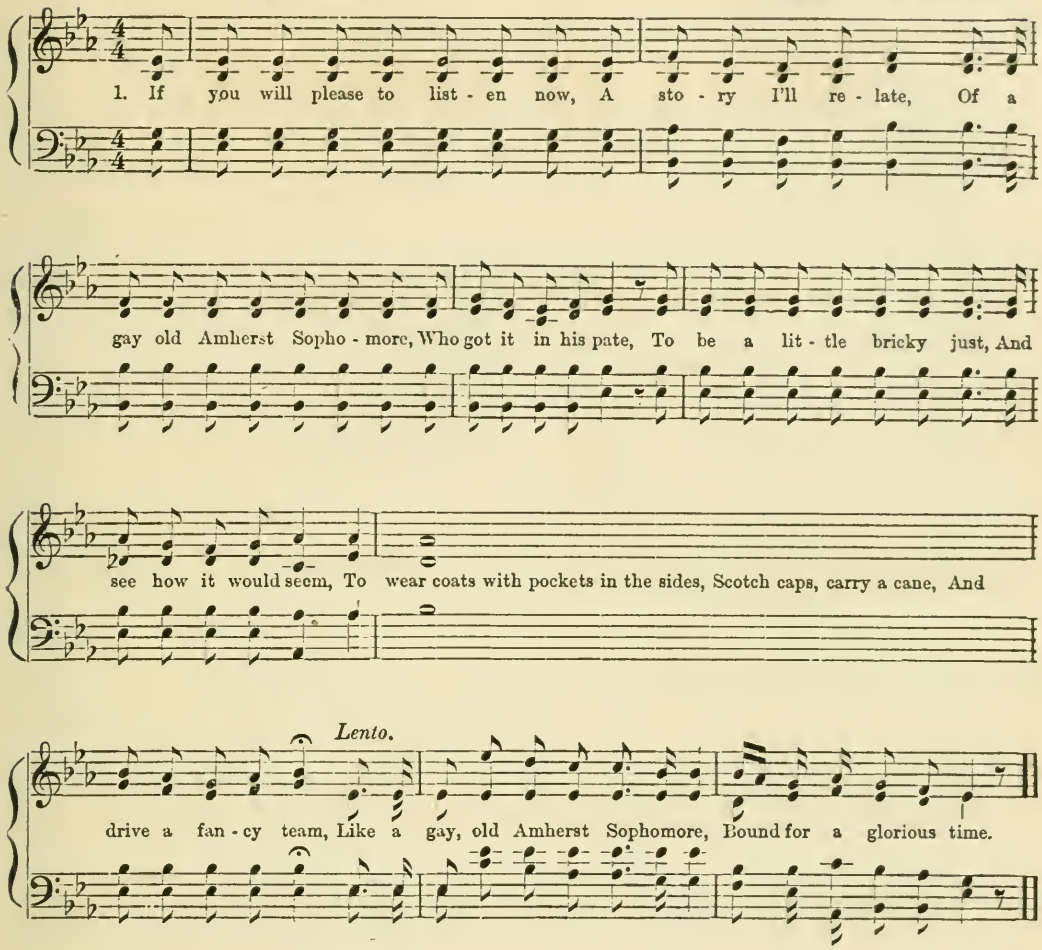
2 When we remember those
Young hearts with ours united,
Who, ere our journey's close,
In bloom of youth were blighted;
We'll drop a tear
Upon their bier,
While fondly we will cherish
Their blooming youth,
Their spotless truth,
Nor let their memories perish.
Thus we'll remember those
Young hearts with ours united,
Who, ere our journey's close,
In bloom of youth were blighted.

3 Then oft in future years,
When other ties shall bind us,
With mingled smiles and tears
We'll of these scenes remind us.
Our classmates dear,
Who with us here
Have trod life's path together.
And in our heart
Shall e'er have part,
And be forgotten never.
Thus oft in future years,
When other ties shall bind us,
With mingled smiles and tears
We'll of these scenes remind us.

THE GAY OLD AMHERST SOPHOMORE.

AIR — *"Fine old Irish gentleman."*

WORDS BY AN ALUMNUS.


1. If you will please to list - en now, A sto - ry I'll re - late, Of a
gay old Amherst Sopho - more, Who got it in his pate, To be a lit - tle bricky just, And
see how it would seem, To wear coats with pockets in the sides, Scotch caps, carry a cane, And
Lento.
drive a fan - cy team, Like a gay, old Amherst Sophomore, Bound for a glorious time.

2 And first he got a fine meerschaum,
All colored up in style;
And then, to make his head complete,
He crowned it with a tile;
And further still, unsatisfied,
He added bricks to that,
Until people who saw him pass in the street,
Exclaimed, Oh! what a hat!
Like a gay, old Amherst Sophomore,
Bound for a glorious time.

3 Ah well! he built his mansion up,
Of brick, so hard and dried,
And laid the mortar on so thick,
His friends were mortified;
The College Fathers thought it o'er,
And after calm debate,
They concluded that if they could get any kind old minister, up country, to devote his attention to him, and save them the trouble,
He'd better rusticate,
Like a gay, old Amherst Sophomore,
Bound for a glorious time.

MORAL.

4 And now, ye Amherst Sophomores,
Pray listen unto me;
Don't smoke a colored meerschaum pipe,
Nor let your spirits free;
Put all your fancy clothes away,
Your tile upon a shelf,
And if you wish to merit the approbation of the better part of mankind,
Oh! pray don't be yourself,
Like a gay, old Amherst Sophomore,
Bound for a glorious time.

BIENNIAL SONG.

AIR—"*Away with Melancholy.*" Page 172.

1 Our college days are fleeting,
Like the early flowers of spring,
And joyful is our greeting,
As we merrily, merrily sing—Dah, dah.
Our pathway blooms with flowers,
But thorns are mingled in;
We have some bitter hours,
But still we merrily sing—Dah, dah.

2 We came a band of strangers,
Fresh from the joys of home,
And fearing many dangers,
We dared not sing alone—Dah, dah.
But now we're a band of brothers,
And gaily meet to-night;
While caring nought for others,
We'll sing till morning light—Dah, dah.

3 Then bravely fill your glasses,
And a bumper drink with me!
Here's a health to the rosy lasses,
We hope so soon to see—Hurrah!
O, who can tell the treasure
In a blushing maiden's eye,
Or the depth of love can measure,
In every gentle sigh—Ha, ha!

4 Then hurrah for a glad vacation,
For two years' work is done;
We may meet in a closer relation
When two years more are gone—Hurrah!
And long may we remember
This joyous festal day,
While now, till next September,
To each and all we say—Good-bye.

COLLEGE GROVE.

BY GEO. G. PHIPPS, '62.

AIR—"*Rock of Liberty.*"

1.

O the green old Grove, the College Grove,
As grand as the bowers where the muses rove,
Whose boughs have swung through the long years past,
In the zephyr's breath and the tempest's blast!
O, where are those who beneath thy shade,
Thro' these years have swung, and leaped, and played?
As thy leaves have fallen year by year,
They have gone, all gone—
Their voices ring not here.

2.

O the green old Grove, the College Grove,
With crown of the pine and chestnut wove,
Whose giant frame and whose arms of might
With the mightiest storm can wage the fight!
O, hardier yet are the gallant ones
Once nurtured here as the College sons,
And with toils more fierce than their sports of youth,
Do they fight, now fight—
In the world for Right and Truth!

3.

Then long, old Grove, may the shouts resound,
And the brave youths sport on thy 'chanted ground;
May thy shadows ever dance and play
On our College grounds, as they do this day!
And when the wintry storm shall rave,
And thy roar resounds like the ocean wave,
May thy voice ennerve each College son,
"Stand firm, stand firm—
Till the *storm of life is done!*"

LONELY ROUND THE PORTALS.

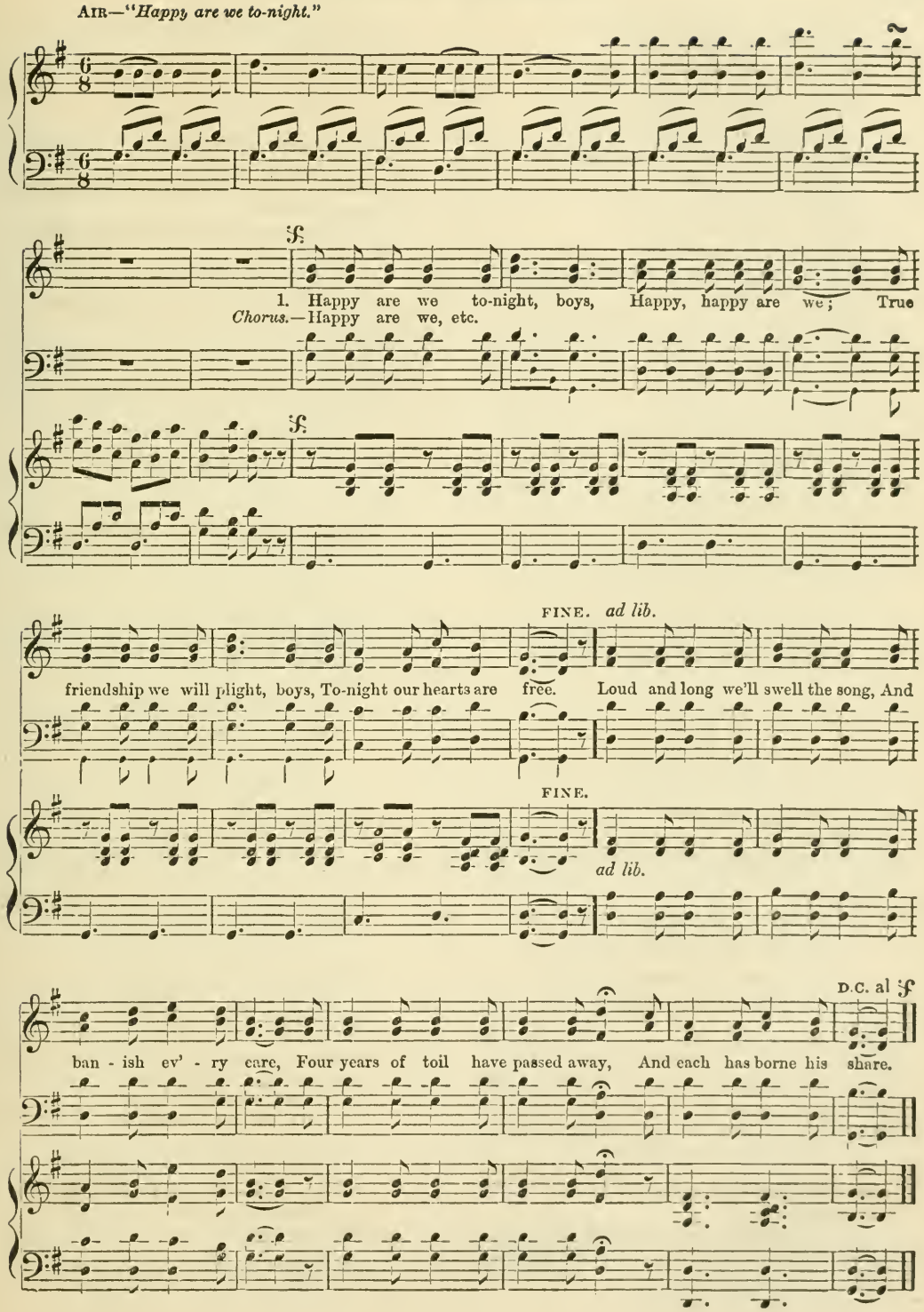
AIR—"*Rosalie, the Prairie Flower.*"

1 Lonely round the portals,
Of the College halls,
Is the fading twilight,
Soft that falls;
Lonely are the whispers of the summer breeze,
Breathing through the listening trees.
And no manly voices,
'Mid the jovial throng,
Stay the lingering night-wind
With their song,
For the merry singers all are gathered here,
Crowning friendship ever dear.
Chorus.—Wreathe then the ivy, fadeless for aye,
Twined with the myrtle, rose and bay;
Fairy eyes are gleaming bright with beauty's power
Ruling now the happy hour.

2 Vacant are the windows,
Where the blue-eyed maid
Listened to the deep-voiced
Serenade.
While the flute notes swelling on the evening air,
Lightly stirred her clustering hair.
And no fair hand waving
Through the leafy screen,
Gleaming in the moonlight,
Now is seen;
For the gentle listeners come in beauty's power
Here to crown the festal hour.
Chorus.—Wreathe then the ivy, etc.

HAPPY ARE WE.

AIR—*"Happy are we to-night."*


1. Happy are we to-night, boys, Happy, happy are we; True
Chorus.—Happy are we, etc.
FINE. ad lib.
friendship we will plight, boys, To-night our hearts are free. Loud and long we'll swell the song, And
FINE.
ad lib.
D.C. al
ban - ish ev' - ry care, Four years of toil have passed away, And each has borne his share.

2 Many an hour has been sad, boys,
Many, many an hour;
But now our hearts are glad, boys,
And sadness has no power;
To-night our souls together blend,
Together blend and flow,
As rain-drops from the skies unite,
And into rivers grow.
Chorus.—Happy are we, etc.

3 Time ever hurries fast, boys,
Rapidly hurries away;
And soon these scenes will be past, boys,
For time will never delay.
We soon shall tread the glowing sands,
Each one to strive alone;
But here we've trod together, boys,
And into manhood grown.
Cho.—Happy are we, etc.

4 Never, where'er we rove, boys,
Where'er our lot is cast,
Shall memory cease to love, boys,
To linger round the past.
Age may come and bring us cares,
And time may make us sad;
But we to-night can joyfully sing,
For all our hearts are glad.
Cho.—Then merrily sing to-night, boys,
Happy, happy are we;
True friendship we will plight, boys,
To-night our hearts are free.

ODE.

BY ALBERT BRYANT, '62.

AIR—"*John Brown.*"

All the fullness of the summer bids us stay among the flowers;
All the wisdom of the sages calls to us from yonder towers;
We can catch their blessings only in the hurry of the hours,
While we are marching on.
See! O see the banners flowing!
Hark! O hear the bugles blowing!
Lo! where cannon-mouths are glowing!
Thank God! we're marching on!

Like Homeric gods, reclining while the battle round them rolls,
We have quaffed the purple nectar and with garlands crowned our bowls;
But the 'Help us' of the Nations is a ringing in our souls,
While we are marching on.

Hands of clay to-day are sundered, but Life's viewless shuttles run,
Ever weaving in the silence all our purposes in one.
Through the gush of tears that blinds us we may hail the work begun,
While we are marching on.

O my brothers! wherefore linger? though the future be unknown,
Thro' the ages cries Messiah, "History is all my own!"
He the solitude transfigures, we shall never be alone,
While we are marching on.

Press we onward then, my brothers! until conquerors of Doom,
Through the shadow of the Cypress, through the gateway of the Tomb,
We again shall greet each other where the thorns with roses bloom,
Forever marching on.

Louder rings the call to battle! Hear the drums around us beat!
Lingering farewells bring but sorrow. On! the glorious signal greet;
In our hands together clasping once again our hearts shall meet,
And we go marching on.

HIP HURRAH!

Oh 'tis my delight at the dead of night,
When the gas-light glimmers and the town is still,
With a bat and stick, and a foot that's quick,
And a heart that knows no ill.
Cho.—Hip Hurrah! Hip Hurrah!
When the gas-light glimmers, and the people are a-bed,
Hip Hurrah! Hip Hurrah!
Rat trap merrily we tread.

SLEIGHING SONG.

BY C. H. SWEETSER, '62.

AIR—"*Sparkling and bright.*"

1 Gliding along like a fairy song,
Or the mist at early dawning,
We leave behind the trackless wind,
And speed away till morning.
Cho.—For the moon is bright, and our hearts are light,
So shout to joys before us;
In waves prolong the gladsome song,
For welcome skies are o'er us.

2 Bards may sing with a musical ring,
To their love for a summer's day,
But better for me the crystal sea,
With a ride in a bouncing sleigh.
Cho.—Then pour the song in waves along,
For the skies are blue above us;
And far away by the golden day,
We've many a friend to love us.

3 What a ditty swells to the jingling bells,
As we list their merry chiming,
Like the sweet aspires of seraph choirs,
'Neath the cloud with a silver lining
Cho.—Then pour the song, etc.

4.—In yonder cells the debauchee dwells,
On his pallet of straw reclining;

But we see no form of a threatening storm,
Save the cloud with a silver lining.
Cho.—Then pour the song, etc.

ODE.

BY E. P. DYER, JR., '61.

1 As mounts the sun the Eastern sky,
Amid a thousand hues,
He puts to flight the shades of night,
And drinks the sparkling dews,—
So glorious truth shall rise and shine
To light Earth's moral sky,
Till beams divine, from Error's shrine
Shall bid the darkness fly.

2 Then, brothers, take your weapons up!
For glorious strife prepare!
Against the wrong be brave and strong
And valiant everywhere,—
Your banner's motto, "Simple Truth;"
Your sword, the mighty Pen;
And your defence, the Eloquence
Of love to God and men.

3 Then, boldly gird your armor on,
And bear a helping hand,
Prepared to fight the foes of Right,
Who dare the Truth withstand:
For they the victory ne'er shall win,
Though leagued with Wrong and Might,
For Power must yield to Truth the field,
And Wrong must bow to Right.

OLD AMHERST BRAVE.

BY C. H. SWEETSER, '62.

1 Our College Home! our College Home!
Shrine of the true and brave;
Thy banner words are truth and love;
Long may their ensign wave!
Great is the crown of grand renown
That sits upon thy brow;
We'll shout and sing, and shout again,
Hurrah for Amherst now!
Old Amherst brave! old Amherst free!
Thy many sons are praising thee!

2 Our College Home! our College Home!
Fountain of joy and peace,
With every turn of time's great wheel,
Thy noble sons increase;
Thy crystal sails, spread to the gales,
Fill to the ruthless wind,
Yet hold the mast till storms are past,
And raging blasts decline;
Old Amherst brave! old Amherst free!
Thy many sons are praising thee.

3 Our College Home! our College Home!
Long may thy ensign wave,
Till every heart shall courage take,
To see that banner brave;
Swell high the strain, roll round again,
About old Amherst's brow,
The laurel vine we'll gladly twine,
And shout for Amherst now!
Old Amherst free! old Amherst brave!
Long may thy favored ensign wave!

SING! SING!

BY GEO. G. PHIPPS, '62.

1 Sing! sing! let music ever ring,
Around, around our college walls;
Where the strength and pride of youth have met,
Where the cares of life lie lightly yet,
Where the hours trip on with flying feet,
And the merry laugh makes the echoes sweet.

2 Sing a song of our work for future life,
And cheer the heart for the earnest strife;
Sing of all our sorrows, hopes, and joys,
Sing of all that we love as college boys.

3 Sing in the morning's rosy light,
Sing through the star-lit hours of night;
Sing of old Amherst's vale and sky,
And the mountains grand that around her lie.

4 Sing of her golden sunset's magic power,
To stir the soul at the evening hour;
In summer's heat or winter's chill,
Still let song-echoes round us thrill.

VIVE LE CAPITAINE JOHN.

AIR—"*Vive l'amour.*"

1 In ye days when ye Salvages lived in ye land;
Vive le Capitaine John!
And ye Injun papooses dug holes in ye sand;
Vive le Capitaine John!
A mayden was born of ye cannibal race,
Who delighted not in ye fighte or chase,
But loved to view ye jovial face
Of ye jollie Capitaine John.

2 But now, as the legend doth truly relate,
Vive le Capitaine John!
Poor Johnnie was taken and doomed to his fate;
Vive le Capitaine John!
He was doomed to be hung, or be knocked on ye head
By ye salvage adze of ye Injuns red,
Until indeed he was dead-dead-dead!
Vive le Capitaine John!

3 Now Pocahontas hearing ye vote;
Vive le Capitaine John!
She took some birch barque and thereupon wrote
"Vive le Capitaine John!
If you'll promise to give your heart to me,
You shall keep your head, and go scott free
And together we'll live, right jollilie,"
Vive le Capitaine John!

4 But Johnnie, ye gay deceiver, alas!
Vive le Capitaine John!
When he'd saved his scalp, it came to pass,
Vive le Capitaine John!
He packed up his trunk and fled from the shore,
And left Pocahontas his loss to deplore,
While Johnnie was more than "*half seas o'er*,"
Vive le Capitaine John!

GYMNASIUM SONG.

AIR—"*Marching along.*"

The whistle is sounding! fall in while it calls.
Away for the ropes, and the bars, and the balls!
The rattle of pins and the rumble of weights
Will frighten the shears from the hands of the fates.
Cho.—Marching along with shouting and song;
March of the muscle and the march of the mind.
The age is awaking! though tradition is strong,
We've sifted the past, and we've left it behind.

No more we'll grow double o'er parchment and tome;
Clear brains in strong frames outlive Athens and Rome,
And health must exult in the pulse and the page
That marches along with this glorious age.
Cho.—Marching along, etc.

Oh, welcome the heat, and the hurry, and strife,
The wrestle and race, the Gymnasium of Life!
The rattle of pins and the rumble of weights
Shall frighten the shears from the hands of the fates.
Cho.—Marching along, etc.

FIRST TIME I SAW A TUTOR.

BY W. M. POMEROY, '61.

AIR—"*A little more cider.*"

1 First time I saw a tutor,
'Twas at Old Amherst College;
Oh, how it made me stare, to see
A man with so much knowledge;
I looked at him, he looked at me,
And then he turned around;
He looked upon the sky above,
And I looked on the ground.
Chorus.—Oh, a little more mathematics,
And a little more Latin too;
A little more Greek, five times a week,
And then, my boys, we're through.

2 Since then I've seen them often,
I could not tell how many;
Oh, what a happy boy I'd be
If I had not seen any.
They've fizzled me in Algebra,
And flunked me in Surveying;
The only thing that I surveyed,
Was girls who were a Maying.
Cho.—Oh, a little more mathematics, etc.

I'M DREAMING NOW OF HADLEY.

BY F. W. ADAMS, '62.

AIR—"*Listen to the Mocking Bird.*"

1 I'm dreaming now of Hadley,
South Hadley, South Hadley,
I'm dreaming now of Hadley,
And my cousins all so blooming and so fair;
And the time would pass most sadly,
Most sadly, most sadly,
And the time would pass most sadly,
Were it not that I could meet my cousins there.
Chorus.—Listen to the zephyr's tale,
Listen to the zephyr's tale,
The zephyrs speak in murmuring accents near;
Listen to the zephyr's tale,
Listen to the zephyr's tale,
They bring my cousin's whispers to my ear!

2 The mountains ne'er shall sever,
Shall sever, shall sever,
The mountains ne'er shall sever
Our hearts so firmly bound in friendship's ties;
But may my heart forever,
Forever, forever,
But may my heart forever,
Be near the cousins I so highly prize!
Cho.—Listen to the zephyr's tale, etc.

3 When I part with College sadly,
Ah sadly, too sadly,
When I part with College sadly,
And these halcyon days will be forever gone.—
I'll take the road to Hadley,
South Hadley, South Hadley,
I'll take the road to Hadley,
And with a cousin take my journey home.
Cho.—Listen, etc.

CHINGERY CHAN.

1 In China there lived a little man,
His name it was Chingery-ri-chan-chan;
His feet were large and his head was small,
And this little man had no brains at all.
Chorus.—Chingery—rico—rico—day,
Ekel-tekel. Happy man!

Kuan—a—desco—canty—o,
Gallopy—wallopy—china—go.

3 Miss Sky-high she was short and squat;
She had money, which he had not;
To her he then resolved to go,
And play her a tune on his little banjo.
Cho.—Chingery, etc.

3 Miss Sky high heard his notes of love;
She held her wash-bowl up above;
She poured it on the little man,
And that was the end of Chingery-chan.
Cho.—Chingery—rico—rico—day,
Ekel-tekel. Injured man!
Kuan—a—desco—canty—o,
Gallopy—wallopy—china—go.

THE GIANT OF ELD.

BY J. W. WARD, '60.

AIR—"*Litoria.*"

1 Listen now, and we will tell,
Swee de la wee dum bum,
Of what in ancient times befell,
Swee de la wee dum bum,
Befell the world in days of old,
Swee de la wee chu hi ra sah,
Before its surface had got cold,
Swee de la wee dum bum.
Chorus.—Litoria, Litoria, swee de la wee chu hi ra sah,
Litoria, Litoria, swee de la wee dum bum.

2 A giant tall and a giant grim,
With stalwart frame and mighty limb,
Stepped on the crust when it was hot,
It cracked, and lava filled the lot.
Cho.—Litoria, etc.

3 No shoes they had in days of yore,
So the giant screamed and the giant swore;
For he blistered his feet, and made them sore,
So round the earth he raved and tore.
Cho.—Litoria, etc.

4 The crust grew rough, as round about,
He wildly leaped in his frenzied rout;
The valleys sank, and the mountains rose,
Under the touch of the giant's toes.
Cho.—Litoria, etc.

5 And as he made a plunging leap,
Old Nonotuck rose in a rugged heap;
And all the mountains, big and small,
Came piling up as his feet did fall.
Cho.—Litoria, etc.

6 Then sing the giant of olden time,
And weave his dance in college rhyme
And sing his praises near and far,
And put his name in the next "Kai Gar."
Cho.—Litoria, etc.

WE GATHER HERE.

BY W. IRVING ALLEN, '62.

AIR—"*Sparkling and bright.*"

1 We gather here with festive cheer,
To drown all care and sorrow;
And the happiest he whose thought is free
From care for aught to-morrow.
Chorus.—Then fill our glass
To the rosy lass
Whose eye with love is flashing,
A beacon light
To cheer our sight,
As o'er life's wave we're dashing.

2 We'll fling our sails to the moving gales
That waft to the land of pleasure.
And on the tide will gaily ride,
To seek its richest treasure.
Cho.—Then fill our glass, etc.

3 Oh, if our mirth can lift from earth
This blinding mist of error,
We here awhile will thus beguile
Old Time of half his terror.
Cho.—Then fill our glass, etc.

JOYOUS AND FREE.

BY E. P. DYER, JR., '61.

AIR—"*Sparkling and bright.*"

1 Joyous and free our hearts shall be,
At the festal board regaling;
We've escaped the storm, and our hearts are warm
As our ship goes onward sailing.
Chorus.—Then sing to-night, for our hearts are light,
And we feel not a pang of sorrow;
For our ship floats gay thro' the bright sea-spray
And we hope for a fair to-morrow.

2 Our gallant craft at the billows laughed,
When they rose like mountains o'er us;
She stood the strife like a thing of life,
As she cast the spray before us.
Cho.—Then sing to-night, etc.

3 When the thunders roared and the waters poured,
She rejoiced, to the music dancing;
And she left a trail as white as a sail,
Or the foam of a war-horse prancing.
Cho.—Then sing, etc.

4 We are sailing on by the zephyrs blown,
And the distant port we're nearing·

Our banner free floats o'er the sea,
Like a bird on the wing careering.
Cho.—Then sing, etc.

5 Then rejoice anew, our exulting crew,
Hope on from the morn to the even;
When our sails are furled for another world,
May we sing on the shore of heaven.
Cho.—Then sing to-night, for our hearts are light,
And we feel not a pang of sorrow;
We've escaped the storm, and our hearts are warm,
And we hope for a fair to-morrow.

REMARKABLE.*

AIR—"*Vive l'amour.*"

1 We'll sing you a very remarkable song,
Vive l' Sixty-five!
Remarkably loud and remarkably long,
Vive l' Sixty-five!
'T was writ with a very remarkable pen,
In a very remarkable Junior den,
And is all about remarkable men,
Vive l' Sixty-five!

2 We've passed some very remarkable years;
Vive l' Sixty-five!
Together we've shed remarkable tears;
Vive l' Sixty-five!
Remarkable tears and remarkable joys,
Indulged by quite remarkable boys,
Who are bound to make a remarkable noise,
Vive l' Sixty-five!

3 We've studied some very remarkable books,
Vive l' Sixty-five!
And some remarkably "Bohny" in looks,
Vive l' Sixty-five!
We're altogether a remarkable crew;
We've kept remarkable facts in view,
But found out nothing remarkably new,
Vive l' Sixty-five!

4 Then sing remarkably loud again,
Vive l' Sixty-five;
Remarkable sons of remarkable men,
Vive l' Sixty-five!
May we all be blest with remarkable wives,
And live, if we can, remarkable lives,
Till each at remarkable fame arrives,
Vive l' Sixty-five!

* To be sung for the appropriate year.

SING TANGENT, CO-TANGENT.

BY F. BROWNING, '61.

AIR—"*Villikens and his Dinah.*"

There was a Professor in New York did dwell;
His name it was Loomis, we know him quite well!
He wrote a big treatise on angles and lines,
With chapters on spheres, surveying, and sines.
Chorus.—Sing tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine.
Sing tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine.
Sing tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine.
Sing tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine.

Prof. Coffin, from cones cut by planes that passed thro',
Made all kinds of figures that ever he knew,
Some round, like an apple, some shaped like an egg,
Some rounded like sand hills, some pointed like pegs.
Cho.—Sing origin, focus, directrix and curve. || *Quater.*

Old Robinson added the third of the three,
An Algebra hard as the hardest could be,
With theorems difficult, problems like steel,
Intended of course for the students' good weal.
Cho. Sing Robinson, Horner, Prof. Napier, Sturm. || *Quat*

There was once a poor student in Amherst did dwell,
The first in his class, and all liked him well;
He drank some cold conics, supposing 'twas wine,
And screeched, as he died, I am choked by a sine.
Cho.—Sing tangent, etc.

Beware then of sines, now my classmates, I pray,
And follow not tangents, but a straight-forward way;
And then by plain sailing your port shall be made,
In a harbor of rest, by no mortal surveyed.
Cho.—Sing tangent, etc.

MY COLLEGE COURSE MUST HAVE AN END.

BY F. BROWNING, '61.

AIR—"*Few days.*"

1 My College course must have an end,
In a few days, few days,
Unless some chap has cash to lend,
I'm going home;
My College term-bill I must pay,
In a few days, few days,
Or else I shall be sent away,
So I'm going home.
Chorus.—Farewell to College duties,
(Few days,) || *Bis.*
Farewell to Amherst beauties,
I'm going home.

2 My coat will let my elbows through,
In a (few days,) || *Bis.*
I'm sure I don't know what to do,
So I'm going home;

My purse has been so very light,
These tew days, tew days,
That nary cent has blessed my sight,
So I'm going home.
Cho.—Farewell, etc.

3 No doubt the ladies all will cry,
In a (few days,) || *Bis.*
When I shall say to each good-bye,
I'm going home.
I shall not hear the chapel bell,
In a (few days,) || *Bis.*
Nor shall I fizzle under Snell,
I'm going home.
Cho.—Farewell, etc.

4 I'll take my satchel in my hand,
In a (few days,) || *Bis.*
And travel towards my fatherland,
I'm going home.
Cho.—Farewell, etc.

PARTING SONG.

AIR—"*Over the mountain wave.*"

1 Classmates, the day we keep
Touches each heart;
Sadly comes home the thought,
Now we must part.
Scattering o'er the world,
Now we must roam;
Fare thee well! fare thee well!
Dear classic home!

2 Here have we trained for life,
Waiting its prime;
Merrily, busily
Passing the time.
Scattering, etc.

3 Struggles we've often seen,
Mingled with fun;
Friendships have ripened here,
Only begun.
Scattering, etc.

4 Mem'ries will cluster here
Many a day:
Until the last of us
Shall pass away.
Scattering, etc.

5 You, whom we leave behind,
Cherish our home;
Garner the joys she yields,
Learn to do well.
Scattering, etc.

SONG OF THE GRADUATE.

AIR—"*Dearest Mae.*"

It's I that is a bachelor, though married to the Muse,
I talks with all the gentle folks, and flirts with all the blues;
It's I that looks as knowing now, as anybody can,
For once I was a Sophomore, but now I am a man.
Chorus.—But now I am a man,
But now I am a man,
For once I was a Sophomore,
But now I am a man!

I quotes the ancient classicals, I knows the newest tunes
I wears a coat that's elegant, and striped pantaloons;
It's I that has the shiny boots, and sports the spotted gills,
It's I that drinks the Burgundy, and never pays my bills.
Cho.—But now I am a man, etc.

I keeps a little puppy dog, I has a little cane,
I beaus the pretty virgins out, and beaus them home again;
It's I that pins their handkerchiefs, it's I that ties their shoes,
It's I that goes a shopping for to tell them what to choose.
Cho.—But now I am a man, etc.

I know a little Latin stuff, and half a line of Greek,
My barber is a Frencherman, he taught me how to speak;
It's I that makes the morning calls, it's I goes out to tea,
O dear! you never saw a man one half so cute as me.
Cho.—But now I am a man, etc.

AMHERST, OUR QUEEN.

BY C. KITTREDGE, '62.

AIR—"*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

1 Come gather round, good spirits true,
We'll crown the cup with sparkling dew,
And drink to the health of our love anew,
The Queen of these Beautiful Highlands.
CHORUS.
Then ho, for the College that's number one,
No institution ere'll be known
To rival Amherst on her throne—
The Queen of these Beautiful Highlands!

2 Above the billows drear and dread,
She's lit the way as our bark has sped;
She's strewn sweet flowers where'er we tread,
The Queen of these Beautiful Highlands. CHO.

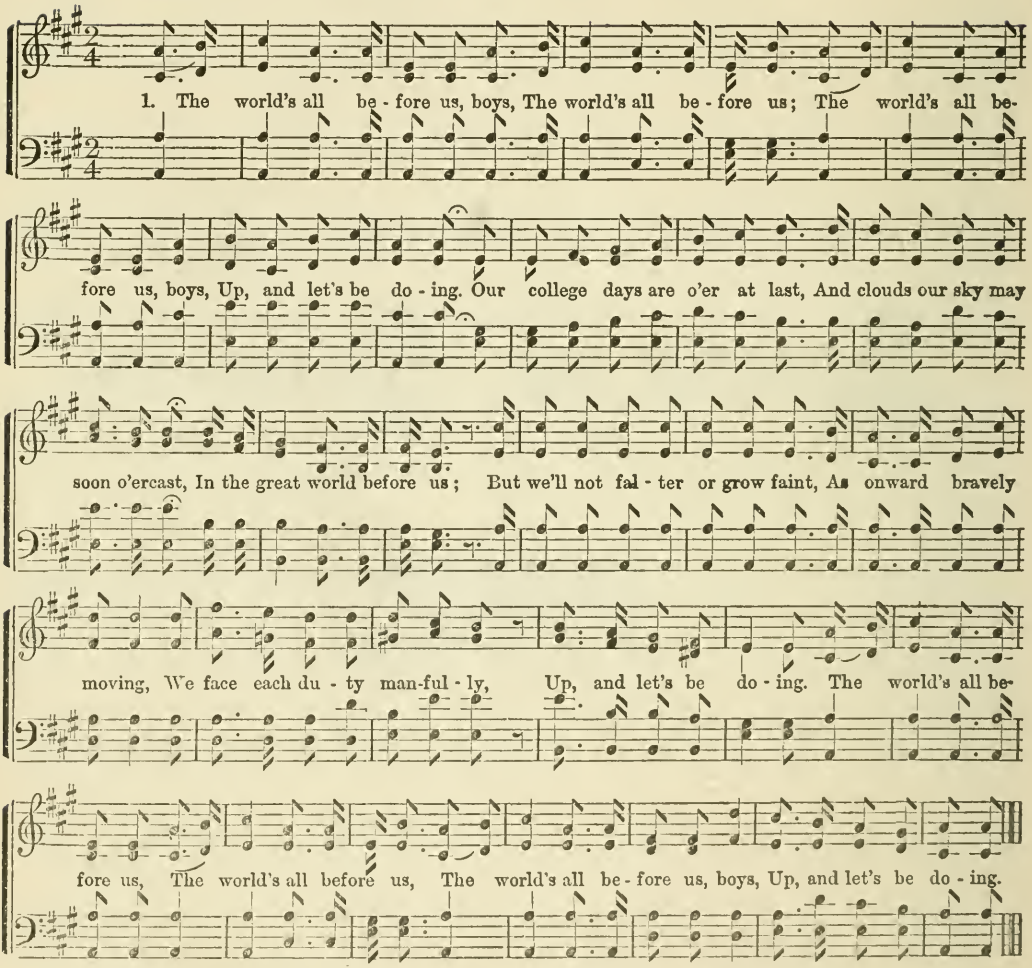
SONGS OF KENYON.

"Lift your joyful voices high,
To song of Kenyon measure,
Shout for Alma Mater, O!
Her praise, the dearest pleasure."

SONGS OF KENYON.

THE WORLD'S ALL BEFORE US.

AIR—"*There's a good time coming.*"


1. The world's all be - fore us, boys, The world's all be - fore us; The world's all be-
fore us, boys, Up, and let's be do - ing. Our college days are o'er at last, And clouds our sky may
soon o'ercast, In the great world before us; But we'll not fal - ter or grow faint, As onward bravely
moving, We face each du - ty man-ful - ly, Up, and let's be do - ing. The world's all be-
fore us, The world's all before us, The world's all be - fore us, boys, Up, and let's be do - ing.

2 We ne'er shall hear the college bell,
(Whose tones we've learned to know so well,)
In the great world before us;
And ne'er again shall "morning prayers"
Break slumber's gentle wooing,
But louder calls shall rouse us then,—
Up, and let's be doing! CHO.

3 Each College law we thought a bore,
Shall never once disturb us more
In the great world before us;
But other cares, and greater, too,
Shall soon our paths be strewing;
So if we are not mummies, boys,
Up, and let's be doing! CHO.

4 We've idled many an hour away;
There's need of something else than play
In the great world before us;
Then banish every useless sigh,
And Fortune's favors wooing,
Let's forth our mettle each to try,—
Up, and let's be doing! CHO.

EACH TO EACH.

BY A. CRARY, '69.

AIR—"*Duncan Laddie.*"

1 Each to each shall be a brother,
Ever cherishing each other,
And life's care shall never sever
All the bonds cemented here.
May thy pleasures ever bright be,
May thy sorrows ne'er benight thee,
Members of our class so dear.

2 Blythe and joyous be our chorus,
Bright the future that's before us,
Bright the honor waving o'er us,
Each of us assembled here.
Each to each shall be a brother,
Ever cherishing each other,
And life's cares shall never sever
All the love we hold so dear.

SHOUT FOR ALMA MATER, O!

AIR—"*Landlord, fill the Flowing Bowl.*"

1 Lift your joyful voices high
To song of Kenyon measure,
Shout for Alma Mater, O!
Her praise, the dearest pleasure.

2 What care we with such a theme
For trouble or for sorrow?
Life is but the present hour—
We know not of to-morrow.

3 May our only pleasure be
To fright away grim sadness,
And our chiefest study be
To win the soul to gladness.

4 College law is but a form,
And little to be minded;
Then jolly comrades, circle 'round,
To care and study blinded.

5 Kenyon is our state and guide;
For aye we'll rally 'round her;
Pleasure is her statute law,—
The student its expounder.

DEAR KENYON.

AIR—"*America.*"

1 Dear Kenyon, mother dear,
We come to hail thee here—
Old sons of thine:
We come with reverent feet,
Thy sacred walls to greet,
The dear, dear friends to meet,
Of auld lang syne,

2 Dear mother, at thy knee,
Right loyal children, we
Bow as of yore:
Accept the songs we sing,
Trust the true hearts we bring;
Under thy shelt'ring wing,
Take us once more.

3 Ah! while we lowly bow
Here, close beside thee now,
Hark! the old bell!
Old forms before us rise,
Old mem'ries fill our eyes,
Fond fancy, sobbing, tries
Old tales to tell.

4 Yes! yes! we know them well,
Those hours the deep-toned bell
Pealed swift away:
Yes, yes, we knew them yet,
Forms we shall ne'er forget,
Faces that once we met,
Missed here to-day.

5 Long as our life shall last,
Thoughts of that buried past
Shall dearer grow.
Far pilgrims though we be,
Our hearts shall cling to thee,
Our lives look back to see
That long ago.

6 With thee our wishes dwell,
For thee our love we'll tell
With voice and pen;
And still our prayers we'll pray
God keep thee every way—
And all thy sons shall say—
Amen! Amen!

SEMPER FIDUS.

AIR—"*Hail to thee, Queen of the Silent Night.*"

1 Come Seniors, gather, the muses call;
Must we ever toil in silence here?
Joyous and genial, and gallant all,
Manly frames, hearts true, and voices clear.

CHORUS.

Let Alma Mater hear us sing:—
Now make the halls of Kenyon ring:
Man is our brother, God our King,
"Semper fidus" all.
Semper fidus, semper fidus,
Semper, semper, semper fidus.

2 Onward is gliding the fleeting year,
Smiling, warning—soon we stem the tide.
Heaven grant us, classmates, a bright career,
May we be true men, old Kenyon's pride.
CHO.

3 Sadly will linger the parting hour;—
Gently, softly, raise the farewell strain,
While far we wander the wide world o'er,
Memories hallowed shall e'er remain. CHO.

4 Oft will our watchword when sorrows weigh,
Dark and heavy, brace the drooping soul;
All through life's journey around it play,
Cheering it on to the final goal. Cho.

OCTOBER'S LEAVES ARE FALLING.

Air—"*Benny Havens, O!*"

1 October's leaves are falling, boys,
And o'er each stately tree,
Brown Autumn flings her scarlet robe,
That flutters light and free;
The sunset's golden mellow light
Is blushing on each tower,
And tells of Summer, past and gone,
With each bright, happy hour.

Chorus.

Oh! long may Kenyon's portals
Withstand th' assault of age,
And long live all her numerous throng,
From youth to honored sage.

2 There is no sorrow in our path,
No cloud obscures the sky,
We need no thought for morrow's wants—
No cause have we to sigh;
The wind that whistles through our halls,
To us no chill can bring;
We watch the curling wreaths of smoke,
While joyously we sing. Cho.

EVENING SONG.

Air—"*Benny Havens, O!*"

1 Weary lessons learned or ponied,
Tutors tucked away in bed,
Festive-footed Mirth and Music
Will we welcome in their stead,
And while, all lonely in the heavens,
Look down the midnight stars,
We'll send to keep them company,
The smoke of our segars.

2 Ancient Tully and Anacreon,
And genial Horace, too,
With all their wealth of intellect,
Were yet a jolly crew;
And as we read their pages o'er,
We'll keep it still in mind,
Good fellowship with scholarship
Should ever be combined.

3 When age has wrought its changes,
And our student life is o'er,
The sunny hours which now we know,
Shall visit us no more;
Yet here we'll represented be;
Our boys in lineal line
Shall sing the songs we used to sing
In days of auld lang syne!

4 Time may bring us cares and sorrows—
Time may bring us hopes and joys;—
We'll take our share of all in turn.
And not complain, my boys·
Or, if the ancient gentleman
Gets something of a bore,
We'll coolly cut his company,
And show him to the door.

COME, RAISE THE SONG.

Air—"*A wet Sheet, and a flowing sea.*"

1 Come brothers, let us raise the song,
Let heart and voice agree
To swell the pæan loud and long,
In gladsome melody;
And let our music fill the air,
Bid every care depart,
And every bosom swell with free
Emotions of the heart.

Chorus.

Then, loud let the joyous anthem rise
Through the vaulted heaven ringing,
Till the pride and boast of its starry host,
Shall echo back our singing.

2 Thus far in harmony we've trod
Through learning's misty maze,
Without a thought to mar the joy
Or bliss of future days;
Our College life will soon be o'er,
Ere long we all must part,
But though Old Time place seas between,
We'll still be one in heart. Cho.

3 Then, pledge the health of her we love,
Long may her ensign wave;
May wreaths of glory round her twine,—
Her sons be true and brave,
And, as they onward march through life,
Upon the scroll of fame,
Engrave, in living characters,
A never-dying name. Cho.

COME, GATHER NEAR.

Air—"*Sparkling and Bright.*"

1 Come, gather near, each classmate here,
Fond memories we will gather,
Of days gone by, when you and I
Have fought the fight together.

Chorus—Then Kenyon we with three times three,
Will hail thee in our chorus,
While we break the spell and bid farewell
To thy gentle ruling o'er us.

2 We soon must part, and o'er each heart
Strange fancies now are stealing;
For we'll pass our lives in a different strife—
With other spirits dealing. CHO.

3 Nor will we sigh as the day draws nigh
When we must part forever,
But lingering long 'mid joy and song,
The golden link we'll sever. CHO.

4 Then with steadfast aim on the road to fame,
Let every season find us;
Though we meet no more, we will ponder o'er
The joys we've left behind us. CHO.

PARTING ODE.

AIR—*"Auld Lang Syne."*

1

The parting hour has come at last,—
That hour expected long;
Yet, brothers, let us linger still,
To sing one farewell song.

CHORUS.

Kenyonian days, farewell! farewell!
We speak it with a sigh,—
To college life, with all its joys,
We bid a sad good-bye.

2

Like some bright dream, our College days
Have glided swiftly by,
And o'er each scene, forever gone,
Fond Memory wakes a sigh.

3

But from those voices of the past,—
The sweetest ever heard,—
In sadness, now, we turn away,
And speak the parting word.

4

These consecrated College walls
Shall still be pictured o'er
With visions of the olden time,—
The happy days of yore.

5

And when some forty years from now,
Our locks are turned to gray,
We'll joy in living o'er again
The scenes so loved to-day.

6

So now farewell, a fond farewell,
O, ALMA MATER dear!
As long as life itself shall last,
Thy name we'll still revere.

* By Prof. H. G. Hollman of the University of Halle.

CHEER BOYS, CHEER!

AIR—*"Cheer boys, cheer!"*

1 Cheer boys, cheer! Our College life is over;
Our Alma Mater's yoke is rent to-day;
We leave her halls, but feel how well we love her,
Those cherished halls, where ling'ring fancies play.
Backward to scenes where thoughtless days once found us,
Poor Mem'ry flies, with love-supported wing,
Breathes on ties that through the past have bound us,
Inspiring rapture in the song we sing.

CHORUS.

Cheer, boys, cheer! There's bright and sunny weather
To lure us on, and Hope to lead the way;
Cheer, boys, cheer! Join hand and heart together;
Cheer, boys, cheer! for the long-expected day.

2 Cheer, boys, cheer! The world is wide before us,
Our country claims the willing heart and hand;
The way is clear, and heaven smiling o'er us,
Ours be the will to labor for the land.
Long have we toiled, while Alma Mater cheering,
Led us along beneath her guiding star;
Now the reward is through the distance peering,
Hope hies to grasp it in her blazing car. CHO.

3 Cheer, boys, cheer! Let not one word of sorrow
Bedim the joy that animates to-night.
We part, 'tis true, but part in love to-morrow;
Let hearts be true, and all will then be bright.
What though a tear from memory's fountain starting,
Tells of distress far vanished long ago;
'Tis but a tribute to the bliss of parting,
It gilds the cup whence life's best pleasures flow. CHO.

4 Cheer, boys, cheer! For the days we've spent together,
Without a care, in Kenyon's silent shade;
Old Kenyon dear, bring myrtle boughs and wreathe her,
Let music ring adown the sloping glade.
For now she spreads her mantle here around us,
To soothe our journey o'er life's ocean wide:
Draw close the ties that through the past have bound us,
And launch our bark upon the flashing tide. CHO.

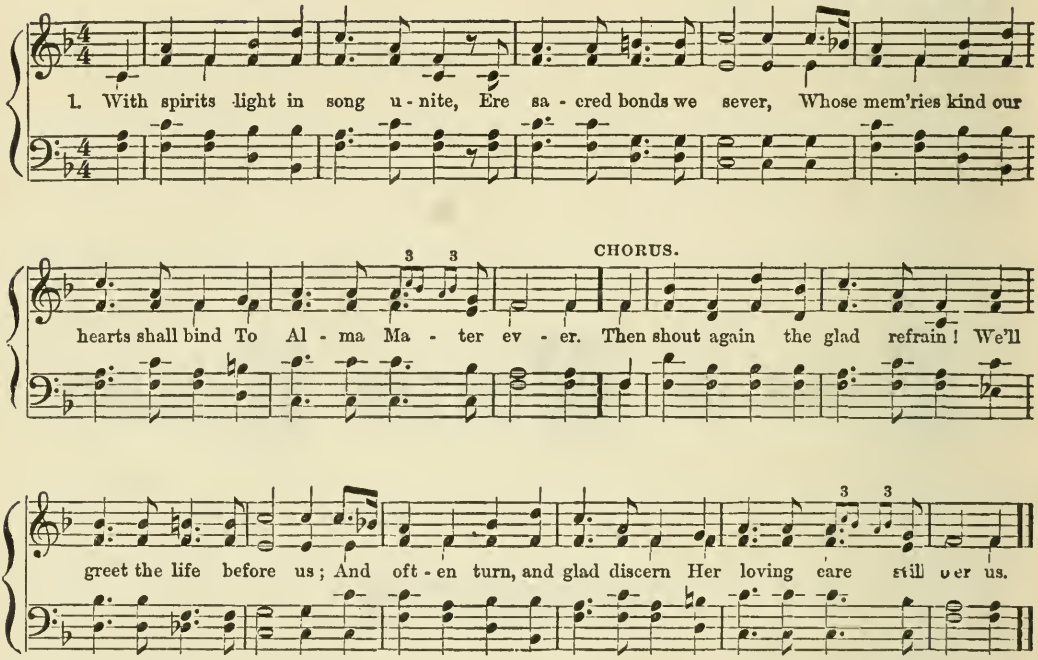
Songs of Western Reserve.

"Let's all unite, with spirits light,
To sing our Alma Mater's praise."

SONGS OF WESTERN RESERVE.

WITH SPIRITS LIGHT.

WORDS BY HENRY WOODRUFF, '65.


1. With spirits light in song u - nite, Ere sa - cred bonds we sever, Whose mem'ries kind our
CHORUS.
hearts shall bind To Al - ma Ma - ter ev - er. Then shout again the glad refrain! We'll
greet the life before us; And oft - en turn, and glad discern Her loving care still o'er us.

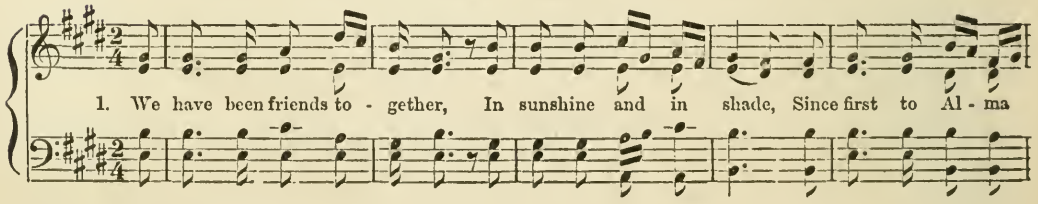
2 In noble strife of earnest life,—
On battle fields of duty,—
'Twill shield from wrong, and ever throng
Our lives with joy and beauty.
Chorus.—Then shout again, etc.

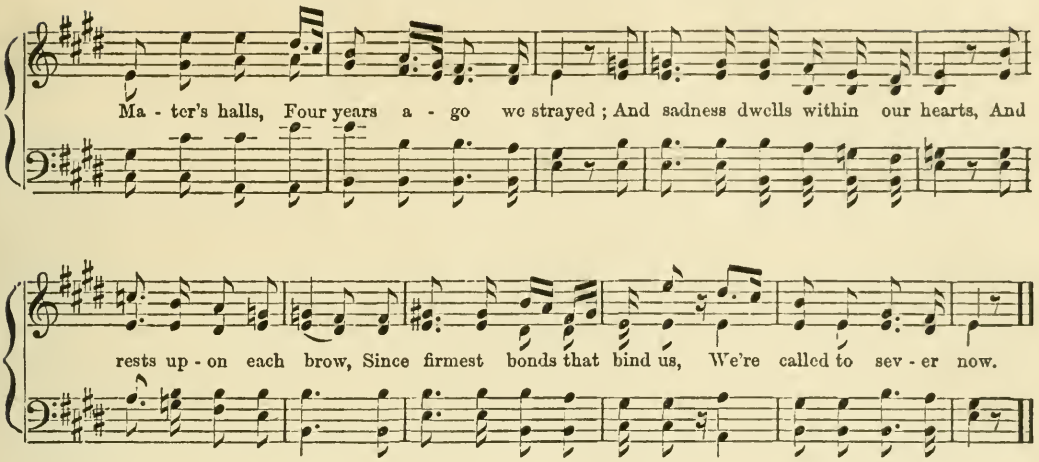
3 Though sad at heart, from guides we part,
And comrades leave behind us,—
Their mem'ries bright our paths shall light,—
To truth and duty bind us. *Chorus.*

4 When as of yore we meet no more,
To meet at last, immortals,—
May angel care our spirits bear
Beyond the golden portals.

Chorus.—Then join again the glad refrain;
Life's perils nobly daring;
As we heavenward turn may faith discern
A crown that's worth the wearing.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.




Ma - ter's halls, Four years a - go we strayed ; And sadness dwells within our hearts, And
rests up - on each brow, Since firmest bonds that bind us, We're called to sev - er now.

2 We have been gay together ;
We laughed at little jests ;
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts :
But laugh and jest have fled our lips,
And joy has left each brow,
For scenes the years have hallowed,
We leave with sadness now.

3 We may not meet together,
Brothers, when we strive as men,—
But we'll hope, by holy living,
At last to meet again ;
And sing, where sorrow never comes,
Nor sadness clouds the brow,—
"We have been friends together,
Oh, who shall part us now !"

NUNC, NUNC, SODALES.

AIR—"*Lauriger.*"

1 Nunc, nunc, sodales crown the bowl,
Round our Tempus gather ;
Never let her requiem toll,
Long life and health forever.

Chorus.—Hail ! all hail ! thou festive shrine,
Folly's gift to learning,
E'er may laurels round thee twine,
Thy fires for aye be burning.

2 Sing we then this glorious night,
Tempus regne ever !
Sing we thee with beauty dight,
Crowned queen of pleasure.
Cho.—Hail, all hail ! etc.

3 Seniors, e'er to Tempus true,
Shout your last grand chorus !
Life hath fame for each of you,
Be effort your *thesauros.* *Cho.*

4 Juniors few, but sons of wit,
Greet Tempus star ascendant ;
Never let your zeal remit,
Be each a true attendant. *Cho.*

5 Sophomores gay, your goblets crown ;
Drink to mirth and pleasure ;
Freshmen, here your sorrows drown,
In joy's unstinted measure. *Cho.*

6 Join we in one closing round,
Tempus regne ever !
Hail ! with Bacchian ivy crowned,
Tempus mortuum *never !*

TEMPUS CONSECRATUM.

AIR—"*Lauriger.*"

1 Though the days be chill and drear,
Golden Autumn ended,
Still they bring *tempestuous* cheer,
Nor with sorrow blended.
Chorus.—Hail ! thou festal night renowned,
Jeweled crown of Autumn ;
Thee we sing, from care unbound,
Tempus consecratum.

2 Join we now in merry round,
Of a tuneful chorus ;
Toss the goblet, gaily crowned,
Bacchus reigning o'er us.
Cho.—Hail ! thou festal night renowned, etc.

3 Seniors, noble, glorious band,
In the pledges given,
Swell the chorus through the land,
Ere from Tempus riven. *Cho.*

4 Juniors, take your fill of noise ;
Shout with all your power ;
You are needed, jolly boys,
In this mirthful hour. *Cho.*

5 Gather round, Σοφοὶ Μῶροι,
Join your gleeful voices,
Freshmen, glad without alloy,
Every heart rejoices. *Cho.*

6 Once again we crown the bowl,
Dear old Tempus pledging ;
Once again, soul join with soul,
Darts of sorrow hedging. *Cho.*

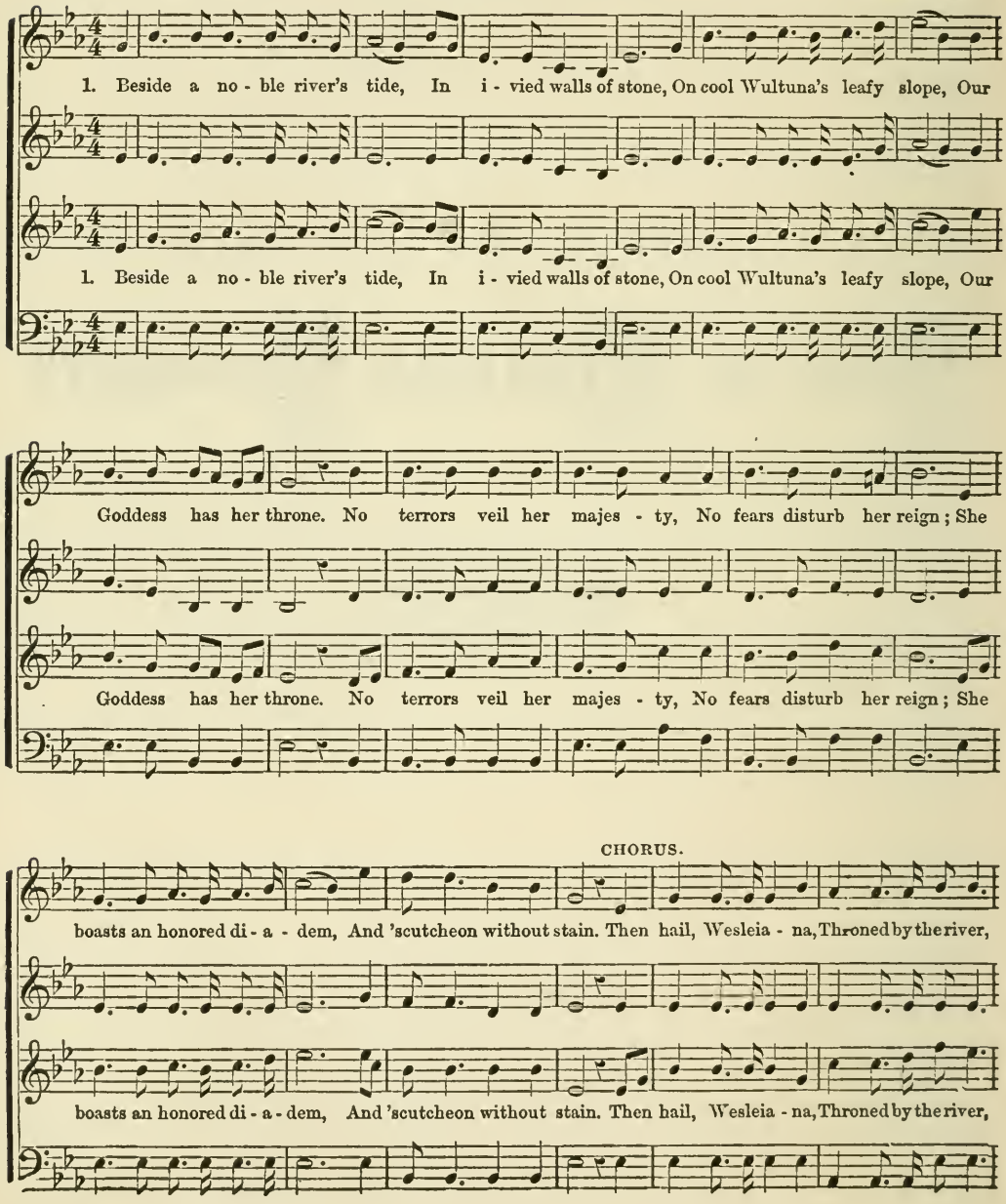
SONGS OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

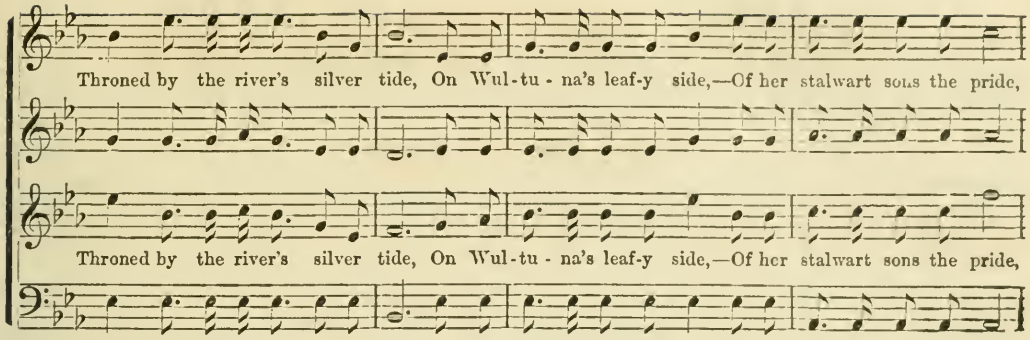
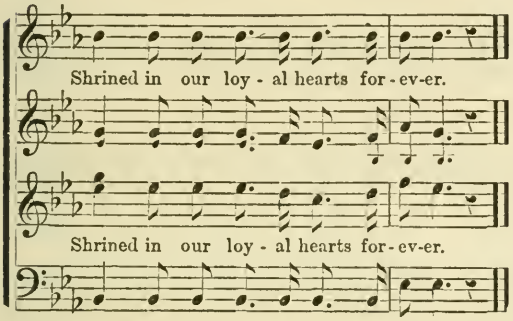
"Let us join in hearty song,
With a chorus loud and long,
Singing glories that belong
To Wesleyan."

SONGS OF WESLEYAN.

UNIVERSITY SONG.

WORDS BY GEORGE BROWN. PROF. C. S. HARRINGTON.


1. Beside a no - ble river's tide, In i - vied walls of stone, On cool Wultuna's leafy slope, Our
1. Beside a no - ble river's tide, In i - vied walls of stone, On cool Wultuna's leafy slope, Our
Goddess has her throne. No terrors veil her majes - ty, No fears disturb her reign; She
Goddess has her throne. No terrors veil her majes - ty, No fears disturb her reign; She
CHORUS.
boasts an honored di - a - dem, And 'scutcheon without stain. Then hail, Wesleia - na, Throned by the river,
boasts an honored di - a - dem, And 'scutcheon without stain. Then hail, Wesleia - na, Throned by the river,


Throned by the river's silver tide, On Wul-tu-na's leaf-y side,—Of her stalwart sons the pride,
Throned by the river's silver tide, On Wul-tu-na's leaf-y side,—Of her stalwart sons the pride,

2 Exultant hearts and gay converse,
The rare delights of song,
Faith in each other's fealty,
And high contempt of wrong,
The pulse of youth, the bloom of life,
Blent in one grand refrain,
Evoke in pristine glory,
Atlantis from the main.
Chorus.—Then hail, Wesleiana, etc.

3 Though Fortune smile, and honors crown
The years that are to be,
Naught shall estrange us from the love
Of old fraternity;
But ever dear and ever strong,
Thy mem'ry shall abide,—
O, Alma Mater glorious,
Throned by the river's side! *Cho.*

AT WESLEYAN.

BY E. R. HENDRIX, '67

AIR—"*Ellen Bayne.*"

1 Happy and joyous,
Beaming each eye,
Cares all forgotten,
Banished each sigh,
College days over,
Fetters of gold
Bind us together
In love untold.
Blend each lusty voice in song,
Happy hearts to hours belong,
Which now quickly pass along,
At Wesleyan.

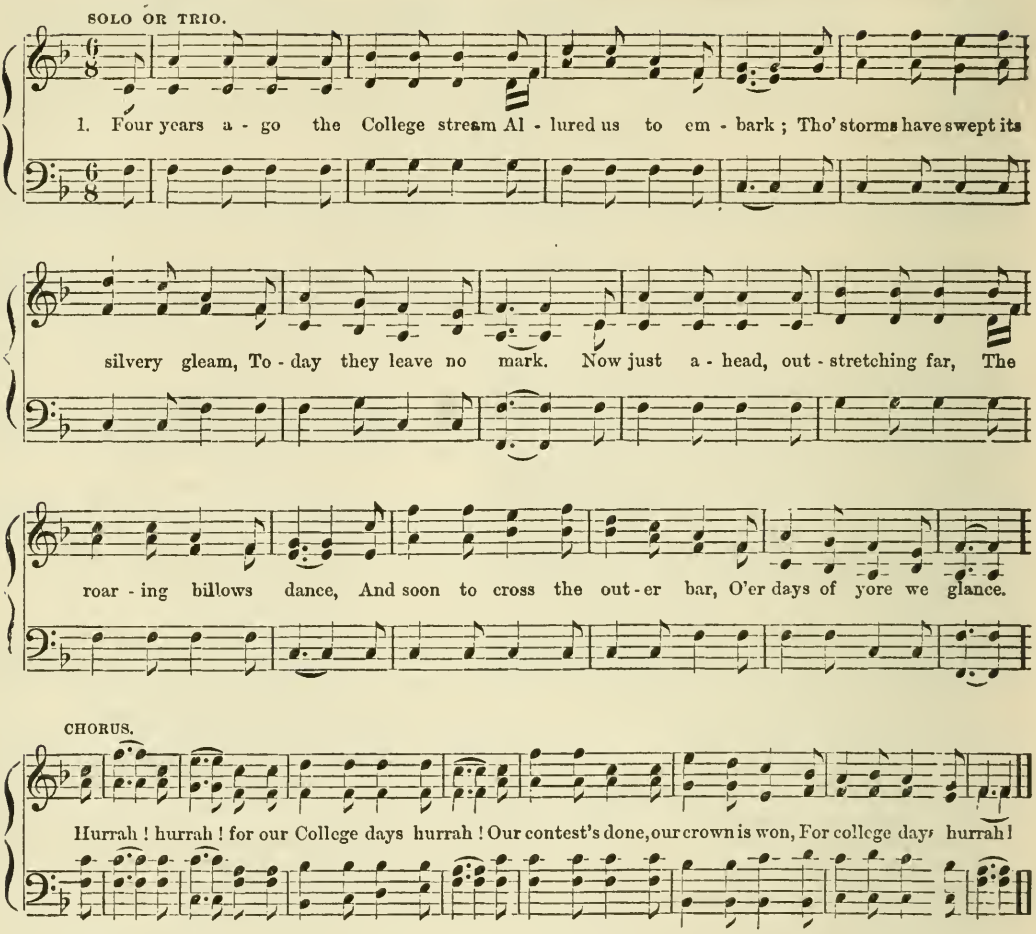
2 Summer winds blowing,
Laden the air
With the sweet fragrance
Of flowers fair;
Thus is our pathway,
In active life,
Opened with gladness,
From College strife.
Every heart beats quick and high,
In our songs all voices vie,
As the parting hour draws nigh,
At Wesleyan.

3 Memories pleasant,
Of these glad days,
Will shine upon us
With golden rays.
A "crown" of laurel,
Fadeless and bright,
Is twining for us,
If true and right.
Oh! may Heaven bless each son,—
Our strivings o'er, our races run,
While we hail our victory won,
At Wesleyan!

4 Parting words spoken,
Hasting away,
Shrined in our mem'ries,
Keeping to-day.
Where duty summons,
Heeding its calls,
Leave we with sadness
Wesleyan's walls.
When upon life's open sea,
We in storm or calm shall be,
Then with joy we'll think of thee.
Oh, Wesleyan!

COLLEGE DAYS.

AIR—"*Bonnie Blue Flag.*" WORDS BY F. T. GLOVER, '67.


SOLO OR TRIO.
1. Four years a - go the College stream Al - lured us to em - bark ; Tho' storms have swept its
silvery gleam, To - day they leave no mark. Now just a - head, out - stretching far, The
roar - ing billows dance, And soon to cross the out - er bar, O'er days of yore we glance.
CHORUS.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for our College days hurrah ! Our contest's done, our crown is won, For college days hurrah !

2 An iron age, in Freshman year,
Was our unwelcome fate ;
The Sophs all tried to persevere
In zeal affectionate ; (?)
No Senior gods e'er deigned to smile ;
"Schwaghauser" was our Jove ;
The Profs "played roots," and all the while
The Annuals lowered above.
Chorus.—Hurrah, etc.

3 But when they made us Sophomores,
A brazen age came on ;
The smoke of war rolled o'er the floors,—
Loud rung the trumpet tone.
In song we raised an earnest voice,
For right to work our will ;
Prometheus' bad example, boys,
Smashed us almost to "*nil.*"
Cho.—Hurrah, etc.

4 And then the silver age drew near,
With stately Junior "dig ;"
Then oft we joined in mirth and chee
And studied "Bacchus'" rig.
'Neath waving elms we sought to find
Some radiant "Perdita,"
While Plato's honied words to mind
Brought honied "*oscula.*"
Cho.—Hurrah, etc.

5 But now our class has breathed the ai
Of golden Senior days,
As free as gods from toil and care,
We're in the sun's full blaze.
We'll not forget our friendships old,
Amid life's earnest calls,
And often think of deep vows told
In dear Old Wesleyan's halls.
Cho.—Hurrah, etc.

AH! WELL WE REMEMBER!

AIR—"*Ben Bolt.*"

1 Ah! well we remember that morning, my boys,
'Twas just four short years ago,
When with fear in our hearts we rev'rently trod
The halls that we now so well know;
Then faces were strange—not so now, my boys,
Nay, heart throbs with heart in this hour;
The strife and the seasons have wrought out a chain
Which shall link soul to soul evermore.

2 The years have flown fast since we first met, my boys,
'Tis the glimmer of brightest of dreams!
The hand on the dial looks ghostly to-night,
Lo! It *is* spirit-moved as it seems.
For the Past, and the Future are envious of us,
And the joys of communion so true;
Even this little hour, stolen out of the gloom,
They hasten to hide from our view.

3 The trees on the lawn will wave just the same
For others, as for you, boys, and me;
Here strangers will watch, through the soft summer night,
The moon-beams in dances of glee.
The very old halls will forget us, dear boys;
These stones are as heartless as men;
But often we'll come in the spirit, at eve,
To visit these loved haunts again.

4 In sadness,—your hands, boys, the clock strikes the hour
Long looked for, but dreaded, I ween,
The morrow appeareth, its gates swing apart
On the courts of that future unseen.
Oh, dear Alma Mater, so silent and still,
Thou, too, dost feel the strange spell,
For thy youngest are gathered, e'en bowed with grief,
To say thee their last sad farewell.

DEAR WESLEYAN.

BY S. H. OLIN, '66.

AIR—"*Litoria.*"

1 Our babbling streams of fresh young life
Met just four years ago;
No haze nor draft nor storms of strife
Could interrupt their flow;
But for the last time now they mix,
Their college channels, so they say,
Too weak to hold great Sixty-six,
Must let us flow away.
CHORUS—Oh, Wesleyan! oh, Wesleyan!
As long as love and thought shall last
Oh, Wesleyan! dear Wesleyan!
We'll love to think of thee.

2 How strange things seemed to Freshman ken,
In those old verdant days.
All Sophomores were ogres then,
Created but to haze.
And jovial Juniors, Seniors great
Seemed beings of supernal birth,
Who deigned poor Fresh. to "cultivate"
As gods once tilled the earth. CHO.

3 No one would climb Parnassus' hill
Were not nine women there;
No musty books our minds could fill,
And quite exclude the fair.
In Analytics oft we'd seek
The equation of somebody's curls;
And scanning feet of graceful Greek,
Would think of graceful girls. CHO

4 Each of our band will shortly find
Some maiden "fancy free;"
And then, poor boys! if not *declined*
They'll *conjugated* be.
Though family cares will never let
Them con again their Latin lore,
Their wives will see they ne'er forget
A tense of *imperor.* CHO.

JUBILEE SONG.

AIR—"*John Brown.*"

1 Come, jolly classmates, raise the song of Jubilee,
Shout! for we celebrate the hour that sets us free,
Hail to the glory of the time that is to be—
Lift, lift your voices high!
Banish every thought of sorrow,
Leave regret until the morrow,
Care and pain we need not borrow.—
Let every tear be dry!

2 Bright in the Future beams our spirit's guiding star,
Tipped with its radiance shines Fame's temple from afar
Up! then, and onward! in glory's rushing car,
And leave the Past behind!
Here we've had a little pleasure,
Here we've spent a moment's leisure,
But we seek for golden treasure,
And Fortune's self is kind.

3 Though rough and rugged be the path in which we run,
Turn not, nor falter, but with eye upon the sun,
Press on! attain the goal! and when the prize is won,
Our brow shall wear the crown!
Heed not sluggard's idle scorning,
Spurn all coward notes of warning,
Yonder breaks life's glorious morning.
What though the worldling frown!

4 Hip! hip! hurrah! my boys, ring out the rousing cheers,
Give to the winds our doubts, be not dismayed by fears!
Friends, you shall hear of us again in coming years,
Till then we say good-bye!
Glory! glory! shout forever,
Here we pledge our best endeavor,
Fight we will and falter never,
We conquer, or we die!

VICTORY.

BY C. W. BROWN, '68.

AIR—"*John Brown.*"

1 Hail! happy Juniors, let us banish care to-night.
As toiling Sophomores we've fought in a glorious fight,
The victory is ours and our armor still is bright,
Then banished be our fears,
Let us then unite in singing,
Now let every voice be ringing,
Toil and trouble now are winging
Their flight to other spheres.

2 We have been climbing up the scientific hill,
Labor's heights are mounted by the force of iron will,
In the consciousness of triumph our joyous hearts now thrill,
As we review the past.
Happy days stretch out before us,
Mathematics ne'er will bore us,
Then join the exulting chorus,
The victory's gained at last!

3 We are now sailing straight on before the wind,
Proud in the union of muscle and of mind,
The memory of the Past our hearts together bind
In friendship's strongest tie.
Storm and tempest ne'er shall shake us,
Rock and reef shall never break us,
Struggles past can surely make us
One in harmony.

4 "*Adversis rerum undis immersabiles,*"
We will never falter on weak and trembling knees,
No! we've flung out our banner to the Wesleyanic breeze
To conquer every fate.
Let us then unite in singing,
Now let every voice be ringing,
Fleeting days are freely bringing
Laurels new for Sixty-Eight.

OUR JUBILEE.

AIR—"*Co-ca-che-lunk.*"

1 Boys, the past is all eventful,
And the present is serene,
While the future is inviting
With its laurels fresh and green. CHORUS.

2 Let your souls in these glad moments,
Harmonize with all that's gay;
Leaving sorrows for the Freshmen
And the *Sophys* on the way. CHO.

3 In a place so *cozy, can't* we
Ruminate, *an' gently* feel
Signs of changes, *cot an' gentle*
Pleasures all our *moments* fill. CHO.

4 Euclid holds an urn of ashes,
Mixed with "Vanny-tea" and woe,
Standing in the glare of Hades,
Calling all his friends below. CHO.

5 Every *mask* that has an *onchus*
Attic, Canon, Theatron,
All our *darling notes* of Athens
We will stamp our heels upon. CHO.

6 Like Promethus, stern, old fire thief,
We will grasp the blazing brand,
And with full as noble purpose,
Brave the strength of Jove's right hand.
CHO.

7 Giving light to those who follow,
"Who in seeing do not see"
Seventh-day pleasures in the morning,
Taking notes of "Codex Z." CHO.

8 Fill up, boys, to Mathematics
And to "Literat-u-re;"
Join around the board in singing
JOLLY JUNIOR'S JUBILEE. CHO.

DIRGE.

BY GEO. H. STONE.

AIR—"*Pleyel's Hymn.*"

1 Mathematic's corse we burn,
Compositions' dust in urn;
These who us so have "board,"
"Literature" we so adored.

2 Thus on high the dead recline,
Thus the new plucked twigs entwine;
See! how flames the funeral pyre,
Wrapped in all avenging fire.

3 Weeping Juniors, come, deplore
Friends who on the gloomy shore,
Of dark Styx's sullen tide,
Watch in vain the farther side.

4 Quick the heedful "obol" bear,
Wash the dead with pious care;
Praying, we libations pour,
Charon may conduct them o'er.

5 Now upon the distant verge,
Safe they land; the threatening surge,
Back retreats; with fear they quake,
Sixty-Eight forgot the cake.

6 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust;"
Execute the sentence just;
Leave them thus to Cerberus' care,
Ne'er to breathe this vital air

FINALE.

Go to now, let no sigh be breathed,
We stand erect, from care relieved;
Our foes all vanquished, gone in smoke.
Their armor *smashed*, and weapons *broke*.

SONGS OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK.

"Come, join with us to sing,
In anthems loud that ring,
Our University."

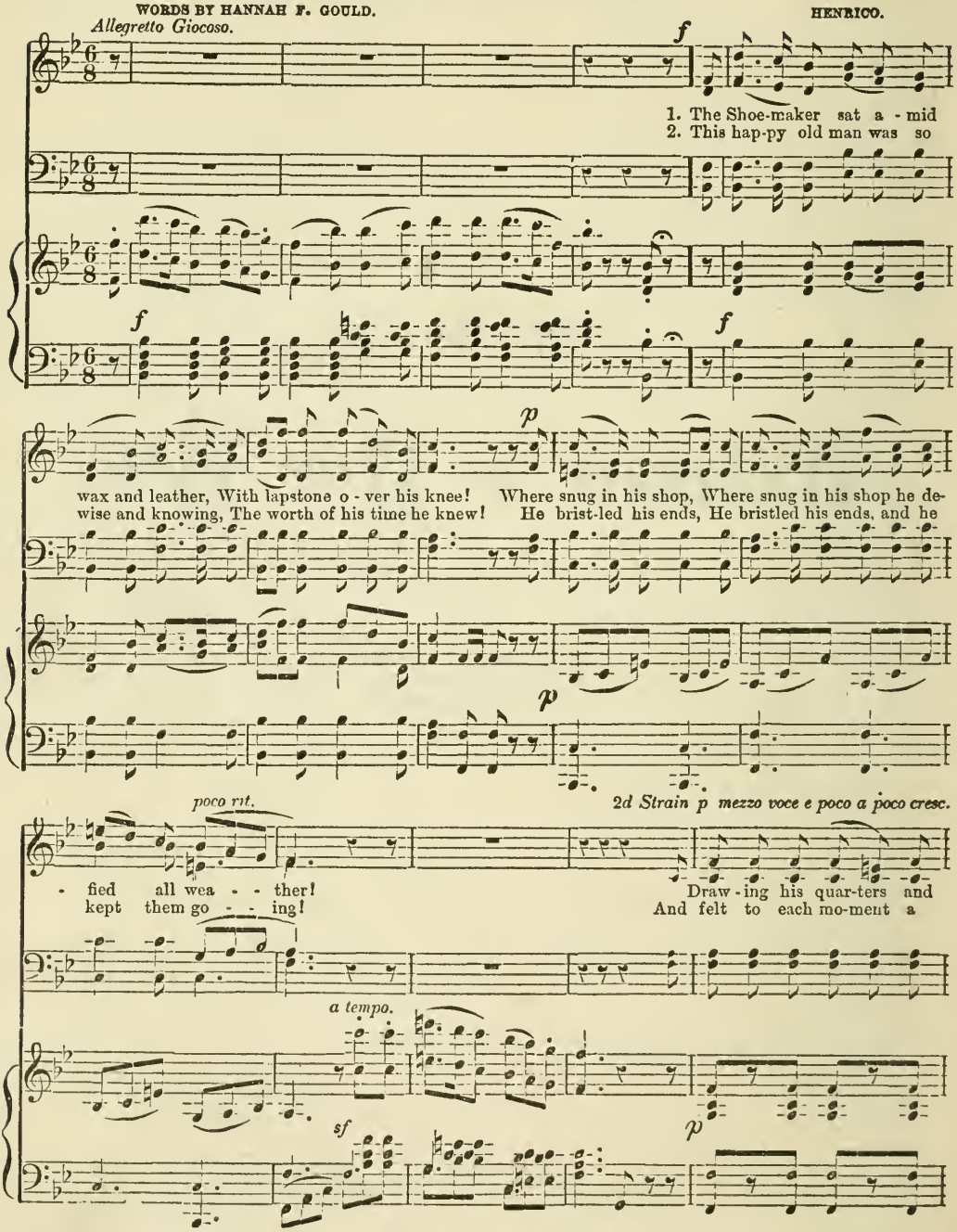
SONGS OF THE

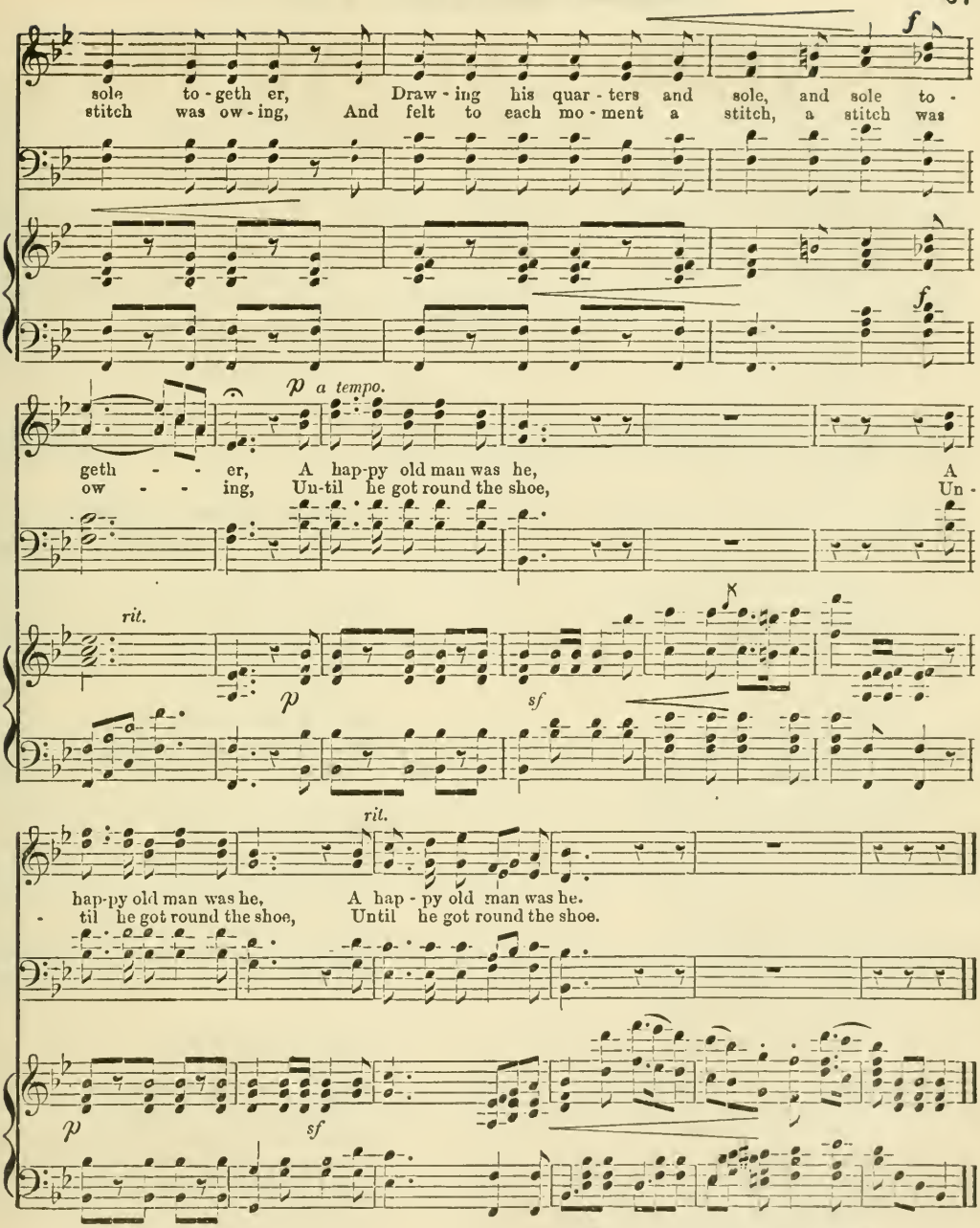
UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK.

THE SHOEMAKER.

"Act well your part: there all the Honor lies."

WORDS BY HANNAH F. GOULD. HENRICO.


Allegretto Giocoso.
f
1. The Shoe-maker sat a - mid
2. This hap-py old man was so
f
f
p
wax and leather, With lapstone o - ver his knee!
wise and knowing, The worth of his time he knew!
Where snug in his shop, Where snug in his shop he de-
He brist-led his ends, He bristled his ends, and he
p
poco rit.
2d Strain p mezzo voce e poco a poco cresc.
- fied all wea - - ther!
kept them go - - ing!
Draw - ing his quar-ters and
And felt to each mo-ment a
a tempo.
sf
p


sole to - geth er, Draw - ing his quar - ters and sole, and sole to -
stitch was ow - ing, And felt to each mo - ment a stitch, a stitch was
f
f
p a tempo.
geth - - er, A hap-py old man was he, A
ow - - ing, Un-til he got round the shoe, Un -
rit.
p
sf
rit.
hap-py old man was he, A hap - py old man was he.
til he got round the shoe, Until he got round the shoe.
p
sf

3 Of every deed that his wax was sealing,
The closing was firm and fast;
The prick of his awl never caused a feeling,
Of pain to the toe; and his skill in healing
Was perfect, and true to the last.

4 Whenever you gave him a foot to measure,
With gentle and skillful hand,
He took his proportions with looks of pleasure,
As if you were giving the costliest treasure,
Or dubbing him lord of the land.

5 And many a one did he save from getting
A fever, a cold, or cough,
For many a foot did he save from wetting,
When, whether in water or snow 'twas setting,
His shoeing would keep them off.

6 When he had done with his making and mending,
With hope, and a peaceful breast,
Resigning his awl, and his thread was ending,
He passed from his bench, to the grave descending
As high as a king to rest.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY JNO. LOVE, JR., '68.

AIR—"*America.*"

1 Another year has gone,
On time's swift pinions flown,
Its course it took;
'Tis linked with ages past,
But backward we can cast,
With memories crowding fast,
A lingering look.

2 We loved its gliding hours;
Its sunshine and its flowers
Have given us joy;
And oft we gathered here,
And mingled words of cheer,
While not a thought of fear
Could e'er annoy.

3 We've joined with friendly hand
And a united band
Have ever stood;
O'er Latin and o'er Greek,
With spirits wondrous meek,
We've pored from week to week,
As students should.

4 And Problems not a few,
And Metaphysics too,
We waded through;
What good such studies gain,
But try the student's brain,
And give head-aches and pain
We never knew.

5 How oft, in midnight toil,
We burned the wasting oil,
Deprived of sleep;
And spent the weary night,
Till morning's misty light
Had dawned upon our sight,
O'er studies deep.

6 But now,—these times all o'er,
To trouble us no more,—
This New Year's day;—
Increased prosperity,
A noble destiny,—
Our University,
For thee we pray.

7 Long live thy glorious fame;
And may thy honored name
Exalted be;
May all thy sons unite
In spreading far thy might,
While floats in dazzling light,
Thy banner free.

8 * "'*Αέι ἀριστέυειν*,"
Long may she live to shine,
And bless our race;
Come, join with us to sing;
Your tributes hither bring;
While loud our anthems ring,
To swell her praise.

* EXCELSIOR. The motto of one of our Societies.

JUBILEE, LOUD JUBILEE!

BY JNO. LOVE, JR., '68.

AIR—"*Gaudeamus.*"

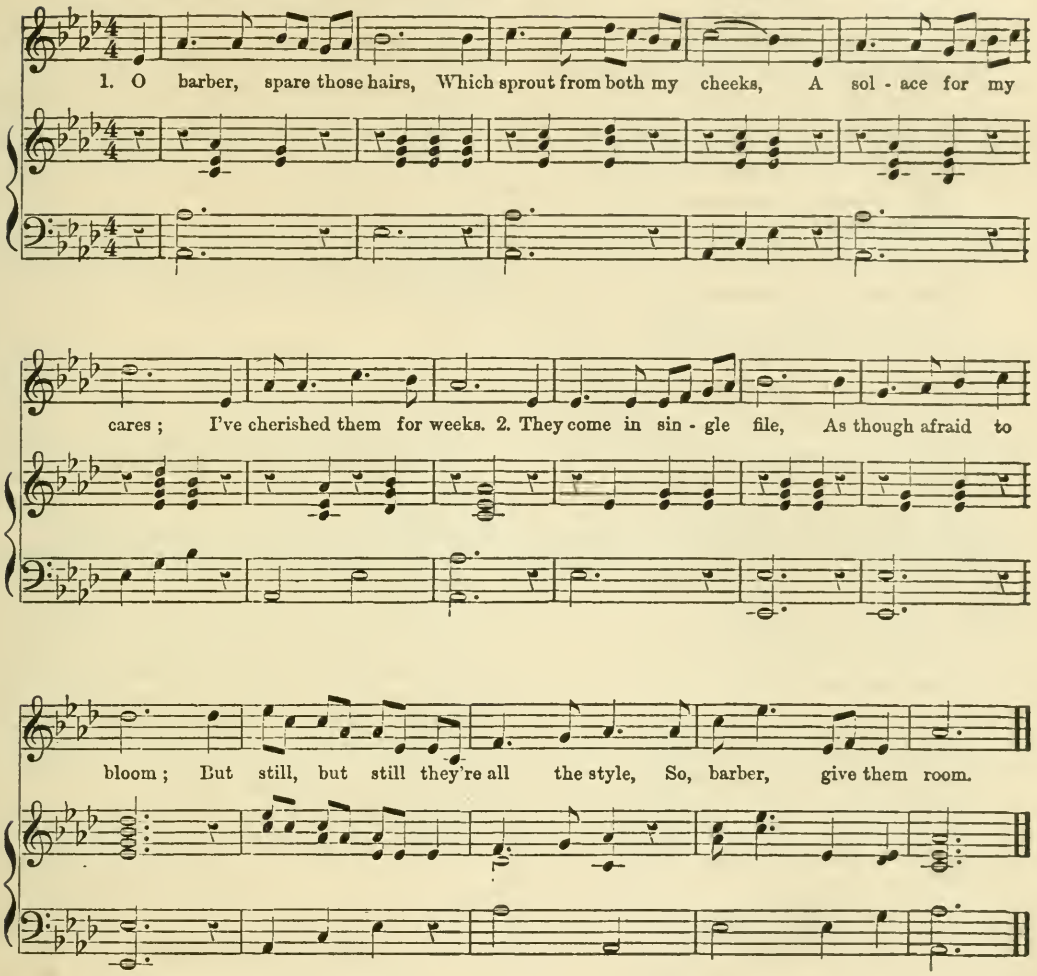
1 Jubilee, loud jubilee,
Now we join in singing;
To our University,
Joyful tributes bringing;
Hearts and hands as one united,
By one common thought incited,
Lift we now our tuneful lays.

2 Alma Mater, hail to thee,
Home of worth and learning!
On thine altar still we see
Grateful incense burning.
Round thee still thy sons shall rally;
Every hill-top, every valley,
Shall be vocal with thy praise.

3 Alma Mater, we rejoice,
In thy name and glory;
May thy sons, with cheerful voice,
Spread thy name in story;
Round the earth thy triumphs telling,
With glad notes thy praises swelling,
May the world thy greatness know.

BARBER, SPARE THOSE HAIRS.

AIR—"*Woodman, spare that tree,*" or the following. WORDS BY JNO. LOVE, JR., '68.


1. O barber, spare those hairs, Which sprout from both my cheeks, A sol - ace for my
cares ; I've cherished them for weeks. 2. They come in sin - gle file, As though afraid to
bloom ; But still, but still they're all the style, So, barber, give them room.

3 I've reached a Junior's state,
Its dignity and fame ;
And though these hairs came late,
They still can honor claim.

4 With awe the Freshmen see
These proofs of ripening years ;
And bow while passing me,
Beset with trembling fears.

5 O, give them yet a year,
The strength'ning sap to draw ;
For then you need not fear,
They'll grow *two* inches more.

6 Then, barber, list to me,
And bend unto my cry ;
O, let my whiskers be,
Not yet thy calling ply.

7 And when I'm passing near,
'Twill be, I'm sure, no wrong,
Your waiting eyes to cheer
With whiskers thick and long.

8 Now, barber, fare thee well ;
The blade put on its shelf
And ne'er this story tell,
But keep it to yourself.

THE HOME WE PRIZE.

AIR—"*Litoria.*"

1 The N. Y. U.'s the home we prize;
We'll lift her glories to the skies;
Where'er we go we'll speak her name,
Record it on the book of fame. *Chorus.*

2 We love her walls, we love her halls,
Though oft we've met with flunks and falls;
The road to learning, well we know,
Is hard, and must be traveled slow. *Cho.*

3 We love our grave and reverend Prex,
Though him we oft torment and vex;
But patience is a virtue rare,
And so we give it chance to air. *Cho.*

4 Long may our Alma Mater stand;
Her worth be known in every land;
And may her sons be firm and true,
Bring honor to the N. Y. U. *Cho.*

OH! HAIL TO OUR LOVED N. Y. U.

AIR—"*Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.*"

1 Alma Mater, we cherish and love thee,
And round thee we gather to sing;
May the bright star of peace be above thee;
Thy children their offerings bring;
Round thy name may bright laurels entwining,
Sweet fragrance distil to the air;
On thy walls may the bright sunbeams shining,
Reflect back thy beauties so fair.

Chorus.—O, hail to our loved N. Y. U.,
O, hail to our loved N. Y. U.,
May thy sons ever gather around thee,
Our noble and loved N. Y. U.

2 Alma Mater, may heaven defend thee
From all who would dare to assail;
May honor and blessing attend thee,
And 'neath thee, thine enemies quail.
May thy fame and thy glory increasing,
Be sung by thy votaries true;
Like the sun in its course, never ceasing,
Be the praise of our loved N. Y. U.,
Cho.—O, hail to our loved N. Y. U., etc.

EXAMINANDUM EST.

BY HOFFMAN AND LOTT, '75.

AIR—"*Sing Tangent Cotangent.*"

1 "Old Parabola" rose one fine morning in June,
And his countenance looked as serene as the moon;
His condition was "gibbous"* his heart it was gay,
For he had a class to examine that day.
CHORUS—For he had a class to examine that day.

2 And all of the class walked into the room,
In their pockets were "targums," they looked dark as the tomb;
But "Parabola" smiled as he looked on the ground,
For he knew that he'd soon scatter hot shot around.
CHORUS—For he knew he'd soon scatter hot shot around.

3 He pulled out his tumbler with the papers therein,
Put on his goggles and rubbed at his chin;
And the junior class trembled when these motions they saw,
And they tried to remember "Manotte's Law."
CHORUS—And they tried to remember "Manotte's Law."

* NOTE—Gibbous, a little more than half-full.

4 Their "astronomy" passed from their brain like the wind,
Their "calculus" likewise had left them behind;
But the last stroke of all was the greatest by far,
When he brought out his "rigid inflexible bar."
CHORUS SING—Perfectly Rigid Inflexible Bar.

5 When the Juniors beheld it they trembled with fright,
Each one of them knew that he'd not got it right;
And their morals began to grow very lax,
When he asked for the state of the "sun's parallax."
CHORUS—When he asked for the state of the "sun's parallax."

6 At the end of the session the Juniors marched out,
"Parabola" had flunked some and put them to rout;
But a portion had passed, and those favored few,
Gave cheer upon cheer for the N. Y. U.
CHORUS—Gave cheer upon cheer for the N. Y. U.

THE FLUNKER.

AIR—"*Sing, Tangent Cotangent.*"

1 There was a young man, who in New York did dwell,
In figure and form a remarkable swell;
He drank lager beer, but he never touched rum,
And he was remarkably dumb—dumb—dumb.

2 His parents they thought him a genius to make,
So they sent him to college for learning's sake:
When the Prof. asked a question, he always kept mum,
For he was remarkably dumb—dumb—dumb.

3 "Explain if you please, about Manotte's Law,
And the properties of the inflexible bar;"
He had nothing to say, and he sucked on his thumb,
For he was remarkably dumb—dumb—dumb.

4 The Professor then said in language quite strong,
His remarks were quite forcible, and not very long;
"Get to your seat, you 'son of a plum,'
'For you are remarkably dumb—dumb—dumb.'"

5 Our friend thus recited day after day,
Wherever he "ponied," he "gave it away;"
"Will he ever take 'A. B?'" is questioned by some,
"For he's so remarkably dumb—dumb—dumb."

Hoffman and Lott, ('75.)

THE CAP AND GOWN.

BY ERNEST H. CROSBY, '76, N. Y. U.

AIR—"*Fair Harvard.*"

1 Let men find their pleasure in foray and fight,
While they cover the ground with the slain;
Let them joy to have only the billows in sight,
And rove carelessly over the main.

2 Let them seek for vain pomp and riches of earth,
And the power that glitters like gold;
Still the search for knowledge will be of more worth,
Though it be less loudly extolled.

3 Let the soldier boast loud of his banner and mail,
And exult in the sword at his side;
Let the seaman rejoice in his pennon and sail,
And the anchor and oar be his pride.

4 Let princes be blessed with the bright coronet,
And kings take delight in the crown;
But the mark of the student is best of them yet,
Here's a health to the Cap and the Gown.

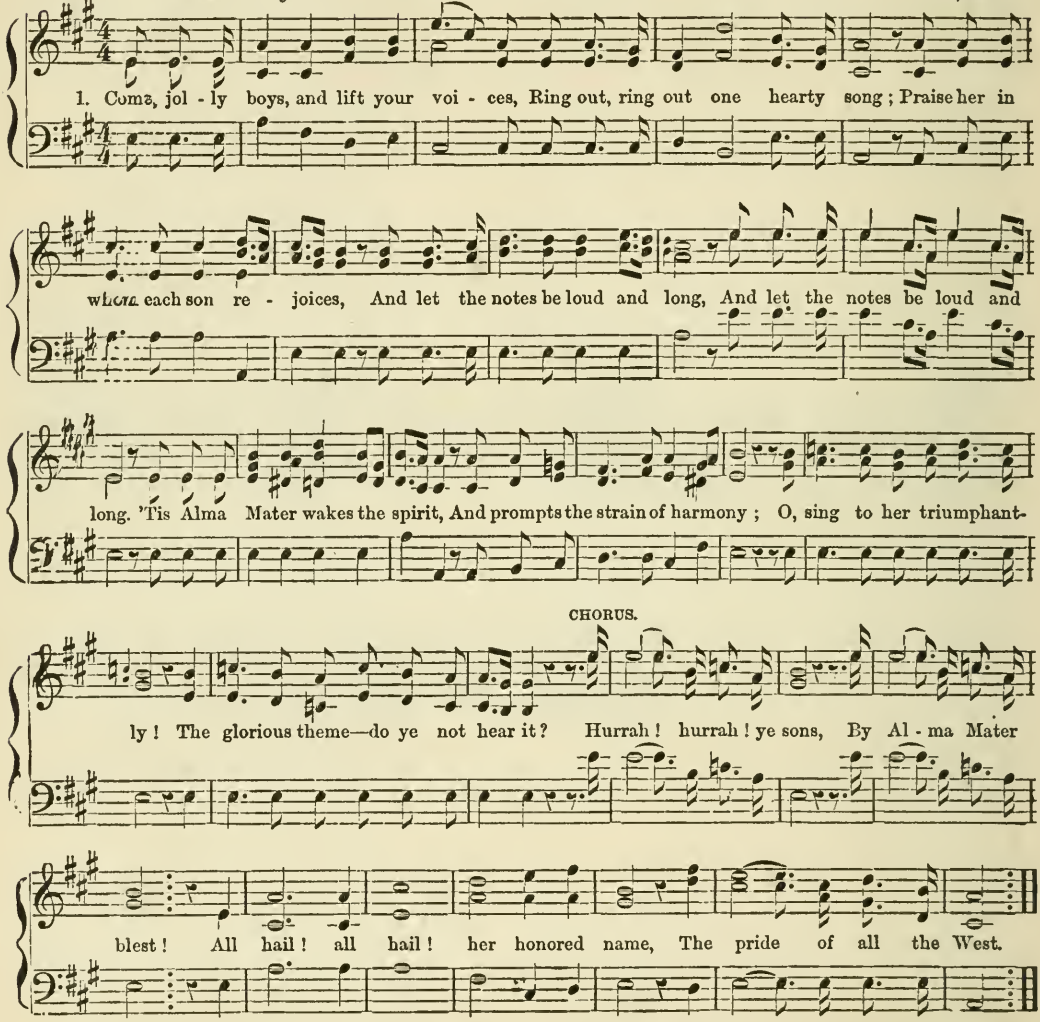
Songs of Michigan University.

"Come jolly boys, and lift your voices,
Ring out, ring out a hearty song;
Praise her in whom each son rejoices,
And let the notes be loud and long."

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY SONGS.

ALMA MATER.

AIR—"*Marseilles Hymn.*" WORDS BY ARTHUR H. SNOW, '65.

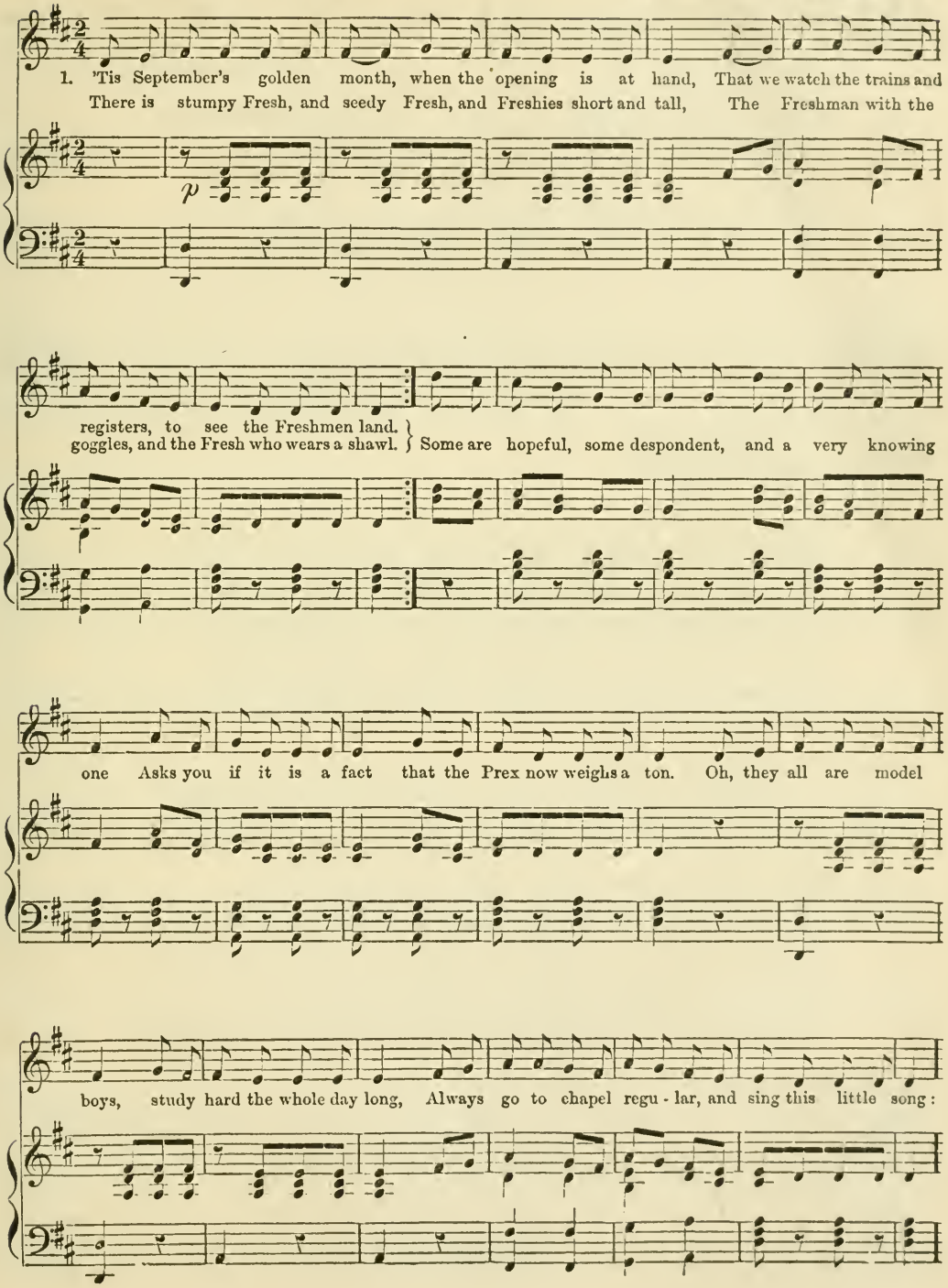

1. Come, jol - ly boys, and lift your voi - ces, Ring out, ring out one hearty song; Praise her in
whom each son re - joices, And let the notes be loud and long, And let the notes be loud and
long. 'Tis Alma Mater wakes the spirit, And prompts the strain of harmony; O, sing to her triumphant-
CHORUS.
ly! The glorious theme—do ye not hear it? Hurrah! hurrah! ye sons, By Al - ma Mater
blest! All hail! all hail! her honored name, The pride of all the West.

2 A thousand tongues, to swell the chorus,
Shall proudly join with us to-day;
While thousands more, who've gone before us,
Will gladly echo back the lay;
And many lands shall know the glory
That crowns the Brow of Michigan,
And greet the light in Learning's van,
The fair Ann Arbor, rich in story.
Chorus.—Hurrah, etc.

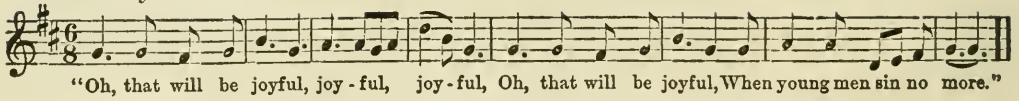
3 So, now our friends are hither turning
An anxious and expectant eye;
Are we, all base ambition spurning,
On fire with aspirations high?
Oh, earnestly the world is pleading
For men of strong and valiant soul;
Then let us strive for honor's goal,
Our country's youth in triumph leading.
Cho.—Hurrah, etc.

4 By Alma Mater's precepts guided,
We'll boldly tread life's rugged way;
Nor faint, nor falter, though derided,
Or foes our course should wish to stay;
And in our hearts shall perish never,
Our love for her whose halls we've trod;
Her praise we'll sing till 'neath the sod
Our voice is silent, and forever. *Chorus.*

AIR—"*The Captain with his Whiskers.*" PRIZE SONG. BY JAMES K. BLISH, 66.

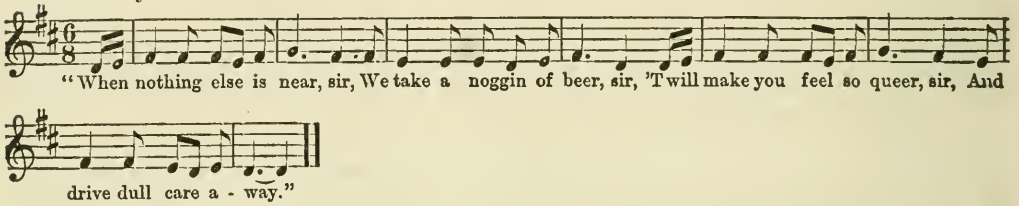

1. 'Tis September's golden month, when the opening is at hand, That we watch the trains and
There is stumpy Fresh, and seedy Fresh, and Freshies short and tall, The Freshman with the
p
registers, to see the Freshmen land.
goggles, and the Fresh who wears a shawl. Some are hopeful, some despondent, and a very knowing
one Asks you if it is a fact that the Prex now weighs a ton. Oh, they all are model
boys, study hard the whole day long, Always go to chapel regu - lar, and sing this little song:

Chorus for 1st verse.



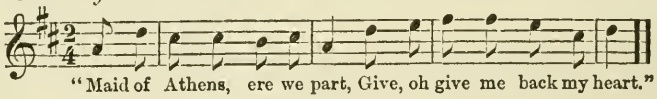
2 When they rise to mighty Sophs, (such a change I grieve to tell,)
But their highest aspiration is to steal the chapel bell.
Then they push upon the stairs, get some plugs and cut a swell,
Singing "saw the Freshman's leg off," as loud as they can yell.
Then they buy some big meerschaums, just to pass away the time,
Which they try to make you think came from "Bingen on the Rhine."
Oh, you ought to see his whiskers, just thirteen in the pair,
Which he strokes so very gently, while he sings his favorite air:

Chorus for 2d verse.



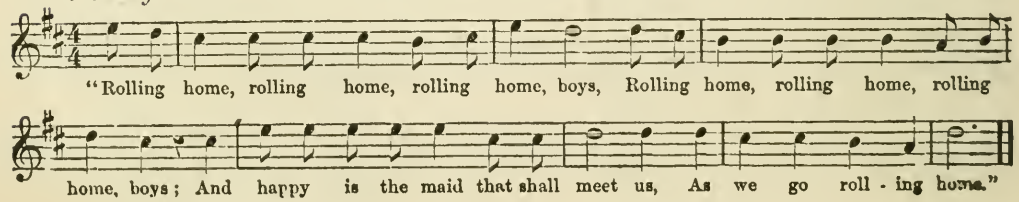
3 What romantic chaps they are, when they get their Junior boost,
And they tell of strange adventures, pulling turkeys from the roost;
Form some very strong attachments, and escort the girls about,
So they'll get a nice bouquet when they make their Junior spout.
Oh, it would not be so strange, as perhaps it might be sad,
If a letter from the Faculty should chance to reach their Dad.
Then he spends his whole vacation, which ends, alas, too soon,
Trifling with the girls' affections by the singing of this tune:

Chorus for 3d verse.



4 But now that they are Seniors, mark their philosophic air,
When they "say their say" in chapel, and make the Freshmen stare;
And they sport a beard besides, just as every Senior should,
Think that billiards are consistent with their "spirit's highest good."
Oh, they smoke and take their ease, while they talk of moral law,
Und sie trinken starkes Bier wann Niemand sieht sie, ja.
Then Commencement comes at last, which they've waited for so long,
And with sheepskins in their pockets safe, they sing the parting song:

Chorus for 4th verse.


"Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home, boys, Rolling home, rolling home, rolling
home, boys; And happy is the maid that shall meet us, As we go roll - ing home."

OH, UNIVERSITY!

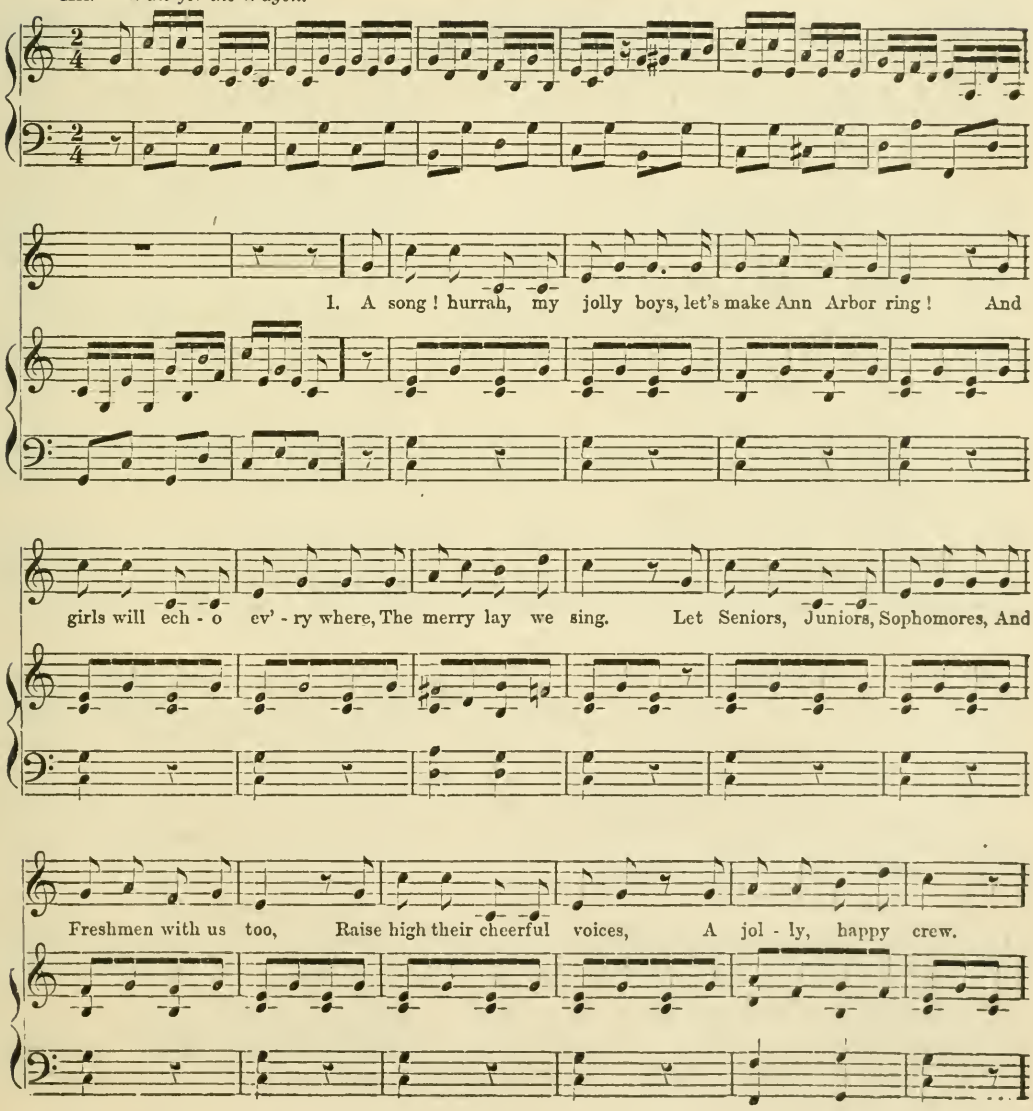
AIR—"*America.*"

1 O, University!
O, Freedom's pride! to thee
Our song we raise.
From all our glorious land
We come, a mighty band,
United, heart and hand,
To chant thy praise.

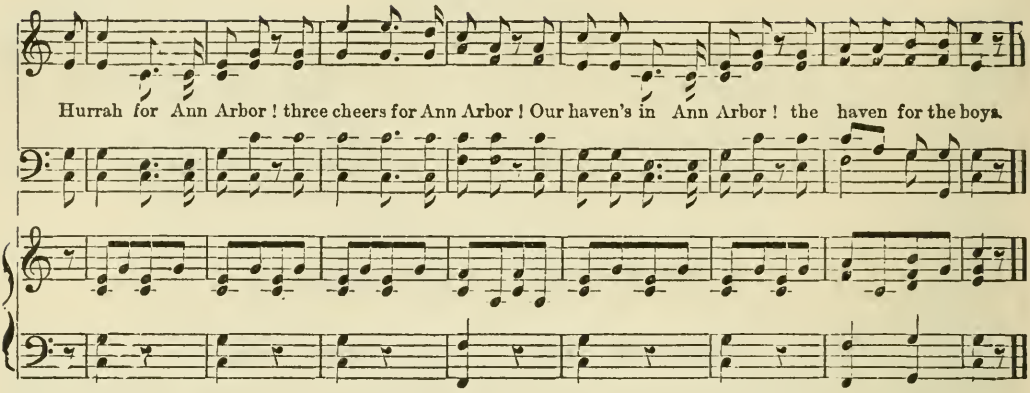
2 In Time's swift, onward flight,
To Wisdom's grandest height
At last thou'lt come.
Thy glowing altar flame!
And sons who praise thy name,
Shall tell the world thy fame,
Blest College Home.

HURRAH FOR ANN ARBOR!

AIR—"*Wait for the Wagon.*"


1. A song! hurrah, my jolly boys, let's make Ann Arbor ring! And
girls will ech - o ev' - ry where, The merry lay we sing. Let Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, And
Freshmen with us too, Raise high their cheerful voices, A jol - ly, happy crew.

CHORUS.



2 We'll *physic* every tough Greek root
That comes up in our way ;
And to our Calculus we'll sound
A deferential bray.
Our cares a few, and they are joys,
Or blessings in disguise,
And when we for vacations ask,
The Faculty complies.
Chorus.—Hurrah for Ann Arbor !
Three cheers for Ann Arbor !
Our haven's in Ann Arbor,
The haven of our joys.

3 Our course when run, so full of fun,
A parting sad there'll be ;
Thy name shall ever warm our hearts,
Dear University !
Nor will the cares of life destroy
Thy place in memory,
But in our labor's toil and joy,
Our thoughts will be with thee.
Chorus.—Hurrah for Ann Arbor!
Three cheers for Ann Arbor!
Hurrah for Ann Arbor!
My merry, merry boys.

A COLLEGE LAY.

AIR—"*Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore.*"

1 Soph'mores, lay aside your "Hor'ces ;"
And ye Seniors, Tacitus ;
"Medicks," leave your ghastly cor'ses,
"Fresh," *depone* Livius.

2 Juniors, swallow no more "Physic ;"
Limbs of Law, away with "Kent ;"
And in strains of cheering music,
Perfect joy shall find its vent.

3 First in academic fame,—
Upon thee with song we wait ;
Ann Arbor gives thee place and name,—
Pride and boast of all our state!

4 While sons shall reverence mothers,
We to thee will honor pay ;
While classmates are as brothers,
We will own thy gentle sway.

OUR ALMA MATER.

AIR—"*Cocachelunk.*"

1 Wake the song for Alma Mater !
Raise the chorus to the skies!
For she is the fond creator
Of our glorious destinies.
Chorus.—Cocachelunk, etc.

2 And she is the gracious donor
Of our honors, every one ;
Then to her, immortal honor
Be from every filial son.
Cho.—Cocachelunk, etc.

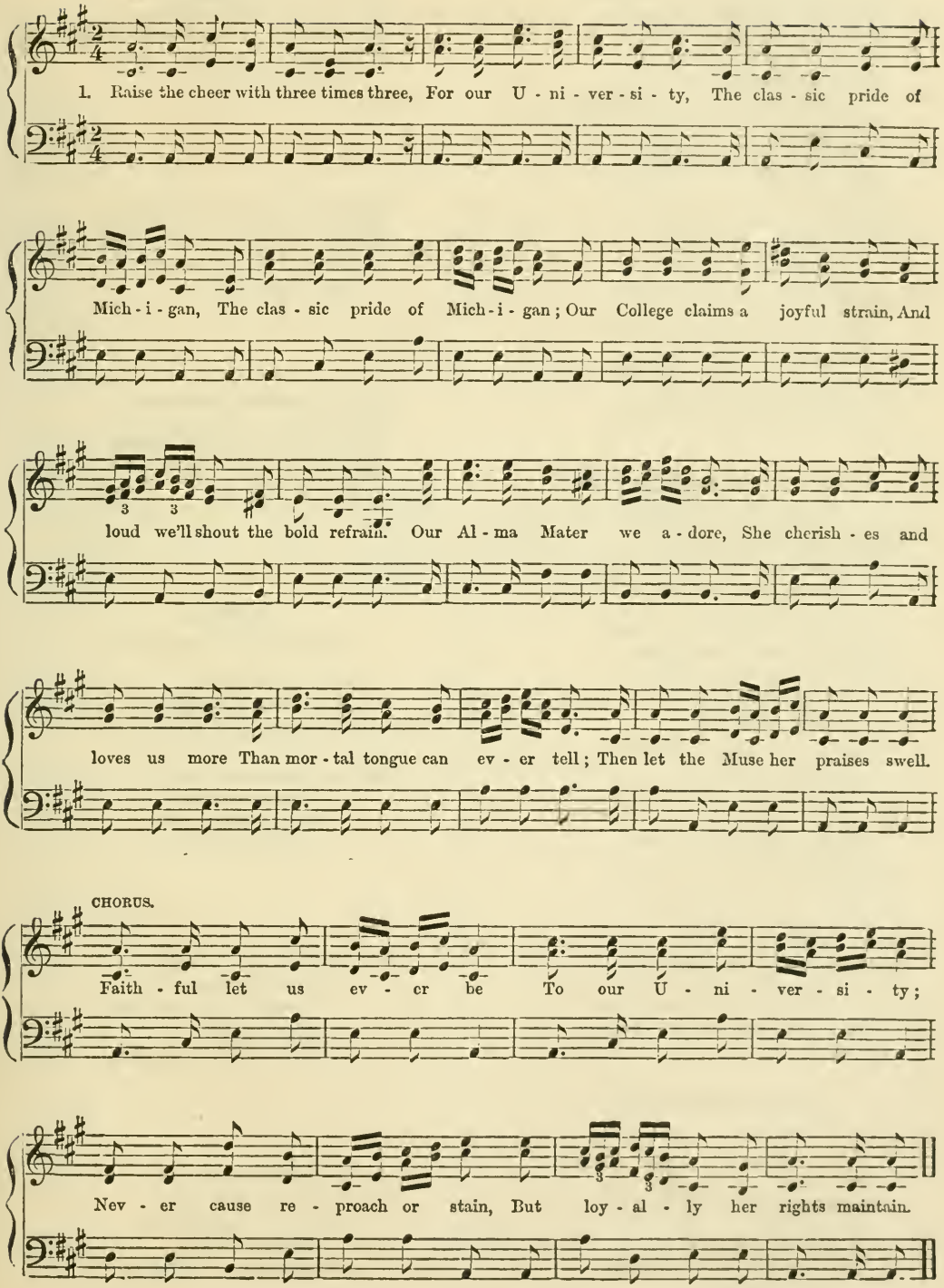
3 What is wealth, or paltry pleasure,
To the soul that ever lives ?
Sterling wisdom is the treasure
Dearest Alma Mater gives.
Cho.—Cocachelunk, etc.

4 By the fair Ann Arbor nourished,
On the winding Huron's shore,
From the outset she has flourished,
And shall flourish evermore.
Cho.—Cocachelunk, etc.

5 Then we'll shout aloud the chorus,
Till it reach the stars above ;
While the waving banner o'er us
Shall be Alma Mater's love.
Cho.—Cocachelunk, etc.

UNIVERSITY SONG.

AIR—"*Hail Columbia.*"


1. Raise the cheer with three times three, For our U - ni - ver - si - ty, The clas - sic pride of
Mich - i - gan, The clas - sic pride of Mich - i - gan; Our College claims a joyful strain, And
loud we'll shout the bold refrain. Our Al - ma Mater we a - dore, She cherish - es and
loves us more Than mor - tal tongue can ev - er tell; Then let the Muse her praises swell.
CHORUS.
Faith - ful let us ev - er be To our U - ni - ver - si - ty;
Nev - er cause re - proach or stain, But loy - al - ly her rights maintain.

2 Immortal thought, a boundless store,
More precious than the shining ore,
She gives alike to rich and poor;
Imprinting on the mind of youth
The fadeless principles of truth.
That all her offspring may be strong,
May choose the right and shun the wrong
Sustain the honor of the laws,
And bravely fight in Freedom's cause.
Chorus.—Faithful let us ever be, etc.

3 Onward, upward let us press,
And emulate the nobleness
Of faithful brothers gone before.
For there are conquests to be won,
A glorious race for each to run.
Then let us, with a fearless heart,
Perform in life a worthy part;
And though the threat'ning storm may lower,
Disdain to shrink in peril's hour.
Cho.—Faithful let us ever be, etc.

STRIKE, STRIKE THE STRING.

AIR—"*Swiss Battle Song.*"

1 With glad hearts now we fondly turn
To Alma Mater dear,
Who none from her wide door doth spurn,
Our Alma Mater dear;
Our notes of gladness now shall rise,
Our chorus swell e'en to the skies.
Chorus.—Strike, strike the string,
Your praises bring
To Alma Mater dear.

From scenes of busy toil and care,
To Alma Mater dear,
We came, the fost'ring aid to share
Of Alma Mater dear.
Our love for her shall e'er remain,
And loudly swell the joyful strain:
Cho.—Strike, etc.

3 For her our songs shall ever rise,
Our Alma Mater dear;
Her care and love we'll ever prize,
Our Alma Mater dear.
Through all our days of life to come,
We'll ever love our college home.
Cho.—Strike, etc.

OUR COLLEGE HOME.

BY JAMES K. BLISH, '66.

AIR—"*Upidee.*"

1 Come, threw your busy cares away,
And join us in our cheerful lay;
With many voices we'll prolong
The accents of our favorite song,
Of "Upidee," etc.

2 Our University for fun,
She wins the soul of every son;
And while our joyful hearts beat high,
We'll send our chorus to the sky.
Of "Upidee," etc.

3 The poorest lad within the land
Receives the favors of her hand;
And those who come unto her door,
Will sing her praises evermore.
Oh, "Upidee," etc.

4 The memories that mingle here,
Shall ever live, our souls to cheer;
The very stars will brighter shine,
When linked with thoughts of thee and thine
Oh, "Upidee," etc.

KOMMOS.

AIR—"*Lauriger Horatius.*"

1 Vos venite periti,
Omnes Opticorum,
Dum rogum succendimus
Pleni triumphorum.
Chorus.—Gaudeamus igitur,
Libri nunc laborum,
Hostis jam profligitur
Terror Juniorum

2 Equites cum proelium
Eo commisere,
Ab omni parte cæsus est,
Sed illi vicere.
Cho.—Gaudeamus igitur, etc.

3 O Tirones miseri,
Atque Sophomores!
Cito vobis Punkeius
Faciet dolores.
Cho.—Gaudeamus igitur, etc.

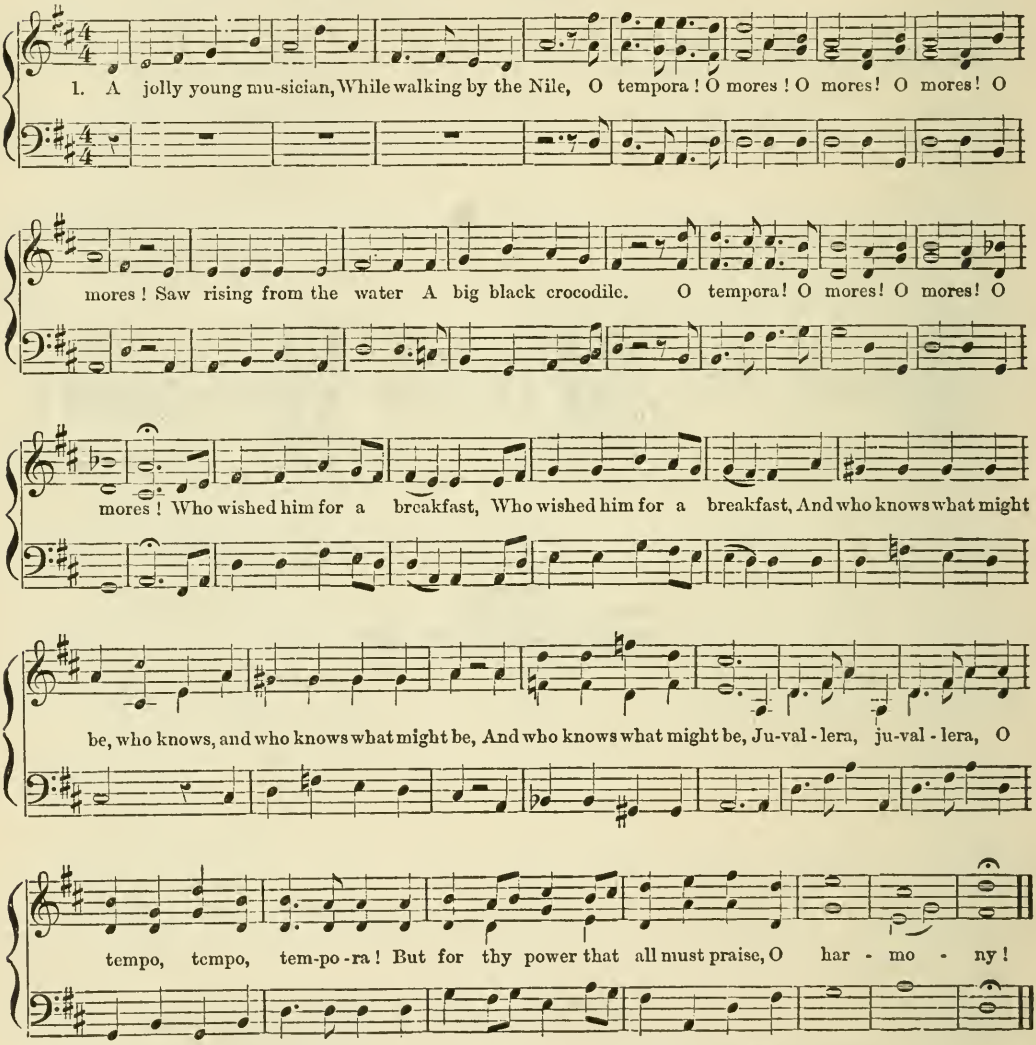
Songs of Madison University.

"Music,
Sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid."

MADISON UNIVERSITY SONGS.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

This song was composed by a Theologue. While walking along the bank of the canal one day, being enchanted by surrounding scenery, the following ideas suggested themselves to him.


1. A jolly young mu-sician, While walking by the Nile, O tempora! O mores! O mores! O mores! O
mores! Saw rising from the water A big black crocodile. O tempora! O mores! O mores! O
mores! Who wished him for a breakfast, Who wished him for a breakfast, And who knows what might
be, who knows, and who knows what might be, And who knows what might be, Ju-val-lera, ju-val-lera, O
tempo, tempo, tem-po-ra! But for thy power that all must praise, O har-mo-ny!

2 Then quickly slipping out his
Violin from it's case,
O tempora! O mores!
He drew his bow across it
With skill and with grace,
O tempora! O mores!
And when a merry tune
He betook himself to play,
The hungry monster went to dancing like a fay.

3 And in the sand he danced
Around and around,
O tempora! O mores!
Till seven huge pyramids
Rose right up from the ground,
O tempora! O mores!
Now but for that good fiddle,
And skill to play it well,
No pyramid or fiddler could the story tell.

MEDLEY.

BY Z. G., JR. '62.

O come maidens, come o'er the blue rolling waves,
The lovely should still be the care of the brave;
Trancadillo, trancadillo, trancadillo, dillo-dill,
Oh, carry me long,
Der's no more trouble for me,
I's gwine to roam in a happy home,
Where all de niggers are.
Oh boys, carry me—
Way down upon the Swanee riber,
Far, far away,
Dar's where my heart is turning eber,
Dar's where de old folks stay,
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at—
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like—
Way down South in de land of cotton,
Old times dere will never be forgotten,
Look away, look away,
Look away to Dixie's land;
In Dixie's land where I was born in,
Early on a frosty morning,
Look away, look away,
Look away to Dixie's land;
I wish I was in Dixie,
Away, away,
In Dixie's land I take my stand—
Down where the waving willows,
'Neath the sunbeam's smile,
Shadowed o'er the murmuring waters,
Dwelt sweet Annie Lisle.
Pure as a forest lily,
Never thought of guile
Had its home within the bosom—
Of a jolly young musician
While walking by the Nile,
O tempora! O mores!
When out of the water rose
A big black crocodile—
O say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming,
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air—
Upidee-i, dee-i, da, upidee, upida,
Upidee-i, dee-i, da, upidee, upida,

OUR MAIDENS FAR AWAY.

AIR.—"*Cocachelunk.*"

1 Though we're deep in Titus Livius,
Or in Homer all the day,
Trust us we are not oblivious,
Of our maidens far away.

2 Though we bide in far-off places,
Working ever week by week,
We remember your dear faces,—
Reading Latin, grinding Greek.

3 Living up in dismal attics,
Or on cosiest first floors,
Learning toughest mathematics,
Science, classics,—horrid bores.

4 Turning leaves of dictionary,
Working ever day by day,
We remember pretty Mary,
Lively Jennie, gentle May.

OLD MADISON.

AIR—"*The Young Recruit.*"

J. H. ANDREWS, '69.

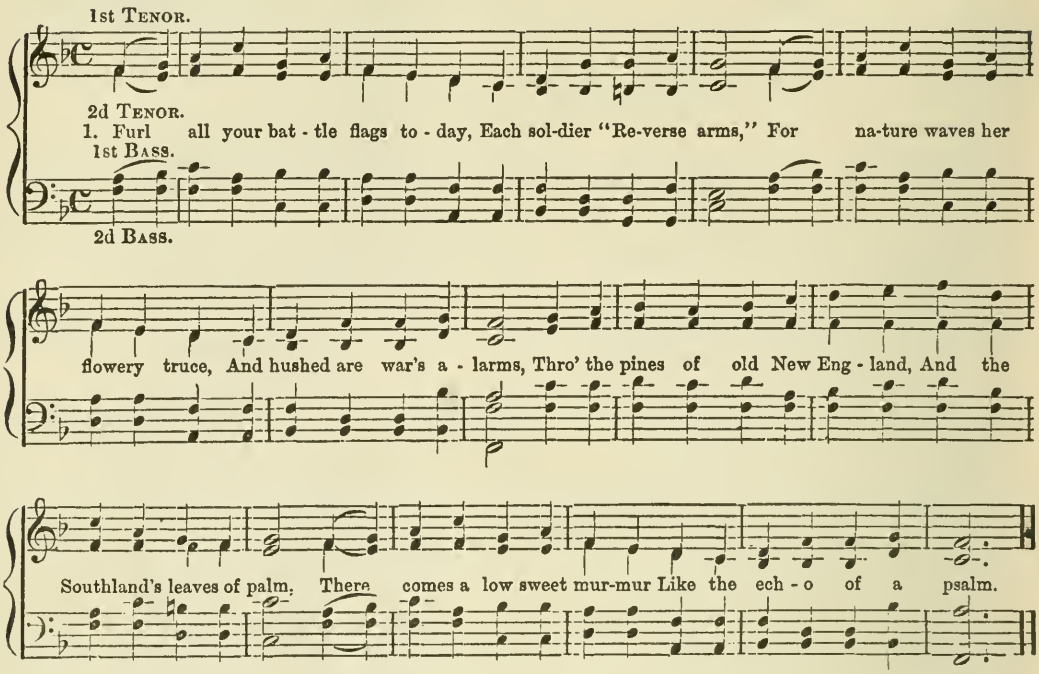
1 Here's a song and a hearty chorus,
Let us shout it with a will—
To our mother on the hill;
And we pledge while time rolls o'er us
To be her children still.
By the friendship firm and fast
Of the happy days of yore,
As we loved her in the past,
We will love her evermore;
Old Madison we sing—may her praises still abound.
Here's her health while the years roll around. (*Bis.*)

2 Her feet keep step with gladness
To the music of our song, to the music of our song,
Age brings to her no sadness,
Her heart is ever young;
And under every sky
Where'er her children be,
With love that cannot die,
She watches tenderly—
Old Madison we sing, may her praises still abound,—
Here's her health while the years roll around. (*Bis.*)

3 We sing her future glory,
Her children yet to be,—her children yet to be—
Sons who shall chant her story
In grander strains than we!
Then brothers clasp the hand,
Her honor we'll defend,
As long as time shall stand,
She shall never lose a friend.
Old Madison we sing—may her praises still abound;
Here's her health while the years roll around. (*Bis.*)

DECORATION DAY.

POETRY BY LOUIS J. GROSS. ARR. BY WM. BROOKS.


1st Tenor.
2d Tenor.
1. Furl all your bat - tle flags to - day, Each sol-dier "Re-verse arms," For na-ture waves her
1st Bass.
2d Bass.
flowery truce, And hushed are war's a - larms, Thro' the pines of old New Eng - land, And the
Southland's leaves of palm. There comes a low sweet mur-mur Like the ech - o of a psalm.

2 The conflict now is ended,
The vict'ry is won too,
No more the reveille shall call
To arms the "Boys in Blue."
Then lay your wreaths of fragrant fern,
And twining immortelle,
O'er Boys in Blue and Boys in Gray,
Whose warfare ended well.

3 O'er all the white encampments
The order softly goes,
And to-day the Southern Lily
Blooms with the Northern Rose.
With flowers, buds and blossoms,
God's acre is o'erspread,
While nature's fairest offerings grace,
The Armies of the dead.

4 Dead! did you say? This is not death;
For they are living still;
They rally now to memory's call,
Their deeds our bosoms thrill.
The lives that 'neath the battle flag
Rare blossoms did unfold,
Still waft their fragrance o'er the land,
As in the days of old.

WHILE WE GATHER HERE.

AIR—"*Sparkling and Bright.*"

GEORGE O. WHITNEY, '69.

1 While we gather here, with song and cheer,
Our thoughts in union blending,
Let every voice commend our choice,
To the "Hickory" praises blending.
CHORUS.
Then cheer, boys cheer! we'll banish fear,
Farewell to care forever;
In joyful line, hail! sixty-nine!
May naught her bonds e'er sever.

2 As the beaming light of the stars at night,
Fall 'round these hallowed places,
Our motto brief *ad astra* chief,
Shall light our upturned faces.
CHORUS—Then cheer, &c.

3 And when at last, these days all past,
We leave these scenes for greater;
As we pass through life, 'mid the world's harsh strife,
We'll think of our Alma Mater.
CHORUS—Then cheer, &c.

SONGS OF THE

COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

"While on the board our glasses ring,
And eyes look bright, and hearts grow tender,
Our College we will sing,
And all who honor and defend her."

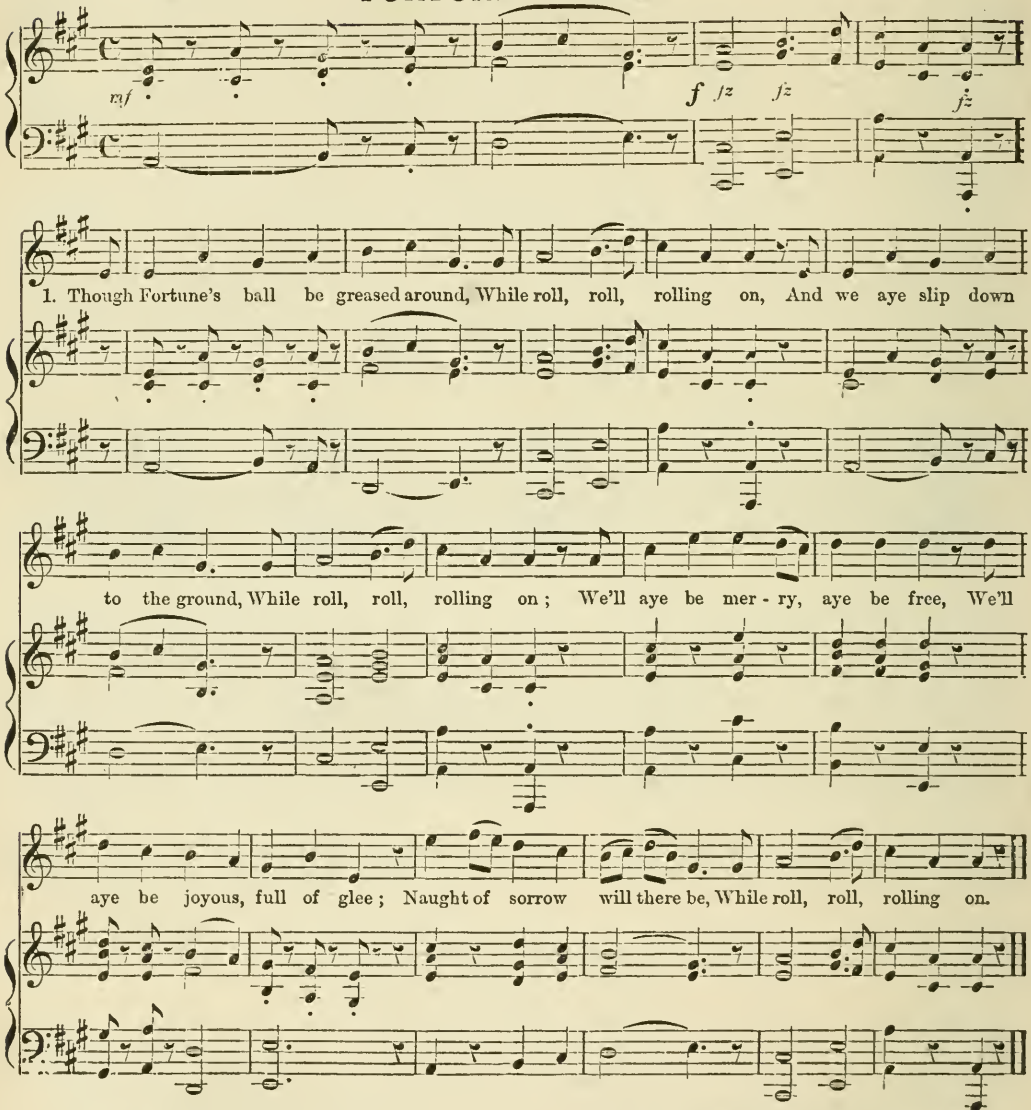
SONGS OF THE

COLLEGE of the CITY of NEW YORK.

AIR—"*Duncan Gray.*"

FORTUNE'S BALL.

WORDS BY J. R. S., '68.

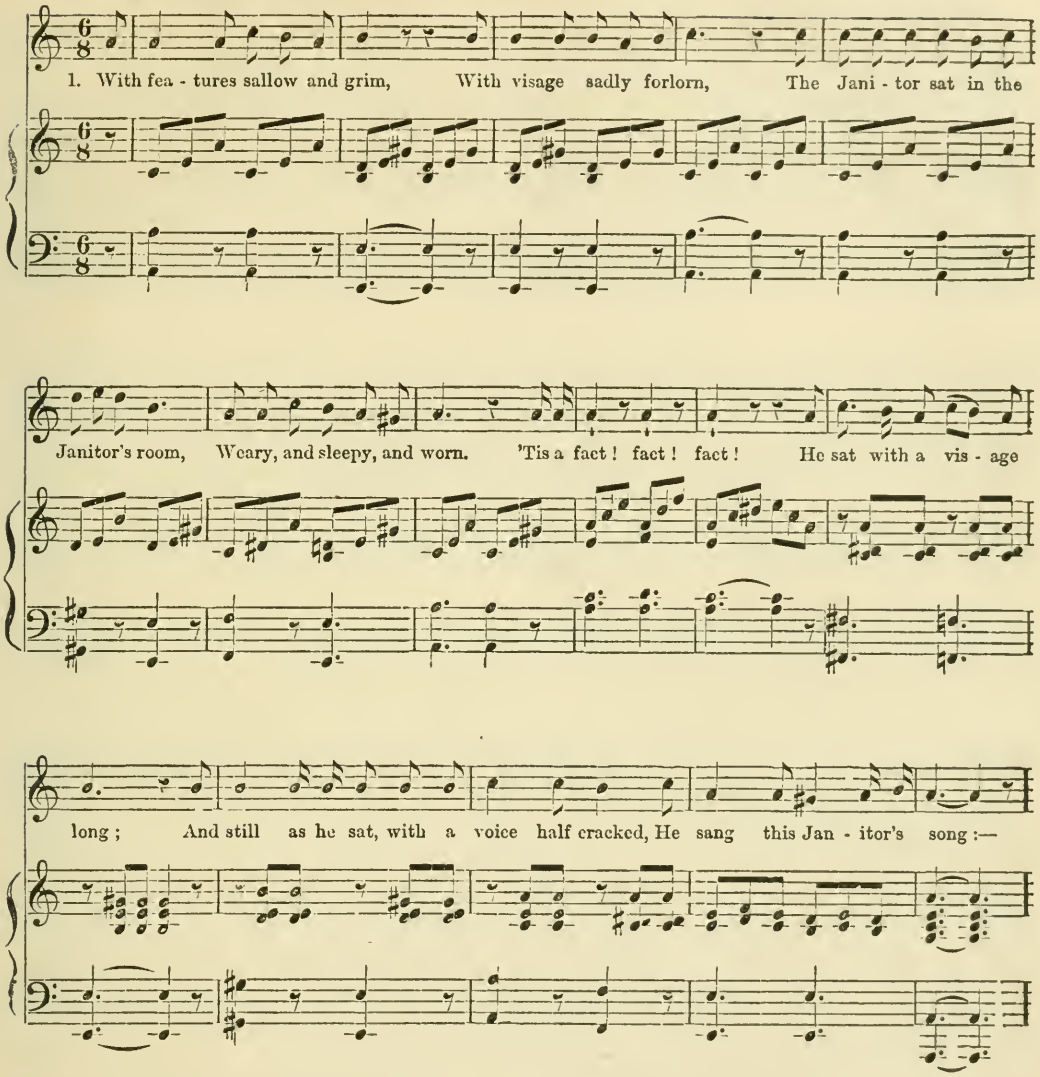

mf
f fz fz fz
1. Though Fortune's ball be greased around, While roll, roll, rolling on, And we aye slip down
to the ground, While roll, roll, rolling on; We'll aye be mer - ry, aye be free, We'll
aye be joyous, full of glee; Naught of sorrow will there be, While roll, roll, rolling on.

2 But if we stick and rise on high,
While roll, roll, rolling on,
A helping hand we'll aye have nigh,
While roll, roll, rolling on.
We'll give a shove to those in need,
And send them off with true "God speed,"
And be what's called "a friend indeed,"
While roll, roll, rolling on.

3 Then come what will, and come what may,
While roll, roll, rolling on,
We'll aye be found, from day to day,
While roll, roll, rolling on,
The same good body, full of cheer,
Devoid of wrong, no foes to fear,
Whom no bad fortune e'er could wear
While roll, roll, rolling on.

THE JANITOR'S SONG.

AIR—"*Song of the Shirt.*"

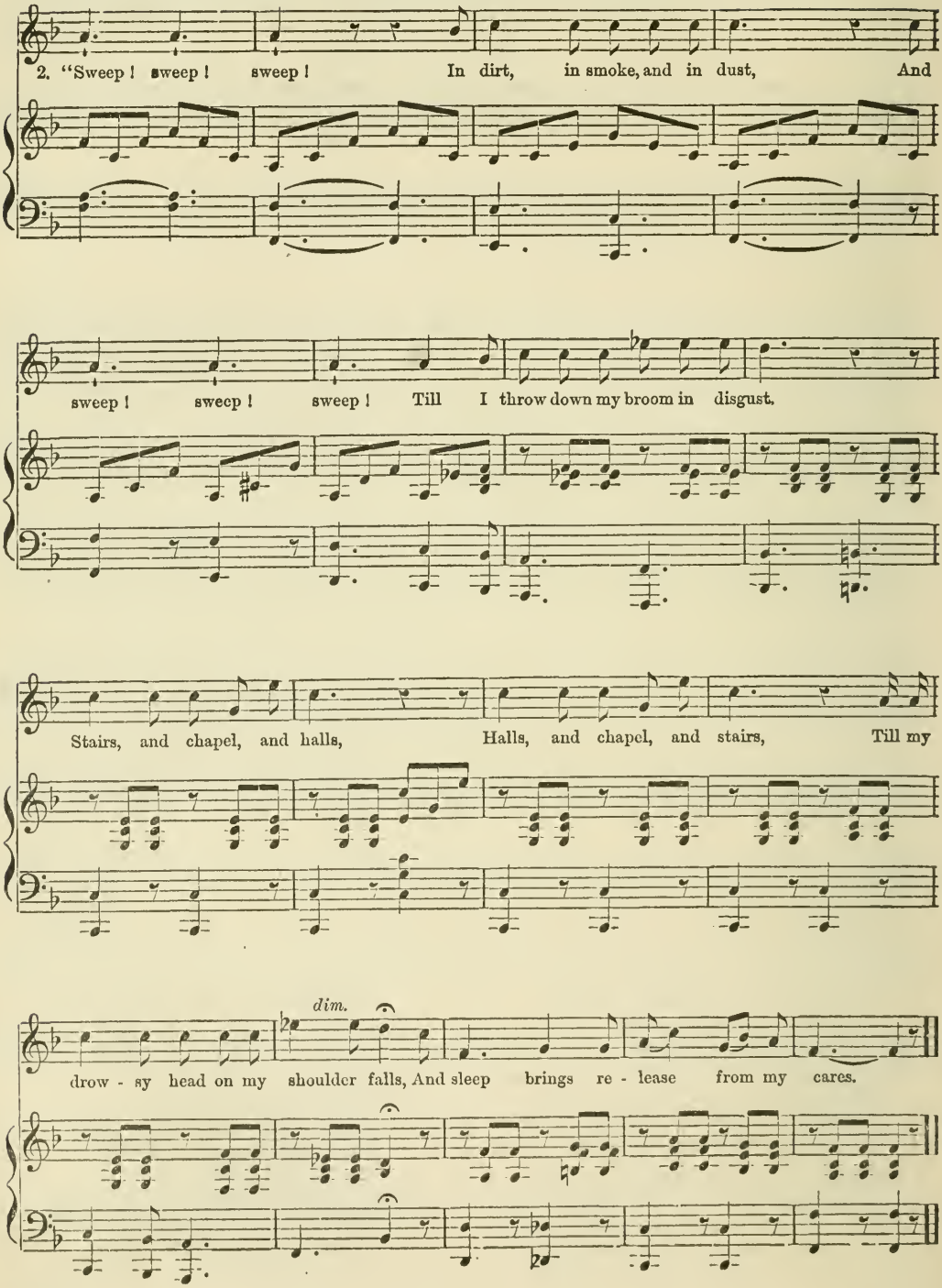

1. With fea - tures sallow and grim, With visage sadly forlorn, The Jani - tor sat in the
Janitor's room, Weary, and sleepy, and worn. 'Tis a fact! fact! fact! He sat with a vis - age
long; And still as he sat, with a voice half cracked, He sang this Jan - itor's song:—

3 "From the very first crack of the gong,
From the earliest gleam of day-light,
Day after day and all day long,
Far into the weary night,
It's sweep! sweep! sweep!
Till my broom doth a pillow seem;
Till over its handle I fall asleep,
And sweep away in my dream.

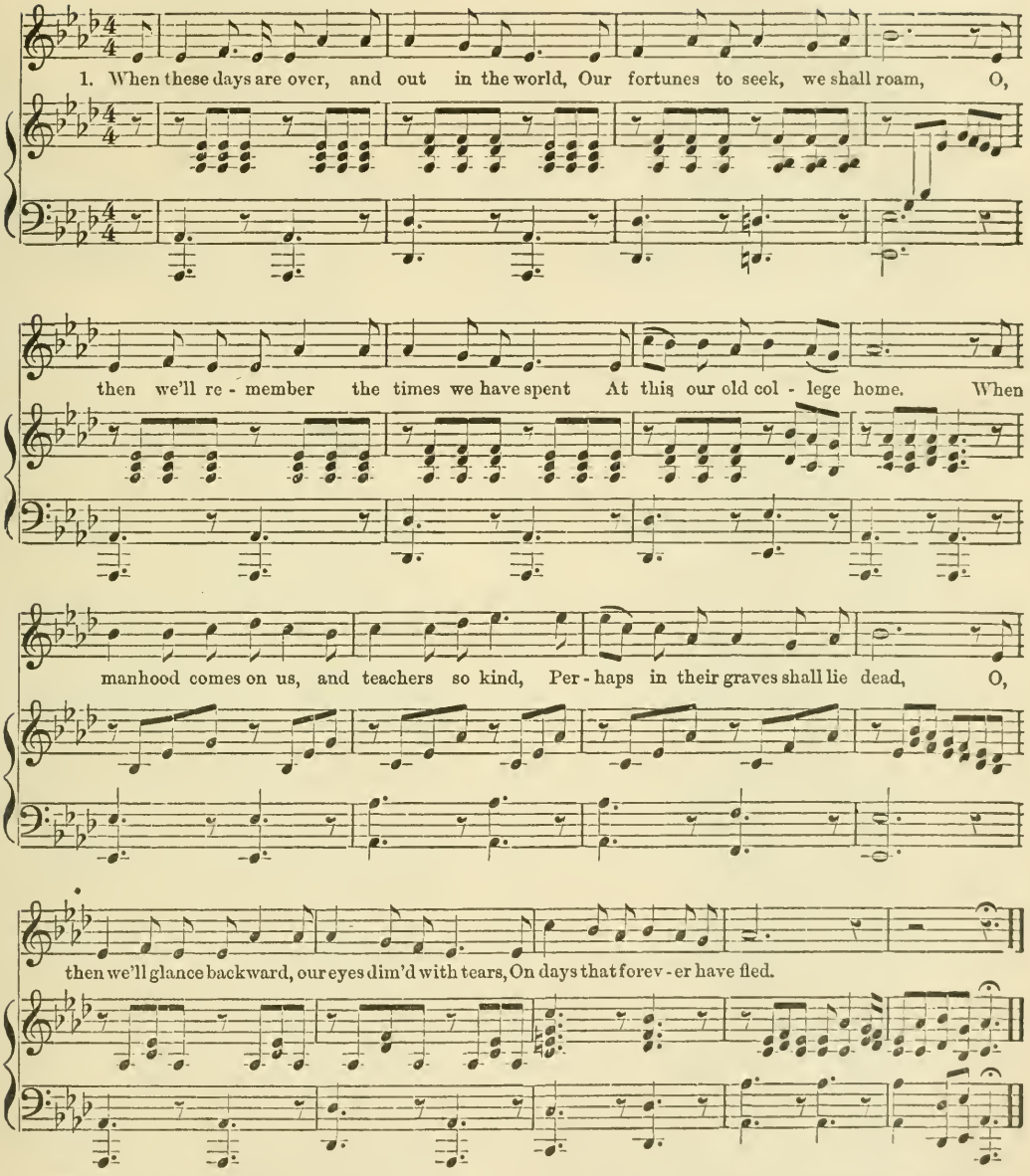
4 "Oh! students of high degree,
(I scorn to address a low fellow,)
Oh! Seniors most reverend, potent, and grave,
(In the words of my uncle Othello,)
My story's a sad one, indeed,
Notwithstanding your laughter and sport;
My life is naught but a broken reed,
And my broom is my only support.

With feature sallow and grim,
With visage sadly forlorn,
The Janitor sat in the Janitor's room,
Weary, and sleepy, and worn.
It's a fact! fact! fact!
He sat with a visage forlorn,
And still as he sat with a voice half cracked,
He sang the Janitor's song.

For the 2d verse only, or may be sung as Chorus to the other verses.


2. "Sweep! sweep! sweep! In dirt, in smoke, and in dust, And
sweep! sweep! sweep! Till I throw down my broom in disgust.
Stairs, and chapel, and halls, Halls, and chapel, and stairs, Till my
dim.
drow - sy head on my shoulder falls, And sleep brings re - lease from my cares.

WHEN THESE DAYS ARE OVER.

AIR.—*"Be kind to the loved ones at home."*

1. When these days are over, and out in the world, Our fortunes to seek, we shall roam, O,
then we'll re - member the times we have spent At this our old col - lege home. When
manhood comes on us, and teachers so kind, Per - haps in their graves shall lie dead, O,
then we'll glance backward, our eyes dim'd with tears, On days that forev - er have fled.

2 While in life's hard battles we struggle and fight,
And all seem so selfish and cold,
When cares cluster round us, when friends they are few,
And we have grown feeble and old,
Ah! then we will picture with smiles and with tears,
The faces and hearts that have changed;
To youth's sunny hours we'd gladly return,
The world for our college exchange.

3 Some classmate to fortune and fame will arise,
Whose life will be crowned with success;
And others, unable to weather the storm,
May sink into want and distress.
Some one who now joins in our sad college strain,
May lie in the cold earth alone;
Away from our presence, in far diff'rent tune,
May sing at a heavenly throne.

4 So now, fellow students, while still we are here,
And life is yet joyous and bright,
With stout hearts we'll study, our duty we'll do,
Like brothers in love we'll unite;
Our college we'll honor, our teachers respect,
Our proud Alma Mater defend;
And then in the future, with pride we can say:—
"Our parts we fulfilled to the end."

REX ANTHROPOPHAGÆ INSULÆ.

BY A. V. P., '68.

AIR—"*King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

1 O! audivisti rem seram?
Si non, id ego referam,
Ad praepotentem dynastam,
Regem anthropophagæ insulæ.

CHORUS IN THE VERNACULAR:—
Hokee pokee winkee wung,
Polly ma-koo komo-ling kung,
Hangaree wangaree ching-i-ring chung,
The King of the Cannibal islands.

2 Coenabat clericos incoctos,
Sine jure lege cædebat hos,
Non minus cepit trium cibos
Rex anthropophagæ insulæ.

3 Globus feminæ, pupæ jus,
Bellariisque populus;
Vorat hos sine doloribus,
Rex anthropophagæ insulæ.

4 Sed miserimam fabulam dicturum,
A fictile suo id alienum,
Clericus frigidus cecidit illum,
Regem anthropophagæ insulæ.

5 Extrema dicta audacis regis,
Non legando ex auro agris,
Sed monet frigidis ex clericis,
Rex anthropophagæ insulæ.

JUNIOR EX.

AIR—"*Riding on a Rail.*"

1 What is all this bother
In the Irving Hall?
Jostling one another,
Students one and all.
Shining patent-leathers,
Beavers all a-glisten,
Bless me! ain't this pleasant,
Junior Exhibition?

2 Faculty together
Seated on the stage.
Freshmen in high feather,
Think they're all the rage.
Bowing to the ladies,
Seeking recognition,—
Bless me! ain't this pleasant,
Junior Exhibition?

3 Sophomores conceited,
Dressed up to kill,
With exertion heated,
Flirting with a will.
Sitting by the ladies,—
What a fine position,—
Bless me! ain't this pleasant,
Junior Exhibition!

4 Presently a Junior
Mounts upon the stage,
Looks about the audience,
Wise as any sage;
Then with careful utterance,
Says his composition,
Striving to do honor to
Junior Exhibition.

5 Then the pretty ladies
Look to see the man,
Wave their little handkerchiefs,
Almost kiss their hand.
And the disappointed,
In the competition,
Curse their evil fortune at
Junior Exhibition.

SONG OF THE BIRDS.

AIR BY JAS. A. JACKSON.

1 While on the board our glasses ring,
And eyes look bright and hearts grow tender,
Old *Academia* we'll sing,
And all who honor and defend her!
"*Froehlich und Frei,*" in this our day,
We'll think on those who've gone before us,
And chant their praise in merry lay,
And join in loud and hearty chorus:
The Birds who've left their mother's wing,
Though their old nest they rarely come nigh,
To them we drink and gayly sing.
"Here's to the health of old Alumni!"

2 Like us they delved in antique lore,
Shook rich fruits from the tree of knowledge,
Then set the table in a roar,
With all the fun of friends at college;
Like us they pored o'er problems deep,
Bewailed their tough examinations,
With Bartlett's puzzles banished sleep,
Made laughing love in long vacations:
Here's to the Birds who've taken f'ight,
From banks of Tiber and Clitumnus;
A health and rousing cheer to-night,
As we drink "Success to each Alumnus!"

3 But now they're scattered far and wide;
Some dwell in castles, some in attics;
Some preach against sin, lust, and pride;
Some teach Belles-Lettres, some Mathematics:
And some in wealth already roll,
Amaze Broadway with haughty carriage;
And some have gained their wished-for goal
In chaste delights of holy marriage;
Happy, thrice happy may they prove,
Like old Pomona and Vertumnus,
And little birdlings crown the love
Of ev'ry virtuous Alumnus!

4 As they are now so we shall be ;
We think of them with hearts o'erflowing ;
The road they've travel'd travel we ;
Whither they've gone we now are going :
To mighty Platform's sacred height,
Whence graduate learning's strong aroma
Sheds influence through the festive night,
And perfume on the great Diploma.
The Birds who leave their mother's wing,
Seldom their former nest to come nigh,
To them we drink and gayly sing :
"Long life to old and new Alumni !"

FAREWELL SONG.

AIR—"*Auld lang syne.*"

1 Fill up a bowl of sparkling wine,
The child of mirth would say ;
The glorious nectar of the vine
Should feast the parting day !
But we will pour a nobler draught
In this, the final hour ;
And bid the cup of song be quaffed,
And music wake its power.

2 In numbers sad, yet brave and free,
We drown the parting word,
That can but echo gloomily,
And chill the soul when heard ;
And with them pledge a measure deep,
That ever on life's way,
A treasure next the heart we'll keep—
The memory of to-day.

3 But fill the urn of song again ;
We'll pledge another vow,
That ever in the world of men,
We'll keep our love as now ;
That for our comrades' sake in youth,
Our age shall know no wrong ;
That on the side of God and truth,
Our arms shall e'er be strong.

THE LIFE PRESERVER.

ANONYMOUS.

AIR—"*The lone Fish-ball.*"

1 There was a class went up and down
To seek a "pony" through the town.

2 What wretches they who "notes" forsake,
Of "ponies" to advantage take !

3 At last they halt before a stand
Where books are sold at second-hand.

4 'Tis advertised a "right cheap place,"
They enter in with brassy face.

5 The dusty books they toss around,
But "nary pony" could be found.

6 Behold them now in blank dismay :—
"Must we get 'zero' every day ?"

7 Some noble youth his mind devotes,
To translate Greek with only notes.

8 The morrow sees an eager crowd
Whilst one among them reads aloud ;

9 Their warmest thanks the class outpour,
And praise him for his classic lore.

10 Then out speaks one, "Here's joy to all !
I met a tutor in the hall ;

11 He says, a manuscript they pass,
A legacy from class to class.

12 Thus we obtain the precious prize,
Which neither time nor money buys.

13 No weary brain with labor racks,
But yet there comes the constant 'max.'"

DEDUCTUM.

14 Then long live ponies great and small ;
Who rides them well, will never fall.

15 If ponies fail, and notes won't do,
Get manuscripts, or "fizzle through."

AUREM PRÆBE MIHI.

AIR—"*We'll dance by the light of the moon.*"

1 Felis sedit by a hole,
Intenta she cum omni soul,
Prendere rats.
Mice cucurrunt over the floor,
In numero, duo, tres or more,
Obliti cats.

2 Felis saw them oculis ;
"I'll have them," inquit she, "I guess,
Dum ludunt."
Tunc illa crept towards the group,
"Habeam," dixit, "good rat soup !
Pingues sunt !"

3 Mice continued all ludere,
Intenti in ludum vere,
Gaudenter.
Tunc rushed the felis unto them,
Et tore them omnes limb from limb
Violenter.

MORAL. Mures, omnes mice be shy,
Et aurem præbe mihi,
Benigne ;
Si hoc fuges, verbum sat,
Avoid a huge and hungry cat,
Studiose.

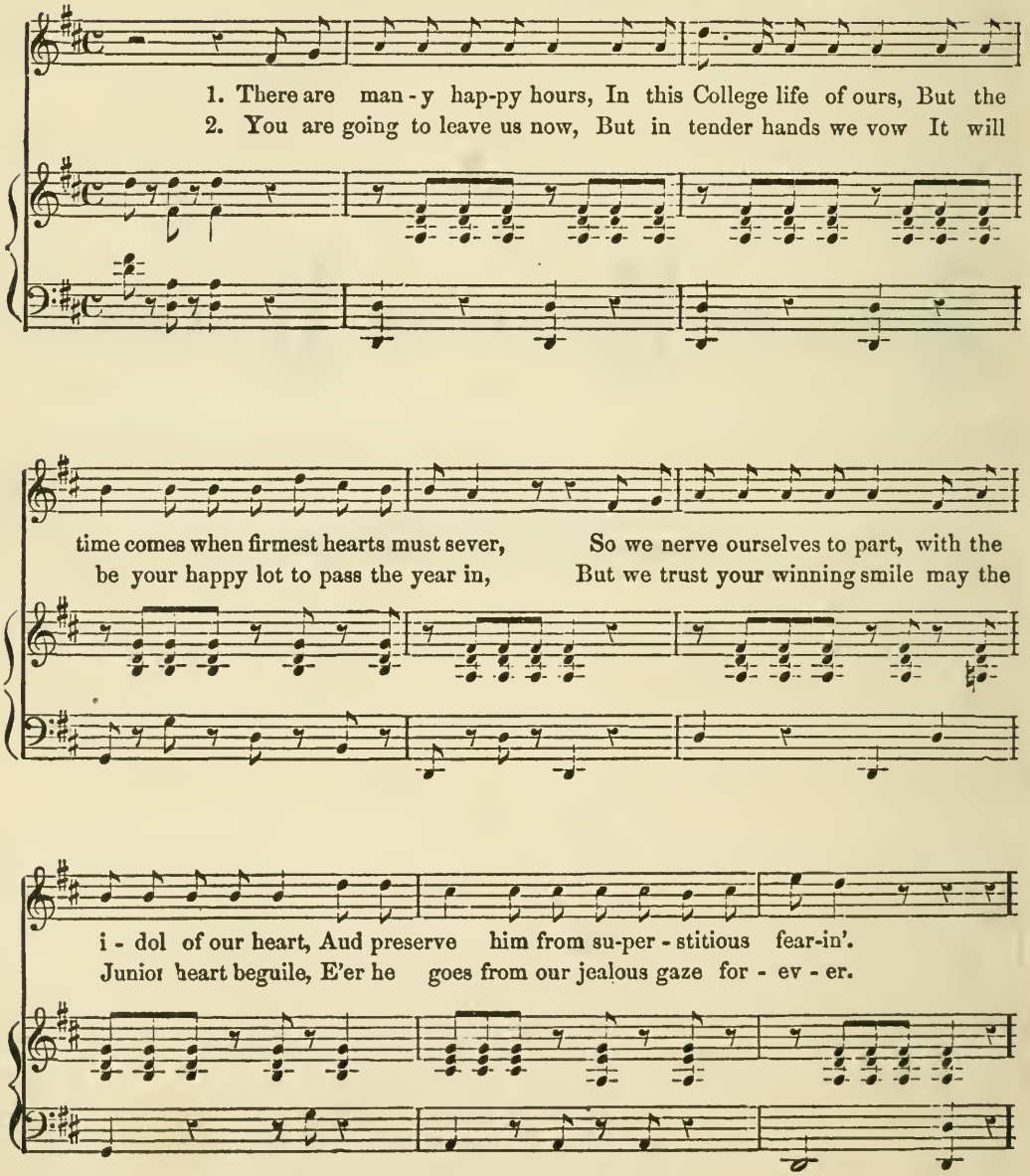
Songs of Rochester University.

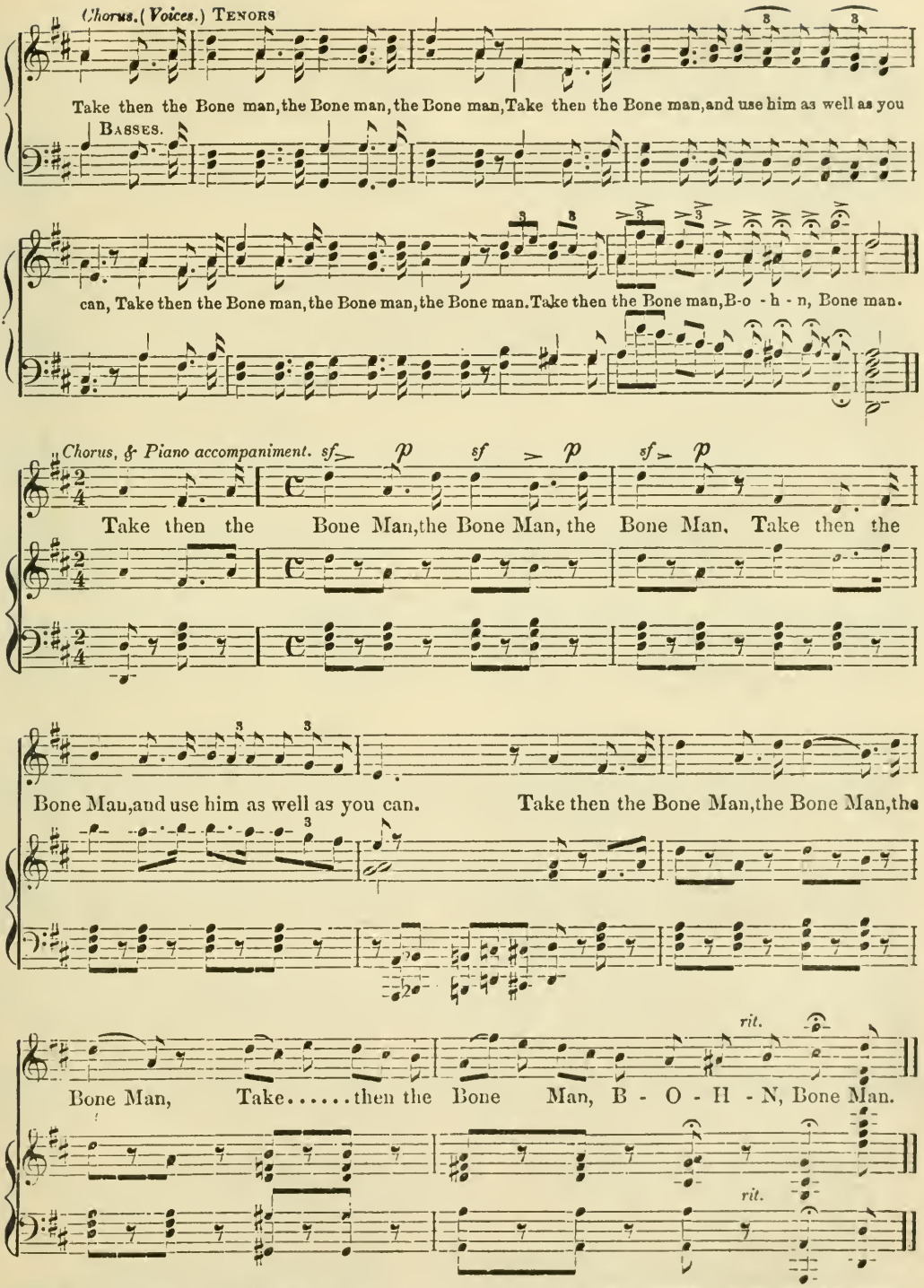
"A song for old Rochester, joyfully sing,
Till her classic brown walls with loud echoes ring."

SONGS OF ROCHESTER.

THE BONE MAN.

Composed and Arranged by BEN. FOLSOM, Class of '71.


1. There are man - y hap-py hours, In this College life of ours, But the
2. You are going to leave us now, But in tender hands we vow It will
time comes when firmest hearts must sever, So we nerve ourselves to part, with the
be your happy lot to pass the year in, But we trust your winning smile may the
i - dol of our heart, Aud preserve him from su-per - stitious fear-in'.
Junior heart beguile, E'er he goes from our jealous gaze for - ev - er.

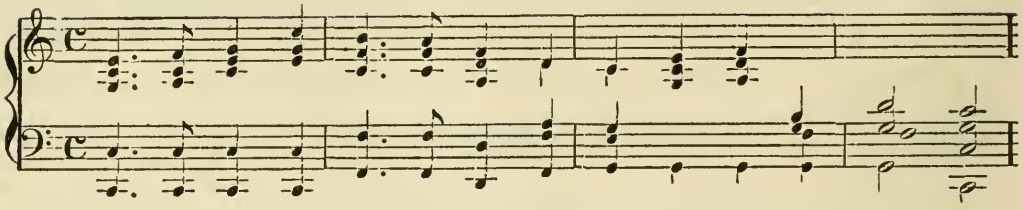

Chorus. (Voices.) TENORS
Take then the Bone man, the Bone man, the Bone man, Take then the Bone man, and use him as well as you
BASSES.
can, Take then the Bone man, the Bone man, the Bone man. Take then the Bone man, B-o - h - n, Bone man.
Chorus, & Piano accompaniment. sf p sf p sf p
Take then the Bone Man, the Bone Man, the Bone Man, Take then the
Bone Man, and use him as well as you can. Take then the Bone Man, the Bone Man, the
rit.
Bone Man, Take..... then the Bone Man, B - O - H - N, Bone Man.
rit.

NOTE. At the University of Rochester it is customary for each Senior class to hand down to its successor a skeleton familiarly known as its "Bone Man." This song is sung as a part of the ceremony, by the presenting class.

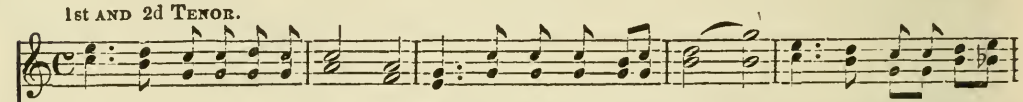
SMOKING SONG.

WORDS BY S. WILE, '72. MUSIC ADAPTED BY A. A. NEWHALL.

Introduction.

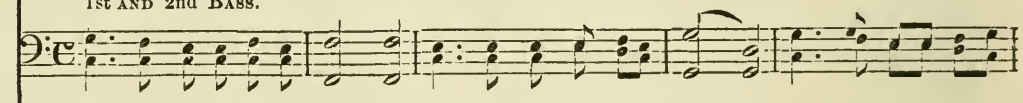


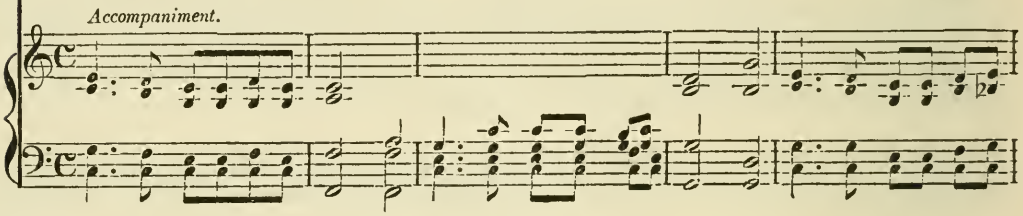
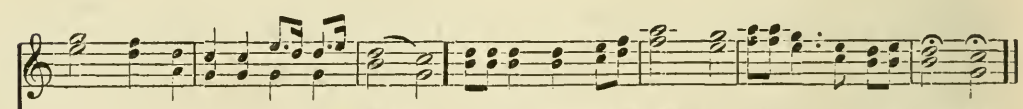
1st AND 2d TENOR.

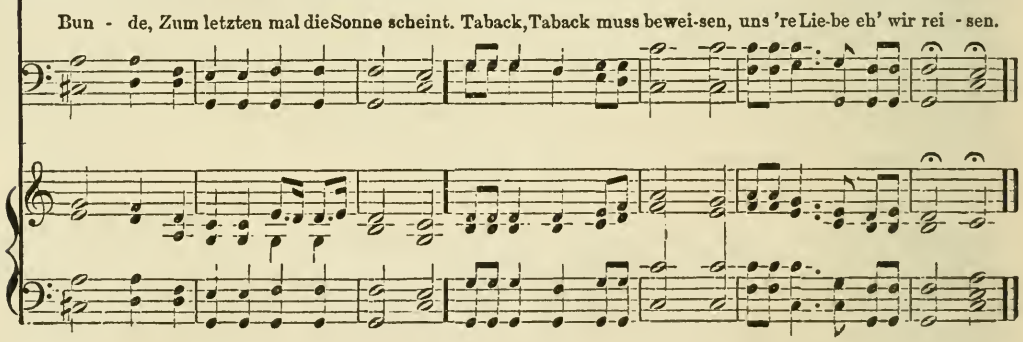


1. Sanft und stille ist die Stun - de, Die uns um den Baum vereint, Und auf unsrem heil'gen

1st AND 2nd BASS.



Accompaniment.



Bun - de, Zum letzten mal die Sonne scheint. Taback, Taback muss bewei-sen, uns 're Lie-be eh' wir rei - sen.

2 Schnell in Euren Pfeifen füllet,
Alle unsr' Unei nigkeiten;
Mit den Pfeifen jetzt erkennet,
Nur allein die frohen Zeiten.
Mit dem Taback vergeh'n Sorgen
Darum rauch't von jetzt bis Morgen.

3 Sowie, bei dem Wind verbreitet
Sich der Rauch, dann verschwindet;
Weit und breit werden wir zerstreu't,
Die der heil'ge Bund fest bindet.
Darum raluchet weil wir können
Denn nach diesem müssen wir trennen!

O'ER EACH HEART.

BY BEN FOLSOM, '72.

AIR—"*Away with melancholy.*"

1 O'er each heart comes the feeling of sadness,
Though our hopes are firm and strong;
Yet we'll mingle with mirth and gladness,
The strains of our sad parting song. [boys,

CHORUS—Then stand by the class that we love,
For its course has just begun;
One glass to the days of the future,
And here's to the day that's done.

2 Should the parting to-night be forever—
God grant that it may not be—
Let us *strive* with the heart's best endeavor,
Nor doubt what we cannot forsee. CHO.

TREE SONG.

BY A. W. NORTON.

AIR—"*Ivy Song.*"

1 Symbol of our consecration
To our land in danger's hour,
Be to us an inspiration,
May we ever own thy power.

2 More than patriot's love thou 'rt telling,
Strength through trial, smiles through tears;
Courage, patience, faith indwelling,
Crown with joy the waiting years.

3 Death seems victor,—thou art dying;
Winter's storms around thee sweep;
But the voice of Spring low sighing,
Gently wakes thee from thy sleep.

4 Strive we all thy lessons heeding,
While the morning wears to night;
Trusting that the way is leading
Through death's shadows into light.

JUNIOR BONE SONG.

BY FRANK S. FOSDICK, '72.

AIR—"*Benny Havens.*"

1 Raise, classmates, raise a joyful strain,
Ring out the chorus long,
'Till College walls shall echo back,
Our loud, exulting song;
What care we for old Horace,
For Dutch or "Solar time,"
Since every jolly 'Jun' can say,
O Bone-man, thou art mine.

CHORUS—O Bone-man, thou art mine,
O Bone-man, thou art mine—
Since every jolly 'Jun' can say,
O Bone-man thou art mine.

2 No more the "ruby tinted horn,"
Shall grace our College day,
No more shall Fresh, poor trembling souls,
Be frightened at its bray;
But why should we its loss deplore,
Who have a nobler prize,
Our Senior's gift, this gay Bone-man,
Descended from the skies.

CHORUS—Descended from the skies,
Descended from the skies—
Our Senior's gift, this gay Bone-man,
Descended from the skies.

3 Since to Seventy-Two you've fearless given,
A treasure rich and rare,
We pledge ourselves that naught shall harm
This gift, while in our care.
Farewell to you, O Seniors grave,
With you we now must part;
You leave behind a spotless name,
And this Bone-man—bless his heart.

CHORUS—O this Bone-man,—bless his heart,
This Bone-man—bless his heart—
Hurrah! Hurrah! for this Bone-man,
For this Bone-man—bless his heart.

WHAT MEMORIES.

BY J. W. GREENWOOD.

AIR—"*Melodies of Many Lands.*"

1 What memories cluster round the years
That fill our college course,
And fain would with the fate contend
That bids our band disperse.
Bright Friendship's circle now dissolves,
And heaves the weary sigh
‖: Of hearts which still—though hands unclasp-
Cling with a closer tie. :‖

2 Four years of mutual joy and hope
Have wrought the golden chain,
Which, wreathed with recollections sweet,
This day hath snapped in twain.
But, brothers, raise the silent vow,
Tho' sad our parting be,
‖: O Alma Mater we will ne'er
Forget our love for thee. :‖

3 Then for her sound a farewell cheer,
And for her honored head;
May Alma Mater and her charge
In pleasant paths be led,
And we, who turn our faces forth
The world apart to roam,
‖: In reverie oft shall seek again
The scenes of our old home. :‖

SMOKING SONG.

BY HARRY P. EMERSON.

AIR—"A *little more cider.*"

1 Around this jolly snappling,
Let's take a smoke, my boys,
For this, our last "class-meeting,"
Must end our College joys;
For four years we've been grinding
Through this great College mill;
Then smoke to celebrate the day
We scaled Parnassus' Hill.

CHORUS—We scaled Parnassus' Hill,
We scaled Parnassus' Hill—
Then smoke to celebrate the day—
We scaled Parnassus' Hill.
So cram your pipes again, boys,
That Greek we *cram* no more;
And let the smoke-wreath be the sign
That *sines* no longer bore.
And when we smoke in future years,
Beneath whatever sky;
We'll see within the curling smoke,
Our friends of days gone by.
CHORUS—Our friends of days gone by,
Our friends of days gone by—
We'll see within the curling smoke—
Our friends of days gone by.

THE FLAG OF "MAGENTA AND WHITE."*

AIR—"*Fair Harvard.*"

1 A song for old Rochester joyfully sing,
Light hearts and glad voices unite,
Till her classic brown walls with the loud echoes ring,
And all sorrow and troubles take flight.
A song for her banner that floats on the air,
With its colors so spotless and bright;
The emblem of courage and purity fair,
The flag of "Magenta and White."

2 As swift flying arrows our years speed along,
On the pinions of time quickly borne;
But the Past and its sorrows we banish in song,
We've no time in the present to mourn.
The many bright joys of our College career,
Like visions are passing away;
Yet while our proud colors wave over us here,
We still shall be joyous and gay.

3 Our beautiful emblem, for grace unexcelled,
In the life-blood of heroes is dyed; [held,
By loyal hearts guarded, and strong arms up-
See it waving in glory and pride; [high
Then swell the loud chorus, while floating on
Is the banner so spotless and bright;
God bless thee, dear Rochester, ever and aye,
And thy flag of "Magenta and White."

* University colors.

HAIR-BELLES.

BY J. A. E.

AIR—"*Sparkling and Bright.*"

1 Here's to the maids with borrowed braids,
And here's to the girls with curls, sir;
Here's to the lass, of every class,
Unjewelled, or in pearls, sir.

2 Our glasses clash to the nice mustache;
And here's to the one with none, sir;
Here's to the cares of struggling hairs,
Whose growth has just begun, sir.

3 Here's to the thrall of a water-fall,
And here's to the beard revered, sir;
To all the toil of female coils,
By students never feared, sir.

4 The tangled mesh may catch a Fresh,
Or Soph'more bold may hold, sir:
But Seniors true, and Juniors, too,
For *that* are much too old, sir.

5 A *single* tress they'll often press,
Nor from their heart will part, sir;
But purchased wig ain't worth a fig,
To feather Cupid's dart, sir.

6 Then take more pains to fix your brains,
And less, to roll your poll, Miss;
Upon your hair bestow less care,
And more, upon your soul, Miss.

SAPIENS ET RUBETUM.

AIR—"*Antioch.*"

1 Erat in nostro oppido
Vir sapientissimus;
Hic saluit in rubeto;
Erasit oculos.

2 Tum simul ac "in statu quo"
Invenit non eos,
Hic saluit in alio;
Inrasit oculos.

WHILE YET THERE'S TIME.

BY E. T. ELY.

AIR—"*Suoni le Tromba.*"

1 Classmates, our course is ending,
The parting moment nears;
Swiftly the hours are blending
With the tide of by-gone years;
Borne on our music's measures,
Fades now the college life,
Vanish the student's pleasures,
Comes now the battle strife.—Hurrah!

Allegro—Then while there yet is time,
Again let us sing,
Let hearts and voices chime,
And loud the chorus ring.

2 Altho' we part with sadness
From haunts and faces dear,
Still let mirth and gladness
These last brief moments cheer;
Careless what fortune find us;
From dark forebodings free;
Leaving all doubt behind us, *Cho.*
For a sail o'er life's rough sea.—Hurrah!

3 Whate'er may be our sphere,
Lofty our lot or low,
We'll cherish days past here—
Sing their praises as we go;
Our wives shall learn the story,
And when our babies hear it,
They too shall shout the glory
Of the class we sing.—Hurrah! *Cho.*

Songs of Gifts.

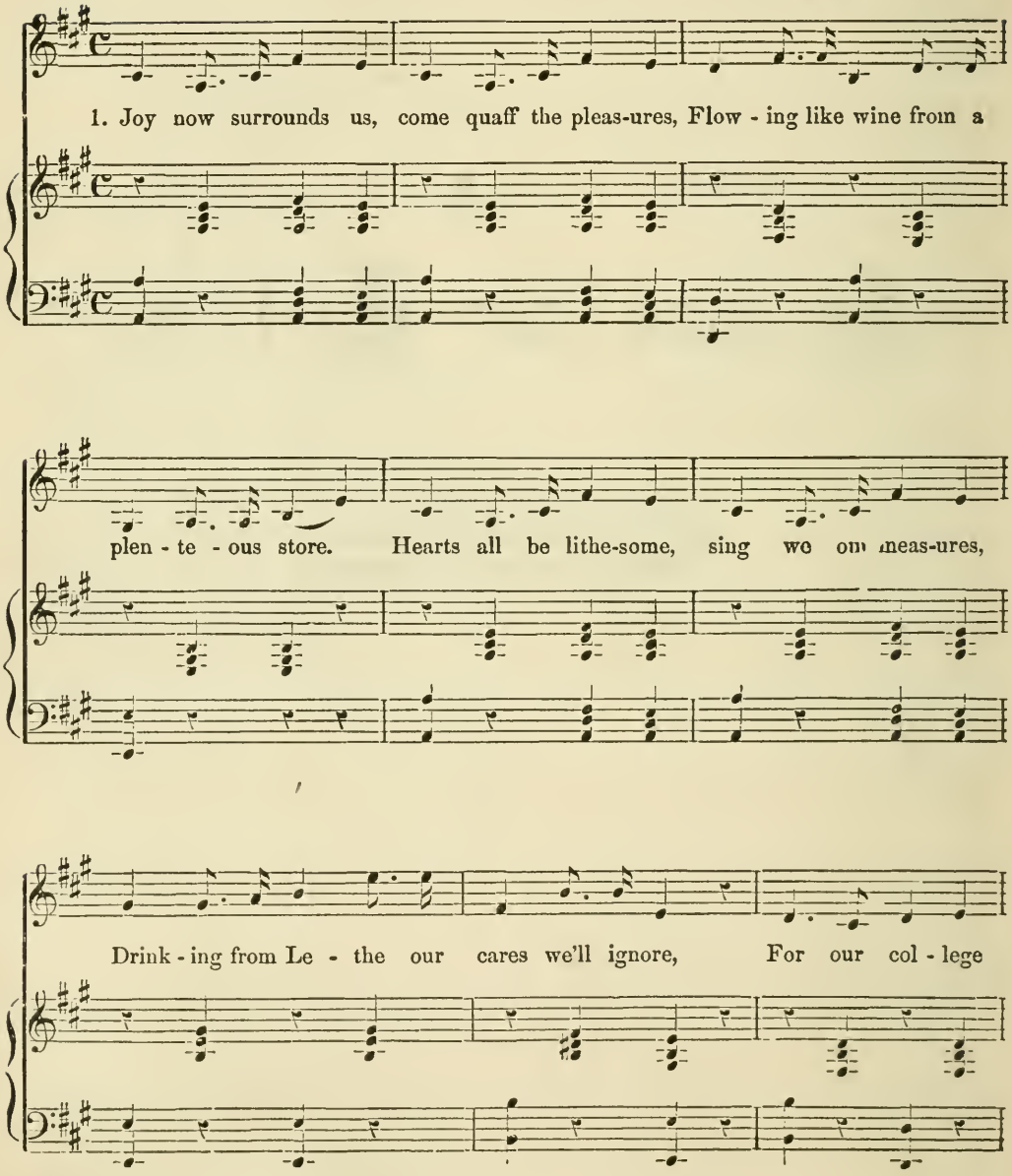
Joy now surrounds us, come quaff the pleasures,
Flowing like wine from plenteous store.
Hearts all be lithesome, sing we our measures,
Drinking from Lethe our cares we'll ignore.

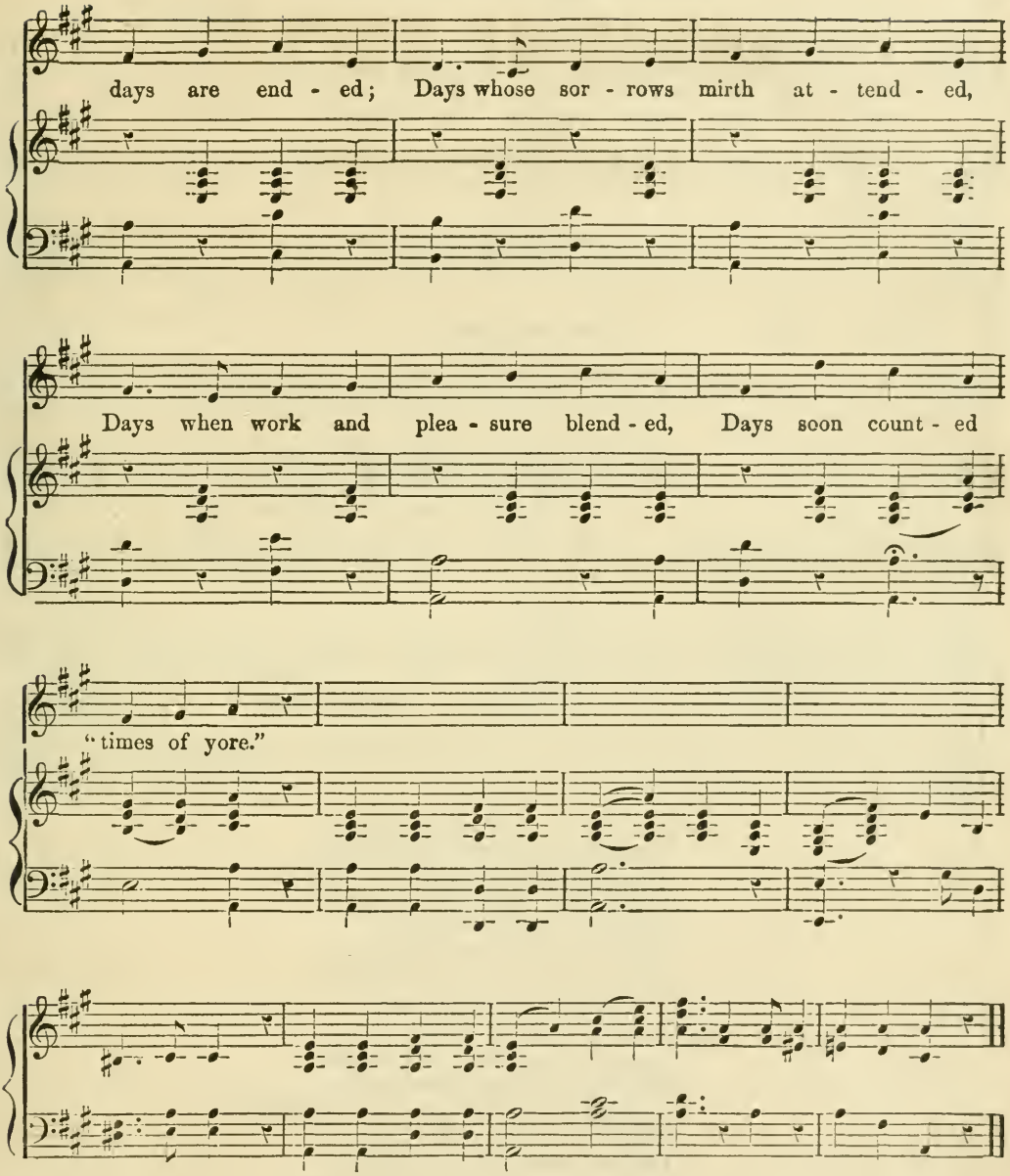
F. W. Eddy.

SONGS OF TUFTS.

COMMENCEMENT ODE.

FRED. W. EDDY. '74.


1. Joy now surrounds us, come quaff the pleas-ures, Flow - ing like wine from a
plen - te - ous store. Hearts all be lithe-some, sing we our meas-ures,
Drink - ing from Le - the our cares we'll ignore, For our col - lege

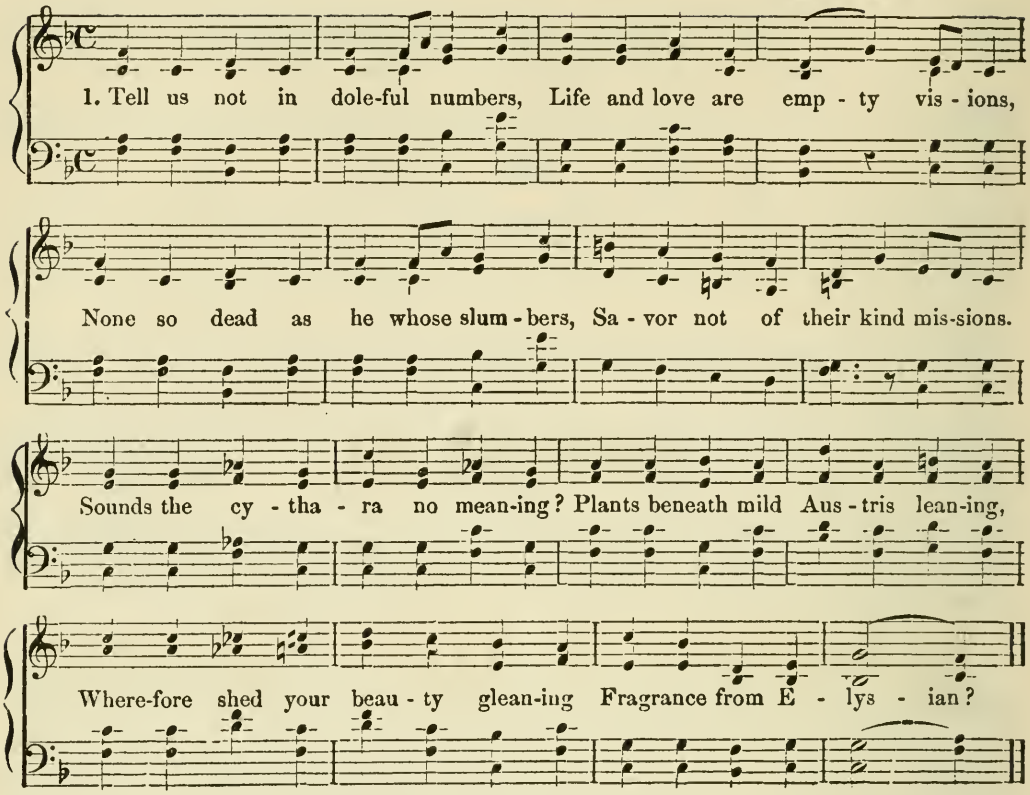


2 Now is the contest—now time to meet it;
Paths must be broken, new fields be explored.
"Onward" our motto, forward to greet it,
Onward then ever, comrades adored.
With such leaders who'll withstand us?
Duty, Honor, Love command us;—
Friendship's golden chain shall band us
Firm and fast, in one accord.

3 Join the glad chorus mingled with sadness,
Moments most thoughtful no pleasure abate,
Sunshine with shadows, sorrows with gladness,
Making remembrance more lasting, more sweet,
Clouds with silver linings o'er us:—
Thro' the gloom, bright visions greet us;—
"Learn to labor and to wait."

STUDENT SONG.

FRED. W. EDDY, '74.


1. Tell us not in dole-ful numbers, Life and love are emp - ty vis - ions,
None so dead as he whose slum - bers, Sa - vor not of their kind mis-sions.
Sounds the cy - tha - ra no mean-ing? Plants beneath mild Aus - tris lean-ing,
Where-fore shed your beau - ty glean-ing Fragrance from E - lys - ian?

2 Some may sip Falernian juices—
Think their spirit's weal attained—
Heap anathemas, abuses,
On all else, their goblet drained,
They, alas! deceived mortals,
Enter not beyond life's portals,
But, like suitors, throng the cortiles,
By loathed Bacchus fanèd.

3 Some the odors of Arabia
Count the purest of companions,
Well-filled pipe from dutch Acadia
Freshens mind and heart, Ah! banians!
Whom ye worship as life-giving,
Deadens sense—emotions riving
Till your powers, now active, living,
Wilted, droop like fanions.

4 Not for us like these, Apollo.
Give us heads by wine untainted.
May our hearts be not made hollow
By that fragrance poet-painted.
There's a higher, better being
Stored for those who soul-agreeing,—
Each one in his fancy seeing
Her whom he calls sainted.

SONGS OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF WEST VIRGINIA.

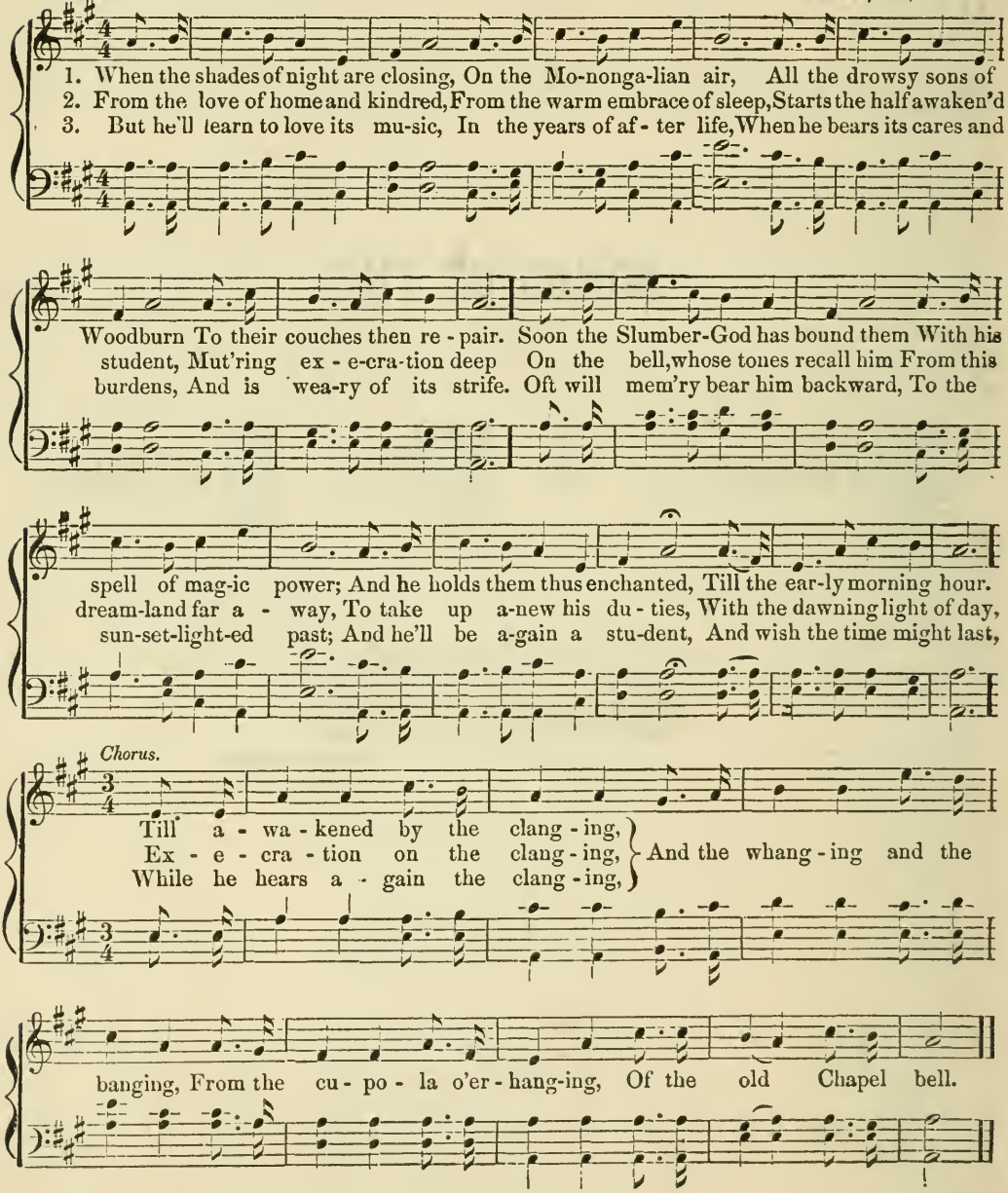
We are gathered here from far and near,
In our onward march o'er wisdom's ways;
And we sing a song as we march along—
Sing—"Hurrah, Hurrah, for College days."

D. B. PURINTON.

SONGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WEST VIRGINIA.

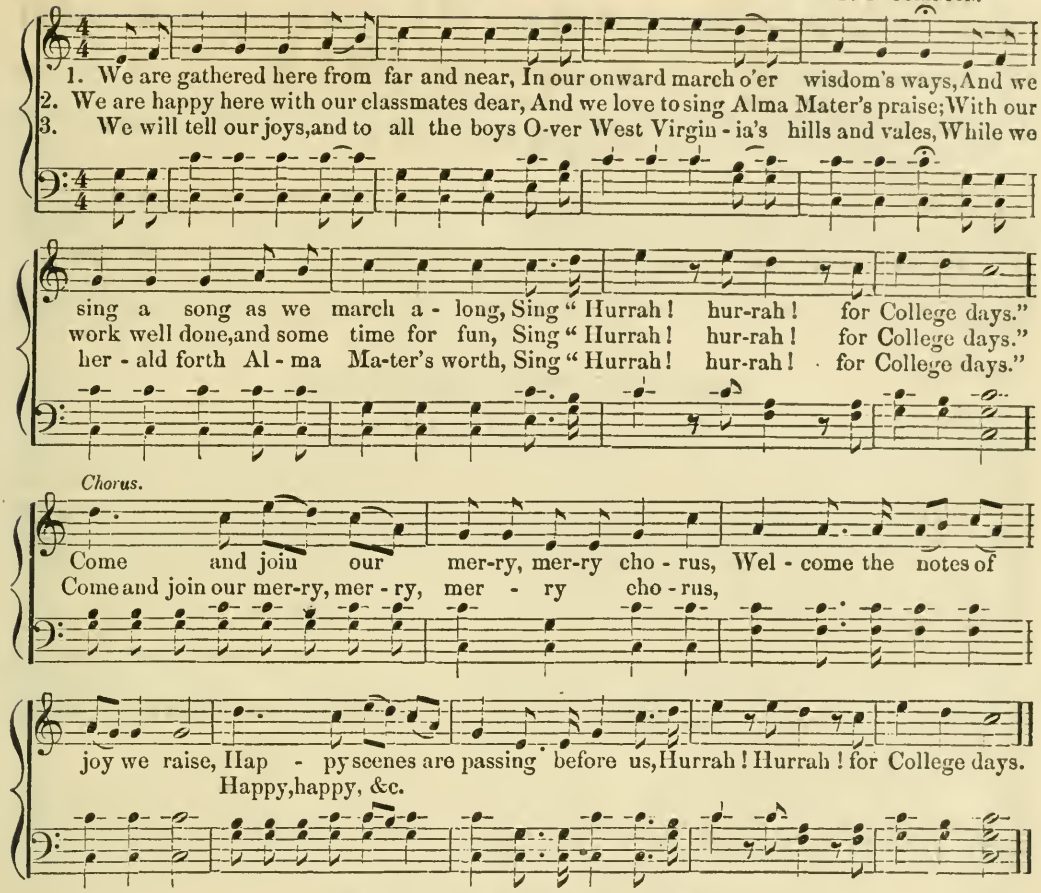
THE CHAPEL BELL.

MUSIC BY D. B. PURINGTON. WORDS BY J. T. WATERS, JR., '73.


1. When the shades of night are closing, On the Mo-nonga-lian air, All the drowsy sons of
2. From the love of home and kindred, From the warm embrace of sleep, Starts the half awaken'd
3. But he'll learn to love its mu-sic, In the years of af-ter life, When he bears its cares and
Woodburn To their couches then re-pair. Soon the Slumber-God has bound them With his
student, Mut'ring ex-e-cra-tion deep On the bell, whose tones recall him From this
burdens, And is wea-ry of its strife. Oft will mem'ry bear him backward, To the
spell of mag-ic power; And he holds them thus enchanted, Till the ear-ly morning hour.
dream-land far a-way, To take up a-new his du-ties, With the dawning light of day,
sun-set-light-ed past; And he'll be a-gain a stu-dent, And wish the time might last,
Chorus.
Till a-wa-kened by the clang-ing,
Ex-e-cra-tion on the clang-ing,
While he hears a-gain the clang-ing,
And the whang-ing and the
banging, From the cu-po-la o'er-hang-ing, Of the old Chapel bell.

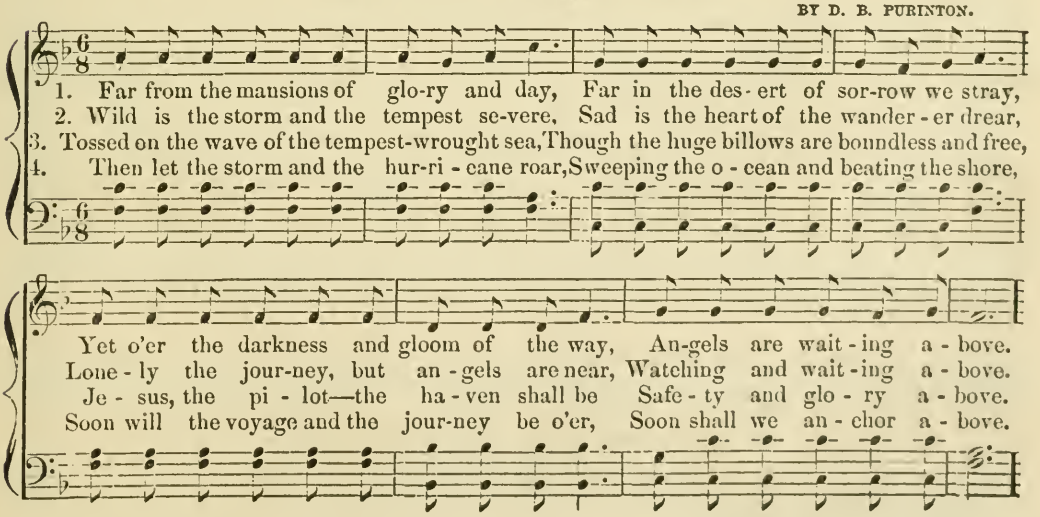
HURRAH! FOR COLLEGE DAYS.

BY D. B. PURINTON.

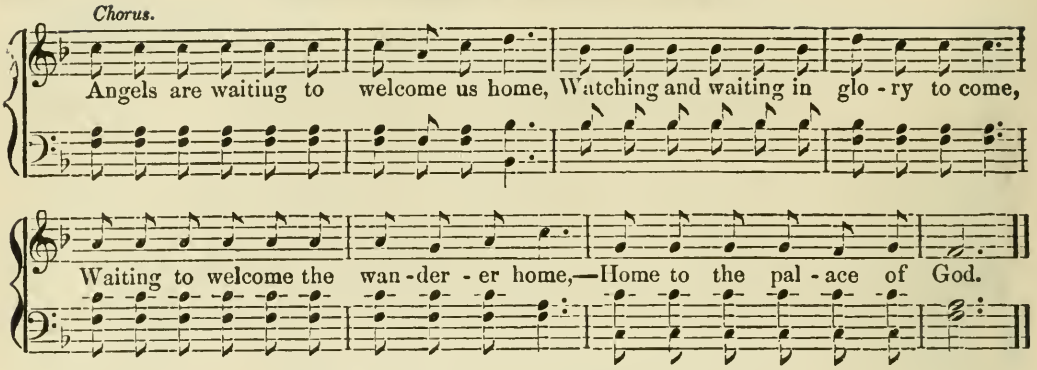

1. We are gathered here from far and near, In our onward march o'er wisdom's ways, And we sing a song as we march a - long, Sing "Hurrah! hur-rah! for College days."
2. We are happy here with our classmates dear, And we love to sing Alma Mater's praise; With our work well done, and some time for fun, Sing "Hurrah! hur-rah! for College days."
3. We will tell our joys, and to all the boys O-ver West Virgin - ia's hills and vales, While we her - ald forth Al - ma Ma-ter's worth, Sing "Hurrah! hur-rah! for College days."
Chorus.
Come and join our mer-ry, mer-ry cho - rus, Wel - come the notes of joy we raise, Hap - py scenes are passing before us, Hurrah! Hurrah! for College days.
Come and join our mer-ry, mer - ry, mer - ry cho - rus,
Happy, happy, &c.

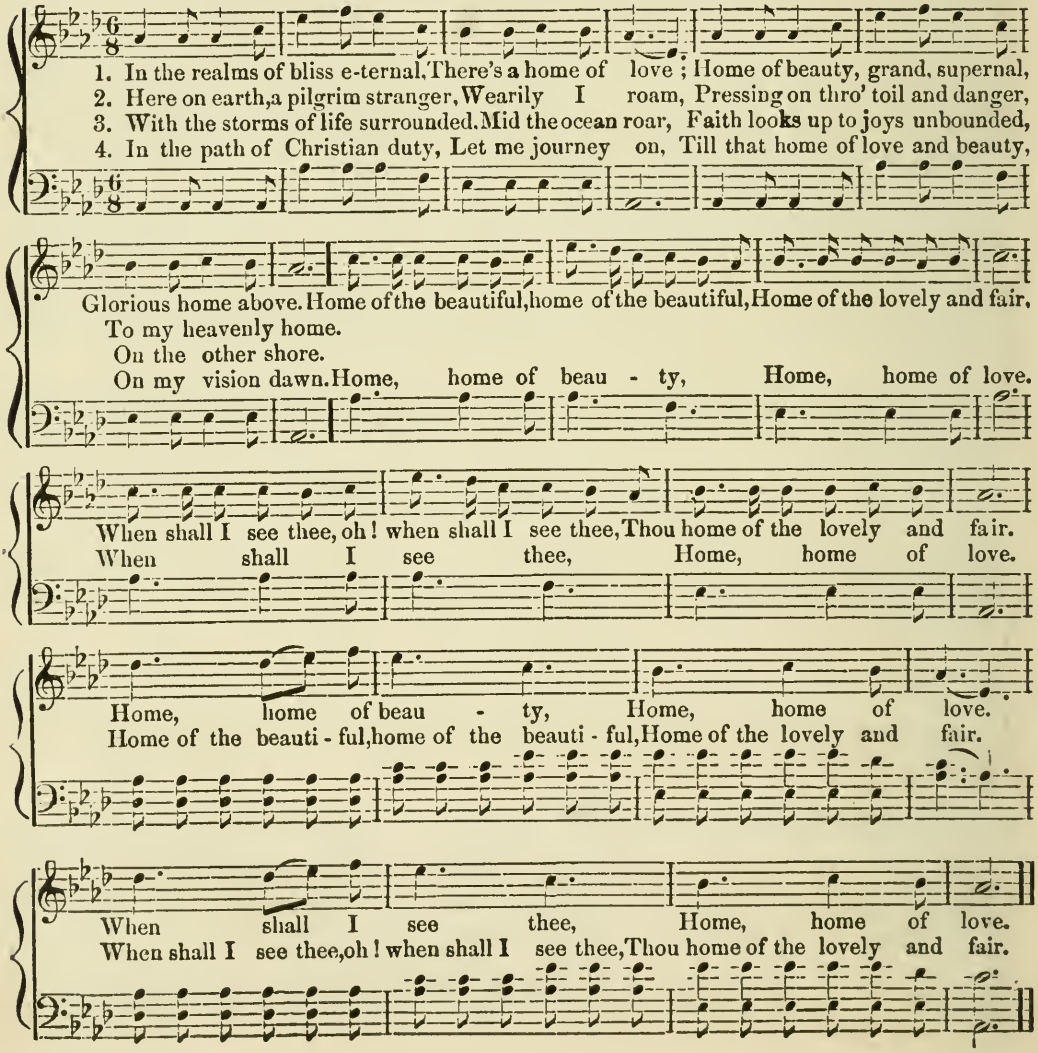
ANGELS ARE WAITING.

BY D. B. PURINTON.


1. Far from the mansions of glo-ry and day, Far in the des - ert of sor-row we stray, Yet o'er the darkness and gloom of the way, An-gels are wait - ing a - bove.
2. Wild is the storm and the tempest se-vere, Sad is the heart of the wander - er drear, Lone - ly the jour-ney, but an - gels are near, Watching and wait - ing a - bove.
3. Tossed on the wave of the tempest-wrought sea, Though the huge billows are bounding less and free, Je - sus, the pi - lot—the ha - ven shall be Safe - ty and glo - ry a - bove.
4. Then let the storm and the hur-ri - cane roar, Sweeping the o - cean and beating the shore, Soon will the voyage and the jour-ney be o'er, Soon shall we an - chor a - bove.

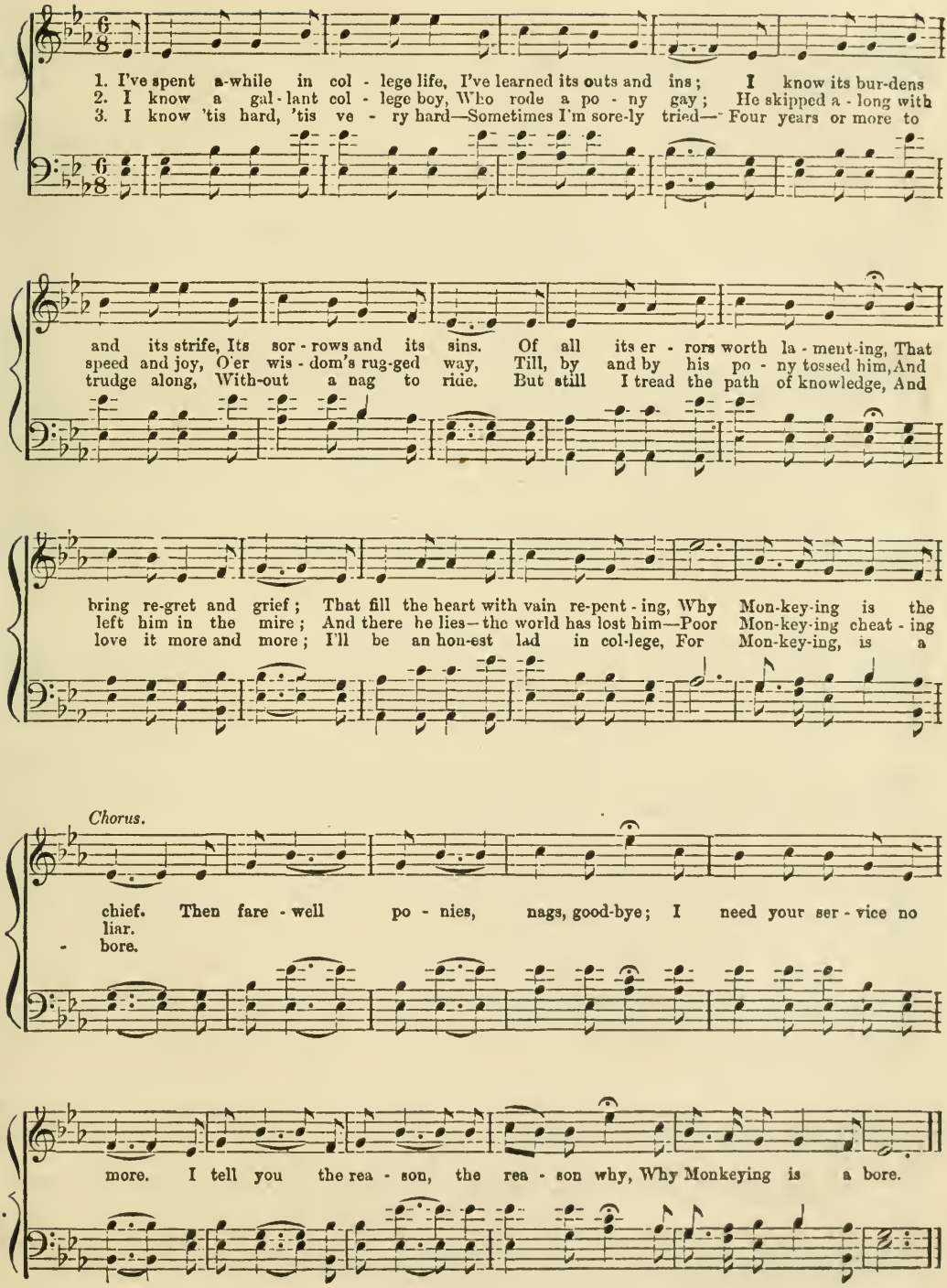
Chorus.


Angels are waiting to welcome us home, Watching and waiting in glo - ry to come,
Waiting to welcome the wan - der - er home,—Home to the pal - ace of God.

HOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

1. In the realms of bliss e-ternal, There's a home of love ; Home of beauty, grand, supernal,
2. Here on earth, a pilgrim stranger, Wearily I roam, Pressing on thro' toil and danger,
3. With the storms of life surrounded. Mid the ocean roar, Faith looks up to joys unbounded,
4. In the path of Christian duty, Let me journey on, Till that home of love and beauty,
Glorious home above. Home of the beautiful, home of the beautiful, Home of the lovely and fair,
To my heavenly home.
On the other shore.
On my vision dawn. Home, home of beau - ty, Home, home of love.
When shall I see thee, oh! when shall I see thee, Thou home of the lovely and fair.
When shall I see thee, Home, home of love.
Home, home of beau - ty, Home, home of love.
Home of the beauti - ful, home of the beauti - ful, Home of the lovely and fair.
When shall I see thee, Home, home of love.
When shall I see thee, oh! when shall I see thee, Thou home of the lovely and fair.

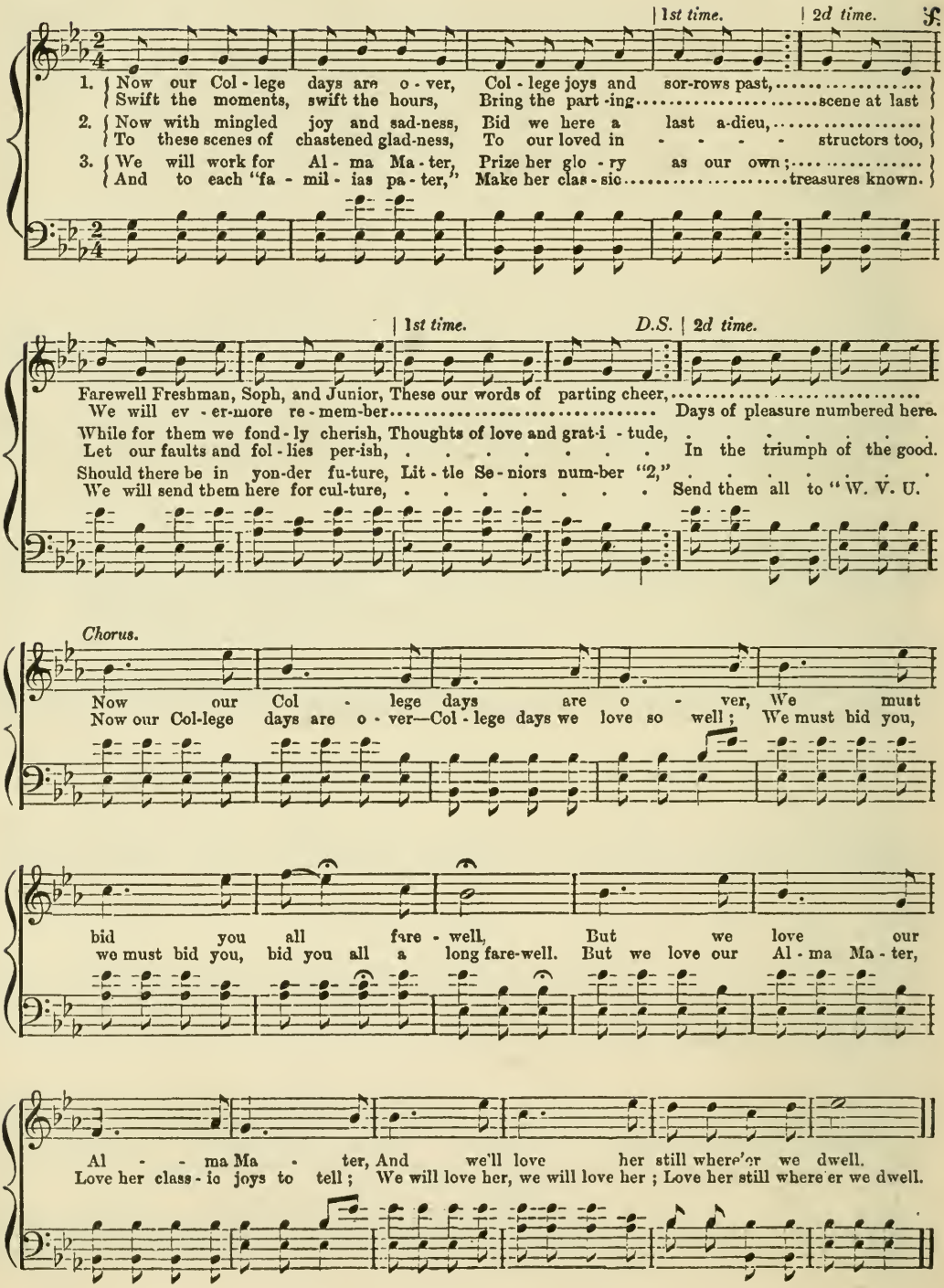
MONKEYING IS A BORE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY D. B. PURINTON.


1. I've spent a-while in col - lege life, I've learned its outs and ins; I know its bur-dens
2. I know a gal - lant col - lege boy, Who rode a po - ny gay; He skipped a - long with
3. I know 'tis hard, 'tis ve - ry hard—Sometimes I'm sore-ly tried— Four years or more to
and its strife, Its sor - rows and its sins. Of all its er - rors worth la - ment-ing, That
speed and joy, O'er wis - dom's rug-ged way, Till, by and by his po - ny tossed him, And
trudge along, With-out a nag to ride. But still I tread the path of knowledge, And
bring re-gret and grief; That fill the heart with vain re-pent - ing, Why Mon-key-ing is the
left him in the mire; And there he lies—the world has lost him—Poor Mon-key-ing cheat - ing
love it more and more; I'll be an hon-est lad in col-lege, For Mon-key-ing, is a
Chorus.
chief. Then fare - well po - nies, nags, good-bye; I need your ser - vice no
liar.
- bore.
more. I tell you the rea - son, the rea - son why, Why Monkeying is a bore.

SENIOR CLASS SONG.

BY D. B. PURINTON.


1st time.
2d time.
1. Now our Col - lege days are o - ver, Col - lege joys and sor-rows past,
Swift the moments, swift the hours, Bring the part - ing scene at last
2. Now with mingled joy and sad-ness, Bid we here a last a-dieu,
To these scenes of chastened glad-ness, To our loved in - - - - structors too,
3. We will work for Al - ma Ma - ter, Prize her glo - ry as our own;
And to each "fa - mil - ias pa - ter," Make her clas - sic treasures known.
1st time.
D.S.
2d time.
Farewell Freshman, Soph, and Junior, These our words of parting cheer,
We will ev - er-more re - mem-ber Days of pleasure numbered here.
While for them we fond - ly cherish, Thoughts of love and grat - i - tude,
Let our faults and fol - lies per-ish, In the triumph of the good.
Should there be in yon-der fu-ture, Lit - tle Se - niors num-ber "2,"
We will send them here for cul-ture, Send them all to "W. V. U.
Chorus.
Now our Col - lege days are o - ver, We must
Now our Col-lege days are o - ver—Col - lege days we love so well; We must bid you,
bid you all fare - well, But we love our
we must bid you, bid you all a long fare-well. But we love our Al - ma Ma - ter,
Al - - ma Ma - ter, And we'll love her still where'er we dwell.
Love her class - ic joys to tell; We will love her, we will love her; Love her still where'er we dwell.

Songs of Cornell University.

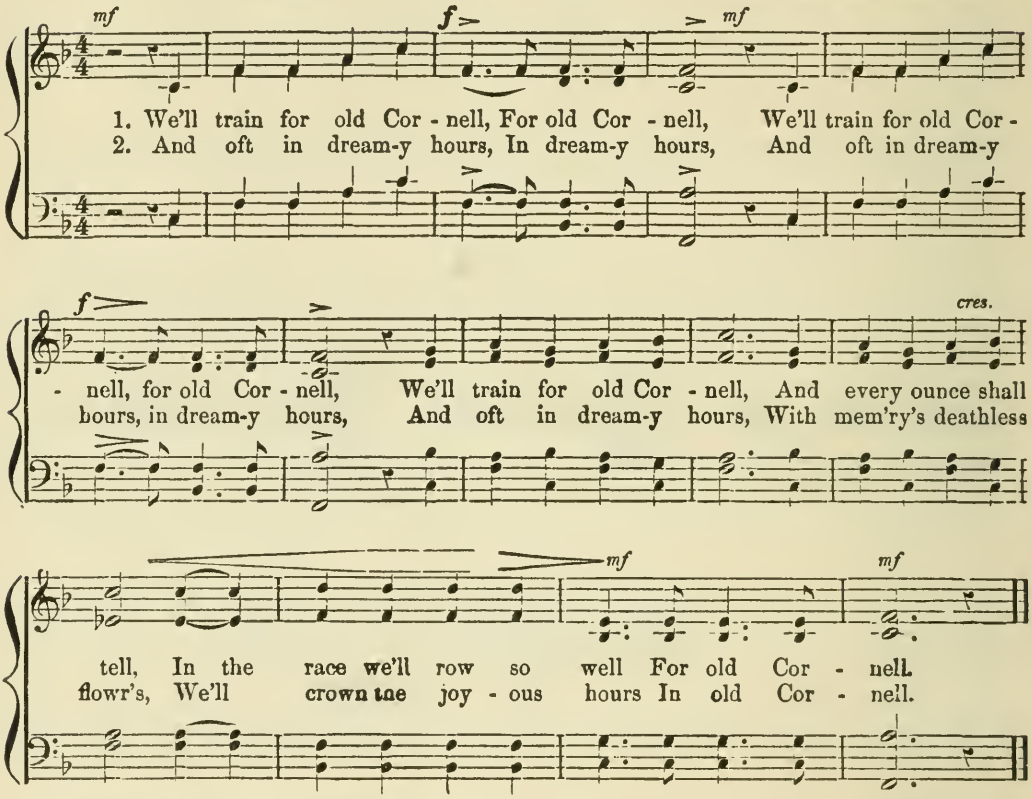
Lift the chorus! speed it onward!—
Loud her praises tell;
Hail to thee, oh Alma Mater,
Hail, all hail, Cornell.

C. K. Urquhart.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY SONGS.

TRAINING SONG.

ARRANGED BY C. W. RAYMOND, '75. WORDS BY C. F. SWEET, '74


mf
f
mf
1. We'll train for old Cor - nell, For old Cor - nell, We'll train for old Cor -
2. And oft in dream-y hours, In dream-y hours, And oft in dream-y
f
cres.
- nell, for old Cor - nell, We'll train for old Cor - nell, And every ounce shall
hours, in dream-y hours, And oft in dream-y hours, With mem'ry's deathless
mf
mf
tell, In the race we'll row so well For old Cor - nell.
flowr's, We'll crown the joy - ous hours In old Cor - nell.

YE GALLANT SOPHOMORE.

JUNIOR SONG.

BY C. F. ALLEN, '73

AIR—"*A Son of a Gambolier.*"

1 There is in sober Ithaca
A University,
And close at hand in Utica,
A house for lunacy;
There was a gallant Sophomore
To Utica was sent;
But while his keeper slept
His steps to Ithaca he bent.

CHORUS—The man that is a Sophomore,
And runs away from home—
He should be tied with deacon's hide,
And never left to roam;
The man that is a Sophomore
And runs away from home,
He should be tied with deacon's hide,
And never left to roam.

2 Now when ye gallant keeper woke,
And thought the matter o'er;
He went to find ye crazy man,
Ye gallant Sophomore:
He pitched his tent in Ithaca,
But never made a strike—
Because—he takes his solemn oath,
The Sophs are all alike.

CHORUS—Now, men, a solemn warning take,
And hear me till I quit;
No man with Sophomores should join,
Who prides himself on wit;
Ye noble keeper straight would come
To bear his victim back,
Ye very act would certify
A gallant luniac.

THE CHIMES.

BY F. W. FINCH, ESQ.

AIR—"*Tramp, tramp, tramp.*"

1 To the busy morning light,
To the slumbers of the night,
To the labor and the lessons of the hour,
With a ringing rhythmic tone,
O'er the lake and valley blown,
Call the voices, watching, waking in the tower,

CHO.—Cling, clang, cling, the bells are ringing,
Hope and help their chiming tells;
Through the Cascadilla dell,
'Neath the arches of Cornell
Float the melody and music of the bells.

2 By the water's foam and fall,
By the chasm castle wall,
By the laurel bank and glen of dreaming flower,
Where the groves are dark and grand,
Where the pines in columns stand,
Come the voices, mellow voices of the tower. CHO.

3 When the gentle hand that gave,
Lies beneath the marble grave,
And the daisies weep with drippings of the shower,
O believe me brother dear,
In the shadows we shall hear,
Guiding voices of our angel in the tower. CHO.

4 Not afraid to dare and do,
Let us rouse ourselves anew,
With the "knowledge that is victory and power."
And arrayed in every fight,
On the battle side of right,
Gather glory for our angel in the tower. CHO.

CORNELL.

BY G. R. BIRGE, '72.

AIR—"*Dearest Mae.*"

1 The soldier loves his gen'ral's fame,
The willow loves the stream,
The child will love its mother's name,
The dreamer loves his dream;
The sailor loves his haven's pier,
The shadow loves the dell,
The student holds no name so dear,
As thy good name, Cornell.

CHORUS—We'll honor thee, Cornell,
We'll honor thee, Cornell,
While breezes blow
Or waters flow,
We'll honor thee, Cornell.

2 The soldier with his sword of might,
In blood may write his fame,
The prince in marble columns white,
May deeply grave his name;
But graven on each student's heart
There shall unsullied dwell,
While of this world they are a part.
Thy own good name, Cornell. CHO.

THE BROKEN CHORD.

BY FRANK CARPENTER, '73.

1 Find voice, O bells, find plaintive voice
For him that lieth low!
The warmest heart in all the land
Is covered with the snow—
Ice-bound its ebb and flow.

2 Toll sadly for the broken hearts
And desolated hearth!
Toll slowly for the empty chair
And academic dearth!
Toll sweetly for his worth!

3 Lift up your heads, sweet sleepy flowers,
The cortege passeth by,
Awake and light the leaden gloom
Of January sky,
Awake, for he is nigh!

4 Now while with sobs we dig a grave
In lanes of asphodel,
Our gentle man is coronate
With meed of immortelle
From Him who doeth well.

ALMA MATER.

BY C. K. URQUHART.

AIR—"*Annie Lisle.*"

1 Far above Cayuga's waters,
With its waves of blue,
Stands our noble *Alma Mater*,
Glorious to view.
Far above the busy humming,
Of the bustling town.
Reared against the arch of Heaven,
Looks she proudly down.

CHORUS. Lift the chorus, sped it homeward,
Loud her praises tell,
Hail to thee! oh Alma Mater,
Hail, all hail, Cornell.

'TIS A WAY WE HAVE AT CORNELL.

AIR—"*It's a way we have at Old Harvard.*"

1 'Tis a way we have at Cornell, sir, | *Ter.*
To drive dull care away. | *Bis.*
'Tis a way we have at Cornell, sir, | *Ter.*
CHORUS. To drive dull care, &c.

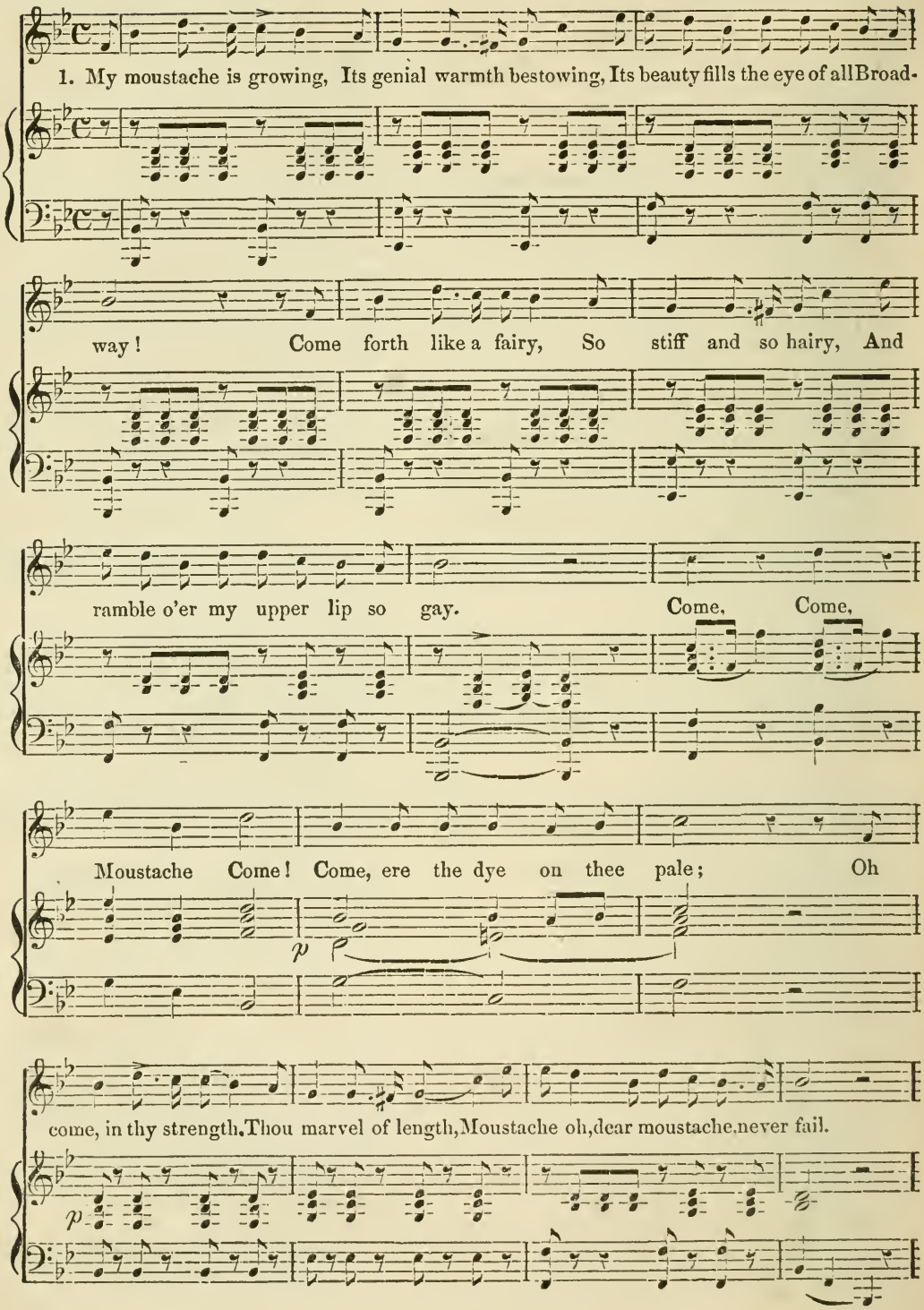
2 For we think it is no sell, sir,
To wish a sophomore (freshman) well, sir
To take from him his swell, sir,
To drive dull care away. CHO.

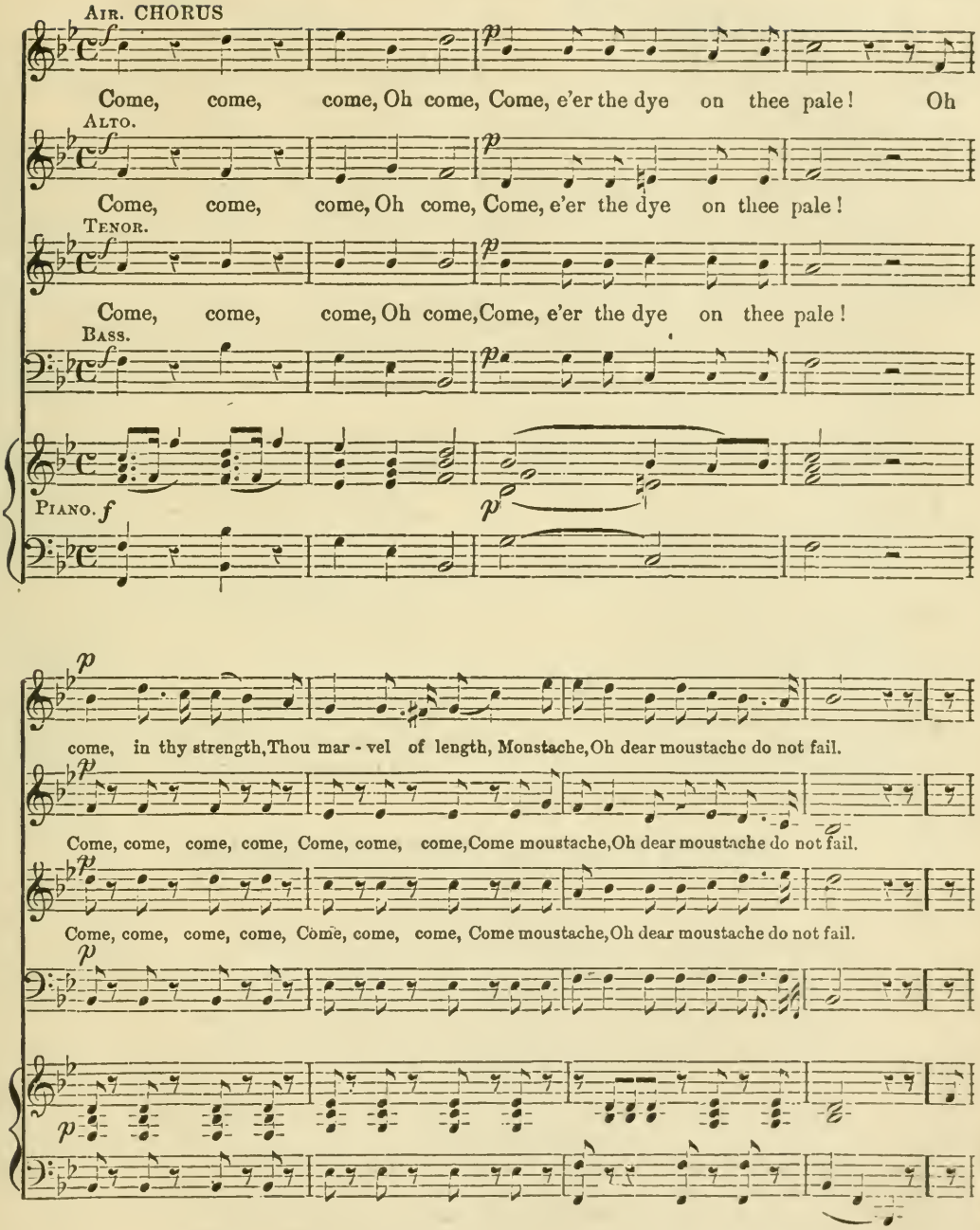
3 We think it's no harm in a race, sir,
To take an occasional place, sir,
And then to get beat with grace, sir,
To drive dull care away. CHO.

4 —— is a jolly good class, sir, | *Ter.*
As all of us can say.
CHORUS. As all of us can say. | *Bis.*
—— is a jolly good class, sir, | *Ter.*
As all of us can say.

MOUSTACHE.

AIR. *"Annie of the Vale."*


1. My moustache is growing, Its genial warmth bestowing, Its beauty fills the eye of all Broad-
way! Come forth like a fairy, So stiff and so hairy, And
ramble o'er my upper lip so gay. Come, Come,
Moustache Come! Come, ere the dye on thee pale; Oh
p
come, in thy strength, Thou marvel of length, Moustache oh, dear moustache, never fail.
p


Air. CHORUS
Come, come, come, Oh come, Come, e'er the dye on thee pale! Oh
Alto.
Come, come, come, Oh come, Come, e'er the dye on thee pale!
Tenor.
Come, come, come, Oh come, Come, e'er the dye on thee pale!
Bass.
Piano. f
come, in thy strength, Thou mar - vel of length, Moustache, Oh dear moustache do not fail.
Come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, Come moustache, Oh dear moustache do not fail.
Come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, Come moustache, Oh dear moustache do not fail.

2 The charms I inherit are caused by thy merit,
I hope thy color ne'er will fade away;
The watch-dog is snarling, for fear, moustache darling,
The tip end of his tail you'll steal away. Cho.

3 But when I am drinking, I often am thinking,
There's one thing that you hinder very much;
The rapturous blisses of sweet stolen kisses,
You'll scarcely let the girls our two lips touch.
Cho.—

THE GOOD OLD CORNELL TIMES.

BY C. F. SWEET, '74.

AIR—"*Auld lang syne.*"

1 The October day is dull and drear,
The leaves drop withered and sere,
I dream of the rush of the Freshman year,
Of the good old Cornell times.

CHORUS. Those good old Cornell times,
They've passed away with all youth's joy,
Those good old Cornell times.

2 Far back the wayward fancy flits,
When we gave the Freshies' fits,
And peppered the Juniors out of their wits,
In the good old Cornell times. CHO.

3 When we from Vassar plucked a flower—
Brought to our hillside bower—
There bloomed beneath the gray old tower,
In the good old Cornell times. CHO.

4 Oh, then the crew, the victor crew,
That pulled the class shell through
Cayuga's miles of dancing blue,
In the good old Cornell times. CHO.

5 Old comrades' voices fill the air,
Down memory's vistas fair,
Float joyous melodies sung there.
In the good old Cornell times. CHO.

6 The years, I call them back again,
Live o'er life's pleasant pain,
With kindling eye to the old refrain,
Drink, drink to the Cornell times. CHO.

CORNELL VERSION.

BY C. F. S., '74.

1 One winter day, as the sun went down,
And the snow was drifting and cov'ring the town,
A youth through Ithaca town did go,
Bearing a banner with this motto.
Upidee.

2 His high white forehead was crowned with a plug,
He was dressed to kill with many a lug,
His moustache was turned in a lazy curl,
And he sang in a voice like that of a girl.
Upidee.

3 "O stay," an ancient maiden said,
"And on this bosom make your bed."
A tear slid down his freckled face,
But still he remarked, as he quickened his pace
Upidee.

4 "Take care," an old man said, "and stop,
They haint cleared the walks off there on top."
Saying this, the chap went inside his door,
And just then he heard the voice once more.
Upidee.

5 'Bout seven o'clock, the next forenoon,
Sophs accidentally going up soon,
Heard spoken above them once or twice,
Those very same words in a very low voice.
Upidee.

6 He's plucked at last, without any doubt,
From Cornell's halls he's soon gone out.
By the female college, the youth was layin',
And no more the boys will hear him brayin'.
Upidee.

WHEN FIRST WE SAW THE MAJOR.

BY J. B. POTTER, '74.

AIR—"*Co-ca, che lunk.*"

1 When at first we saw the Major, all in scarlet and in blue,
Ev'ry freshman had a vision that he'd yet be Major, too.
Co-ca, che-lunk, etc.

2 When the drills we first attended, never knowing *haw* from *gee*,
Little time it took to find the Captains quite as green as we!
Co-ca, che-lunk, etc.

3 Thus with love for boats and crickets, we soon saw each pleasant day
That the ranks were not as crowded when the men all stayed away.
Co-ca, che-lunk, etc.

4 So in every squad we posted one cadet with manly chest,
And, at roll-call, he would surely answer "here" for all the rest!
Co-ca, che-lunk, etc.

5 Now that happy year is over, and those thrilling scenes are past,
Yet shall "hay-foot" be remembered until glory comes at last.
Co-ca, che-lunk, etc.

6 Yet shall "straw-foot" e'er be cherished, as that awful time we view,
When at first we saw the Major, all in scarlet and in blue!
Co-ca, che-lunk, etc.

RAMBLING RAKE OF POVERTY.

(A CORNELLIAN'S VERSION.)

AIR—"*Son of a Gambolier.*"

1 Come listen to my ditty, from Ithaca town I steer,
"Like every jolly fellow, I like my lager beer;"
Like every jolly fellow, my ways are sometimes queer,
For I'm a rambling rake of poverty and a son of a Gambolier. CHO.

2 In the town of Ithaca I've often cut a dash,
I've learnt the secret long ago to use my cheek for cash;
I'm in with all the pretty girls, who call me "little dear,"
For I'm a rambling rake of poverty and a son of a Gambolier. CHO.

3 O, many a jolly time I've had, all through my college life,
And when my sheepskin I obtain, I'll look then for a wife;
I'll ask some girl that's got the rocks, to wed me else I'll die,
For I'm a rambling rake of poverty and a son of a Gambolier. CHO.

4 She'll answer me in tones so sweet, "Yes, love, I will be thine,"
And with the Governor's pocketbook, O wont we cut a shine;
We'll drive out in the park each day, O how is that for high,
For I'm a rambling rake of poverty and a son of a Gambolier. CHO

5 O I wish I had a barrel of rum and sugar three hundred pound,
The chapel bell to put 'em in, and the clapper to stir 'em round;
I'd drink to the health of the Ithaca girls, the darlings far and near,
For I'm a rambling rake of poverty and a son of a Gambolier. CHO.

O'ER HILL AND DALE.

BY S. P. STURGIS.

AIR—"*John Brown.*"

1 O'er hill and dale and valley, over ocean's wave-washed strand.
From land beneath equator, from the land where pine trees stand,
From farm and from the city we have come an eager band,
And we are marching on.

CHORUS—Upward, onward, still forever,
As we go marching on.

2 On the banks of bright Cayuga in the opening of the fall,
When the chimes were merry ringing, pealing out the old "drill call,"
In the walls of Alma Mater we had gathered freshman all,
But we were marching on. CHO.

3 The year was short and fleeting, but we've used its flying hours,
Through season of the snowdrifts and the time of springing flowers,
Developing the mental and muscle of our powers,
And still we're marching on. CHO.

THE GIRLS OF ITHACA.

BY HARLEY QUINN.

AIR—"*John Brown.*"

1 I had kissed the buxom Buckeye, I had squeezed the Esquimaux,
I had swung among the grape-vines with the dusky Rapahoe,
I had latched the wooden slippers of the maidens of Anjou,
And my heart was hungry still.
CHORUS—Dolor, dolor, doloroso, (Ter.)
My soul was sorry still.

2 I had bitten Eve's sweet apple, and had found an ashen core,
I had pilgrimed through Bohemia, weary, saddened, sick, and sore,
In the peaceful paths of wisdom's court I heard of bliss galore,
So I hastened to Cornell.
CHORUS—Dolor, dolor, doloroso, (Ter.)
I would quaff from the Muses' well.

3 First I signed a convent's by-laws, and I donned an azure blouse.
To Bellona and Minerva I would prove a loyal spouse;
But alas for stern resolvings, and alas for vestal vows,
Cupid launched a swift harpoon.
CHORUS—Dolor, dolor, doloroso, (Ter.)
I apostatized very soon.

4 O mothers, hovering dainty boys who fain would be fresh men,
Better gird them round with corsets, let them off to Vassar then,
Better send them for instruction to the wily siren's den,
Than to risk them at Cornell.
CHORUS—Dolor, dolor, doloroso, (Ter.)
Where the chief of siren's dwell,

5 Not a nun was e'er more modest, not a spinster more discreet;
They are pretty, prudish, worshipful, and saccharinely sweet,
In fact, to speak with temperance, they're good enough to eat,
With nary seasoning.
CHORUS—Glory, Glory Hallelujah, (Ter.)
A feast for a Cannibal King.

6 When I lave in Cascadilla, or I climb the Giant's Stair,
I grow so patriotic as I breathe the mountain air,
By Jupiter, I shout aloud, no Paris boy shall dare
To blight with impious hand.
CHORUS—Glory, Glory Hallelujah, (Ter.)
This Hellenistic land.

7 Ulysses now is dead and gone, and Helen is at rest,
Yet should any timid damsel please to nod me her request,
I will fight all Troy and Albany, and leave as my bequest,
An Iliad of fame.
CHORUS—Glory, Glory Hallelujah, (Ter.)
Established on her name.

8 I wish I were a Mormon boy, and they were Mormons too,
I would write a neat proposal to the total blessed crew,
And I'd laugh to scorn the Sultan and the King of Kangaroo,
Those uxorious old swells,
CHORUS—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, (Ter.)
With their harem-scarem belles.

9 Mine eyes are glad with gazing, and my spirit steeped in love,
I am ready now to evanesce and journey up above;
I have lived so long with angels that I guess I'm fit to move
From number six to seven.
CHORUS—Glory, Glory Hallelujah, (Ter.)
From Ithaca to heaven.

THE HOUR IS LATE.

AIR—"*A-rig-a-jig-jig.*"
BY B. BERKWITZ. '76.

1 The hour is late, 'tis time to go,
To go, to go, to go, to go.
While wit and fun and jokes do flow,
We go, we go, we go.
2 We bid farewell, and away we go,
We go, we go, we go, we go,
To home and friends, with hearts aglow,
We go, we go, we go.

THE SHIP.

BY ALBERT OSBORNE. '72.
AIR—"*Vive l'Amore.*"

1 O! the ship of Cornell is out on the sea,
Cleaving the ocean blue,
And four years long will her voyage be,
Manned by a noble crew.
Of passengers we are bound to stand
On her spacious decks, till we come to land,
Our journey through, our journey through.
Vive la —— &c.

2 Her timbers are strong, her sails are wide,
And all her cordage new;
May she safely plow the trackless tide,
And meet with storms but few.
But should they come, as come they must.
She'll brave them out, to her we'll trust,
To bring us through, to bring us through.
Vive la —— &c.

FOUNDER'S HYMN.

BY FRANCIS M. FINCH, ESQ.

1 The "Chimes" are still. Alone,
As falls the year's last leaf,
The Great Bell's monotone,
Slow hymns our helpless grief.
Bountiful heart!—bountiful hand!
Bountiful heart and hand!
O Father, and Founder! O! Soul so grand!
Farewell, Cornell!—Farewell!

2 From Slander's driving sleet,
From Envy's pitiless rain,
At rest, the aching feet!
At rest, the weary brain!
Laboring heart!—laboring hand!
Laboring heart and hand!
O! Father, etc.

3 So calm, and grave, and still,
Men thought his silence, pride:
Nor guessed the truth, until
Death told it—as he died.
Lowly of heart!—lowly of hand!—
Lowly of heart and hand!
O! Father, etc.

4 "True," as the steel to star,
With eye whose lifted lid
Let in all Truth—though far
In clouds, and darkness hid.
Confident heart!—confident hand!
Confident heart, and hand!
O! Father, etc.

5 "Firm," as the oak's tough grain,
Yet pliant to the prayer
Of Poverty, or Pain,
As leaf to troubled air.
Kindliest heart!—kindliest hand!
Kindliest heart, and hand!
O! Father, etc.

6 Untaught,—and yet he drew
Best learning out of life,
More than the Scholars knew,
With all their toil and strife.
Conquering heart!—conquering hand!
Conquering heart, and hand!
O! Father, etc.

7 The spires that crown the hill,
To Plainest Labor free,
Where all may win who will,
His monument shall be!
Generous heart!—generous hand!
Generous heart, and hand!
O! Father, etc.

8 Brave, kindly heart, adieu!
But with us live alway
The patient face we knew,
And this Memorial Day.
Bountiful heart!—bountiful hand!
Bountiful heart, and hand!
O! Father, etc.

SOLOMON.

BY FRANK CARPENTER.
AIR—"*Dies Iræ, Dies Illa.*"

1 *Dies Iræ, Dies Illa,*
Sure it is enough to kill a
Student tough as a gorilla.
2 All this studying incessant
Is not peaceful, is not pleasant
For the system adolescent.
3 Let the good old monks and friars
Thrum and twang the doleful lyres
Of the ancient versifiers.
4 But for us, we say, by jingo,
Better far than all this lingo,
Are the jocund strains of "Bingo."
5 Pardon us, but we would rather
In the secret conclave gather,
And the downy Freshman lather;

6 Rather join the masqueraders
Training with the midnight raiders,
Or the dulcet serenaders.

7 Better this than always fretting,
Toiling, digging, swearing, sweating,
Through four years of wisdom-getting.

8 Solomon, your most devoted
Servants do impeach your noted
Words so very often quoted.

9 Talk of wisdom! why we all are
Free to bet our bottom dollar
That his highness was no scholar.

10 Little knew this king bombastic
Of our treatises scholastic
On the Latin "periphrastic!"

11 He would never talk such gammon,
Could he only see us crammin'
Day on which the dons examine.

12 For the dons, who sound our mental
Calibre, are not so gentle
As that princess Oriental,

13 Whose conundrums Solomon did
Solve as fast as she propounded,
Till she gave it up astounded.

14 For the Queen of Sheba, bless her,
Any Freshman down at Vassar,
Could in learning far surpass her!

15 Hence, we trust, no one will blame us
If we call the great and famous
Solomon an ignoramus.

CHAPEAU.

1 A weary year has glided past,
In time's progression slow,
And our rejoicings swell the blast,
All hail to thee Chapeau.

2 When Phœnix-like your ashes glowed,
A twelve month time ago,
Thy memory was the only thing,
Of all thy might Chapeau.

3 But now as rose the sacred bird,
To glory from its woe,
We greet thy lineaments revered,
Thy matchless form Chapeau.

4 Let Senior bass, in concord join,
To Freshman's treble flow,
And ever swelling joyous sounds,
All hail to thee Chapeau.

THERE THY STAR IS GLEAMING.

BY C. F. ALLEN.

AIR—*Red, White and Blue.*

1 There's a star on life's ocean shall cheer us,
When wildly its billows are tossed,
Till the haven of rest draweth near us,
And mem'ry's sweet song shall be lost.
And when its pure ray brightly gleaming,
Shines over the tempest tossed sea,
'Twill wake, tho' the wild winds are screaming,
Sweet thoughts, Alma Mater of thee.

CHO.—Sweet thoughts, Alma Mater of thee,
Sweet thoughts, Alma Mater of thee;
'Twill wake, when thy bright star is gleaming
Sweet thoughts, Alma Mater of thee.

2 Tho' our loved ones may ever grow fonder,
Still fairer each fair form become,
A moment each glad heart shall wander,
Pleased e'en in contentment to roam;
For the star ever rising before us,
O'er the confines of memory's lea,
Shall in moments of pleasure restore us,
Sweet visions dear Cornell of thee.

CHO.—Sweet thoughts, etc.

3 Then work! for our time sweetly fleeteth,
The harvest is waiting to fall,
'Tis trial our glory completeth,
And labor is waiting for all;
Whenever we follow our duty,
Our hope and our pride shall be
To write upon pages of beauty,
The debt which we owe to thee.

CHO.—Three cheers. Alma Mater, for thee,
Three cheers, Alma Mater, for thee,
We lift when thy bright star is gleaming,
Three cheers Alma Mater for thee.

SONGS OF THE

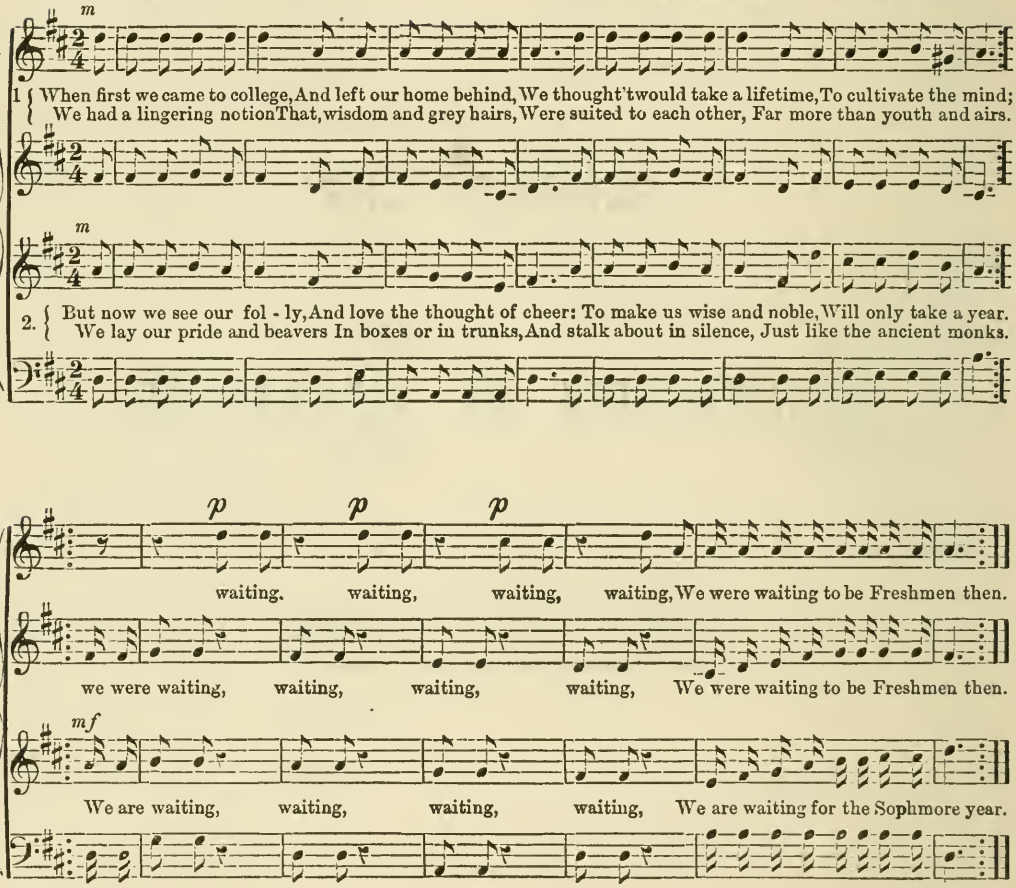
UNIVERSITY OF SYRACUSE.

Shout for our loved Alma Mater;
Ring out the glad chorus in hearty acclaim;
All hail, then the name of our loved Alma Mater,
All hail to our Grand Syracusean Queen.

SONGS OF SYRACUSE.

WAITING.

WORDS BY M. J. WELLS. '75. MUSIC FROM "KEY NOTE," BY W. B. BRADBURY.


m
1 When first we came to college, And left our home behind, We thought 'twould take a lifetime, To cultivate the mind;
We had a lingering notion That, wisdom and grey hairs, Were suited to each other, Far more than youth and airs.
m
2. But now we see our fol - ly, And love the thought of cheer: To make us wise and noble, Will only take a year.
We lay our pride and beavers In boxes or in trunks, And stalk about in silence, Just like the ancient monks.
p p p
waiting. waiting, waiting, waiting, We were waiting to be Freshmen then.
we were waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting, We were waiting to be Freshmen then.
mf
We are waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting, We are waiting for the Sophmore year.

3 When upper classmen meet us
Who glory in their name,
We think the Czar of Russia
A being small and tame.
Each puts on airs like diamonds,
And wears a nice plug hat;
He looks on us as pigmies,
But we don't care for that,
For we'er waiting to be large as they.

4 O let us, then, enjoy life,
Though quietly it be,
And sing our songs with meekness,
Till all that glad time see.
But let our friends remember,
If dignity is thought
To be the thing most needful
For Freshmen to be taught,
That we're waiting for the Senior year

JOYS OUR SPIRITS FEEL.

BY A MEMBER OF '68.

AIR—"*A thousand Years.*"

1 Forget your cares, O glorious brothers!
List! how the loud bells wildly peal!
And while the night around us gathers,
Shout we of joys our spirits feel.
CHORUS.
Then raise on high the swelling chorus;
Lift the glad shout both loud and long,
'Till the still night shall catch the echo
Bearing the notes of joyous song.

2 What though around, there's naught but shadows,
And the blue skies no tints reveal
Of the bright morn that gilds the hill-tops,
Shout we of joys our spirits feel. CHO.

3 Quickly has sped one year forever,
Of the bright four;—and time will steal
Softly along, while here together,
Shout we of joys our spirits feel. CHO.

4 Here with the torch light o'er us streaming,
Where the bright troops of mem'ry wheel,
Where the gay tints of fancy brighten,
Shout we of joys our spirits feel. CHO.

OUT OF THE FRESHMAN YEAR.

BY A MEMBER OF '68.

AIR—"*When Johnny comes marching home.*"

1 Examination's passed once more,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll sing with joy now they are o'er,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Then raise the shout of jubilee,
That we no more shall Freshmen be;
Dont we all feel gay that we're out of the Freshman year,
Dont we all feel gay that we're out of the Freshman year.

2 Ring out a hearty "three times three,"
Hurrah! hurrah!
The loyal hearts of Genesee,
Hurrah! hurrah!
Ring for the days that are to come;
Ring for the past with mem'ries dumb;
Don't we all feel gay that we're out of the Freshman year,
Don't we all feel gay that we're out of the Freshman year.

3 Ring off the rust of Freshman year,
Hurrah! hurrah!
And enter the next with a hearty cheer
Hurrah! hurrah!
And while our friends around us throng,
We greet them with a happy song;
Then shake off all rust on leaving the Freshman year,
Then shake off all rust on leaving the Freshman year.

4 Then, orothers, bid a long farewell,
Hurrah! hurrah!
To those whom we have conned so well,
Hurrah! hurrah!
We'll kindly wave a fond adieu,
To old "Bourdon" and "Livy" too,
For we all feel gay that we're out of the Freshman year,
For we all feel gay that we're out of the Freshman year.

OH, BROTHERS!

BY A MEMBER OF '69.

AIR—"*Minnie Manton.*"

1 Sadness mingles with our gladness as we celebrate the hour,
In which from jolly Freshman year, we rise to Sophomore;
And now upon the threshold of the gladsome year just gone,
We will linger in its shadow, while we sing a farewell song.
CHORUS.
Oh! brothers! Oh! brothers!
We are now upon the threshold of the gladsome year just gone,
And we linger in its shadow while we sing our farewell song.

2 Bright and joyous were the hours which the old year used to bring,
And now in solemn measures we their requiem will sing,
Dear and cherished are the mem'ries wakened by its solemn knell,
Of the friends who've now departed, whom we bid a long farewell. CHO.

3 Freshman joys and Freshman sorrows, all of them have passed away,
But their influence and their mem'ries, will ever with us stay;
And our hearts are linked together by friendship's silver tie,
Which never shall be sundered, though we have to say "good bye." CHO.

THE CLASS WHOSE PRAISE WE CHIME.

BY A MEMBER OF '69.

AIR—"*Hail Columbia.*"

1 O! comrades, high your voices raise,
In one glad shout of joyous praise;
Our Freshman conflicts all are o'er,
And time has brought us to the shore,
Where we embark to meet the gale,
Of stormy seas where Sophomores sail:

And as we bid a long adieu,
To "Æschines," and "Robbie" too,
O! who shall tell the scenes that rise,
In lofty triumph to our eyes!
Yet now we'll banish every care,
And for new glories high prepare,
That sure await in coming time,
The glorious class whose praise we chime.

Then Sophomores, raise a glorious shout,
That Freshman year at last is out;
And as we journey up the hill,
To view the scenes and drink the rill,
That gushes down from learning's fount,
Our freshman glories we'll recount;
Of how we seldom used to fail,
In making boastful "Sophies" quail;
For learning how our hearts did burn,
And then to pleasure kindly turn;
Then gladly shout aloud the praise,
That shall resound through endless days;
For fame shall crown in coming time,
The glorious class whose praise we chime.

SONG OF THE BOLT. *

AIR—"*Kingdom's coming.*"

1 Oh! Freshman, have you got done laughing,
At the Doctor's sad mistake,
He made last term when he thought us napping,
But he found us wide awake!
He formed a plan most wondrous cunning,
And he thought to scare us then;
He turned us out, but he seemed mighty willing
To take us back again!

CHORUS.

He s'pended us, ha! ha! but he took us back, ho! ho!
It must be now the kingdom's coming, and the year of jubilo.

2 I never shall forget that morning,
If I live two hundred years;
I tried so hard to keep from laughing,
I could scarce keep back the tears.
You know sometimes the biggest cannon,
Will up and flash in the pan,
Just the same as a flint lock musket,
And so will the biggest man. CHO.

TO CALCULUS, GOOD BYE!

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

1 Come Juniors, sing the parting song,
The happy hour draws nigh;
To Calculus, we've hated long,
We'll bid a last good bye.

2 The foe that here we burn to-night,
We'll think of never more;
Our minds are free, our hearts are light,
For Junior's "Classic lore."

3 Then hands and hearts and heads unite,
And paths of fame pursue;
New bonds of friendship now we plight,
And shout our last adieu.

* A "Bolt" from Recitation, for which an entire class were suspended. A "Genesee" Song.

ALL HAIL.

GEORGE E. SMITH, '76.

AIR—"*Araby's Daughter.*"

1 In the few happy months while we journey together,
We'll gladden our hearts with a union of song;
These scenes when they pass will come back to us ever,
The fondest memento of days that are gone.
CHO. All hail! then the name of our cherishing Mother,
All hail! to the proud Syracusean Queen! (Repeat.)

2 Together we meet on this festal occasion,
For a final adieu to our Emerald Year,
But with filial devotion, a passing ovation,
As a tribute we give to the name we revere. CHO.

3 Sprung forth fully armed as a Goddess Minerva,
Enthroned in the hills, sits our noble S. U.
A Queen of her day, and right royally worthy
The pride of her sons is the noble S. U. CHO.

4 We here strike the chord, and with joyful emotion,
Her sons of the Future the strain will prolong.
To our loved Alma Mater glad hymns of devotion
In chorus shall swell on the lips of the throng. CHO

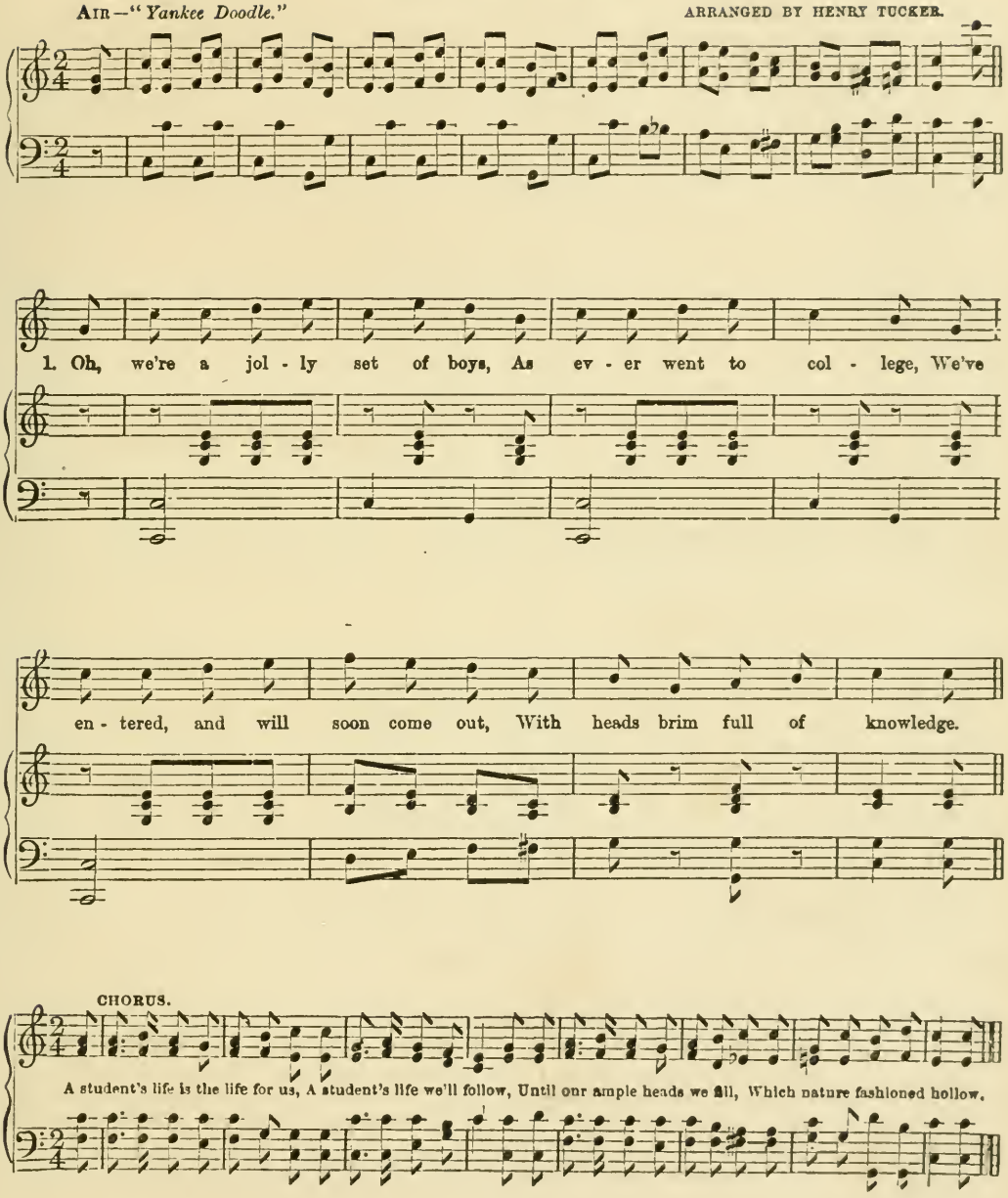
5 Time past that was golden, has left us forever,
The cares of the future we'll leave for their day,
The Present is ours—pledging faith to each other,
We'll join in the chorus and sing while we may.

CHO. Shout once again for our loved Alma Mater,
Ring out the glad chorus in hearty acclaim!
All hail! then the name of our loved Alma Mater,
All hail! to our proud Syracusean Queen.

A STUDENT'S LIFE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

AIR—"*Yankee Doodle.*" ARRANGED BY HENRY TUCKER.


1. Oh, we're a jol - ly set of boys, As ev - er went to col - lege, We've
en - tered, and will soon come out, With heads brim full of knowledge.
CHORUS.
A student's life is the life for us, A student's life we'll follow, Until our ample heads we fill, Which nature fashioned hollow.

2 Though fate may seem our efforts all,
To set at stern defiance,
We'll row our little fleet of boats,
Right up the stream of science. CHO.

3 We're only private sailors now,
Obscurity we're wrapped in;
But when we've served awhile as such,
We'll each come out a Captain. CHO.

Songs of Fisk University.

Loud he sang the Psalms of David,
Sang of Israel's Victory;
Sang of Zion bright and free;
And the voice of his devotion,
Filled my soul with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

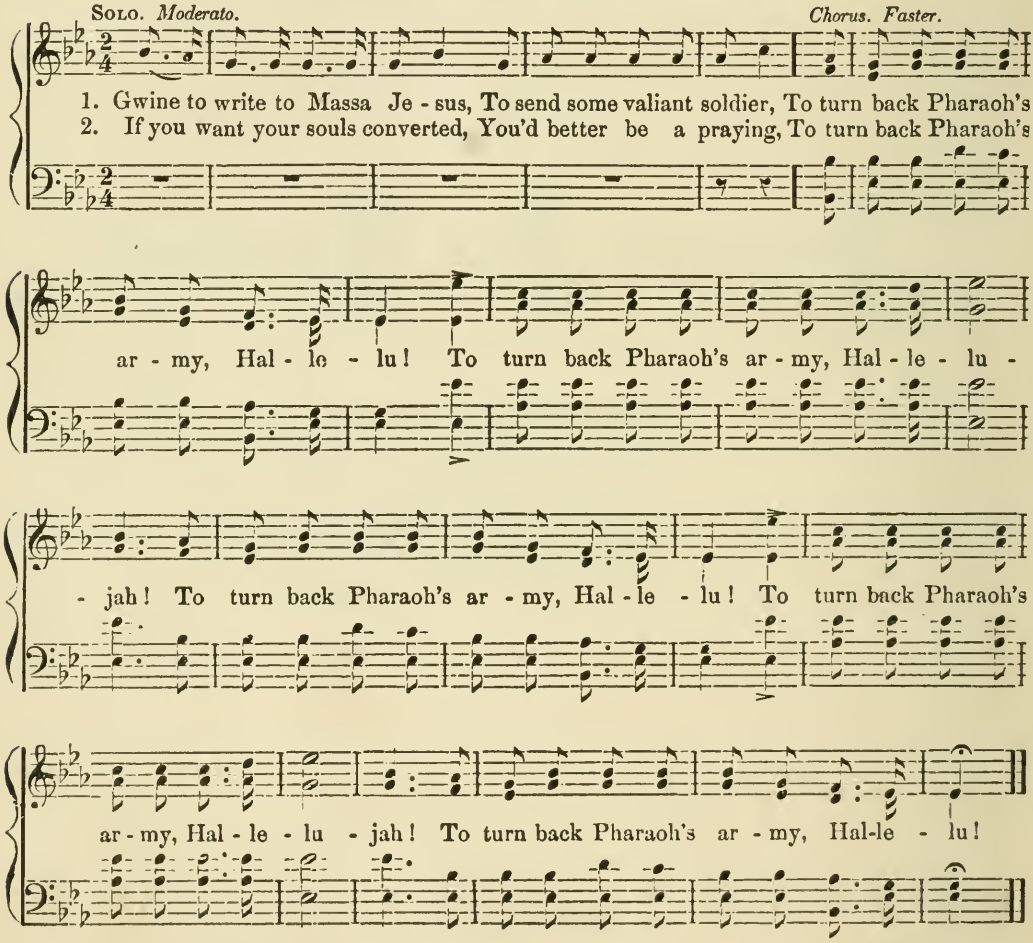
LONGFELLOW.

SONGS OF FISK UNIVERSITY.

By the kindness of the President of Fisk University, we have been furnished with the following selections from the quaint Slave Melodies, sung throughout England and America, by the "Jubilee Singers," a company of Colored Students, all of whom are connected with the above named Institution. In a prefatory note, the editor of the Songs, Mr. T. F. Seward, says, "It will be observed that in most of these songs the first strain is of the nature of a chorus or refrain, which is to be sung after each verse. The return to this chorus should be made without breaking the time.

In some of the verses the syllables do not correspond exactly to the notes in the music. The adaptation is so easy that it was thought best to leave it to the skill of the singer rather than to confuse the eye by too many notes. The music is in each case carefully adapted to the first verse. Whatever changes may be necessary in singing the remaining verses, will be found to involve no difficulty."

TURN BACK PHARAOH'S ARMY.


Solo. Moderato.
Chorus. Faster.
1. Gwine to write to Massa Je - sus, To send some valiant soldier, To turn back Pharaoh's
2. If you want your souls converted, You'd better be a praying, To turn back Pharaoh's
ar - my, Hal - le - lu! To turn back Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu -
- jah! To turn back Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu! To turn back Pharaoh's
ar - my, Hal - le - lu - jah! To turn back Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal-le - lu!

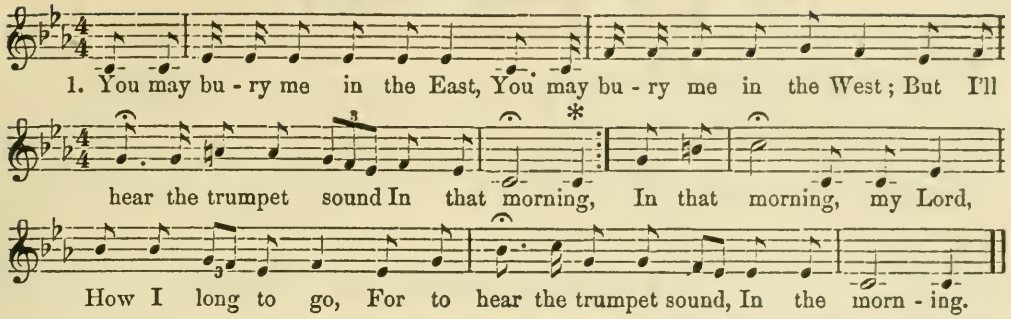
3 You say you are a soldier,
Fighting for your Saviour,
To turn back Pharaoh's army, etc.

4 When the children were in bondage,
They cried unto the Lord,
He turned back Pharaoh's army, etc.

5 When Moses smote the water,
The children all passed over,
And turned back Pharaoh's army, etc.

6 When Pharaoh crossed the water,
The waters came together,
And drowned ole Pharaoh's army, etc.

I'LL HEAR THE TRUMPET SOUND.


1. You may bu - ry me in the East, You may bu - ry me in the West; But I'll
hear the trumpet sound In that morning, In that morning, my Lord,
How I long to go, For to hear the trumpet sound, In the morn - ing.

2 Father Gabriel in that day,
He'll take wings and fly away,
For to hear the trumpet sound
In that morning.
You may bury him in the East,
You may bury him in the West;
But he'll hear the trumpet sound,
In that morning.
CHO.—In that morning, &c.

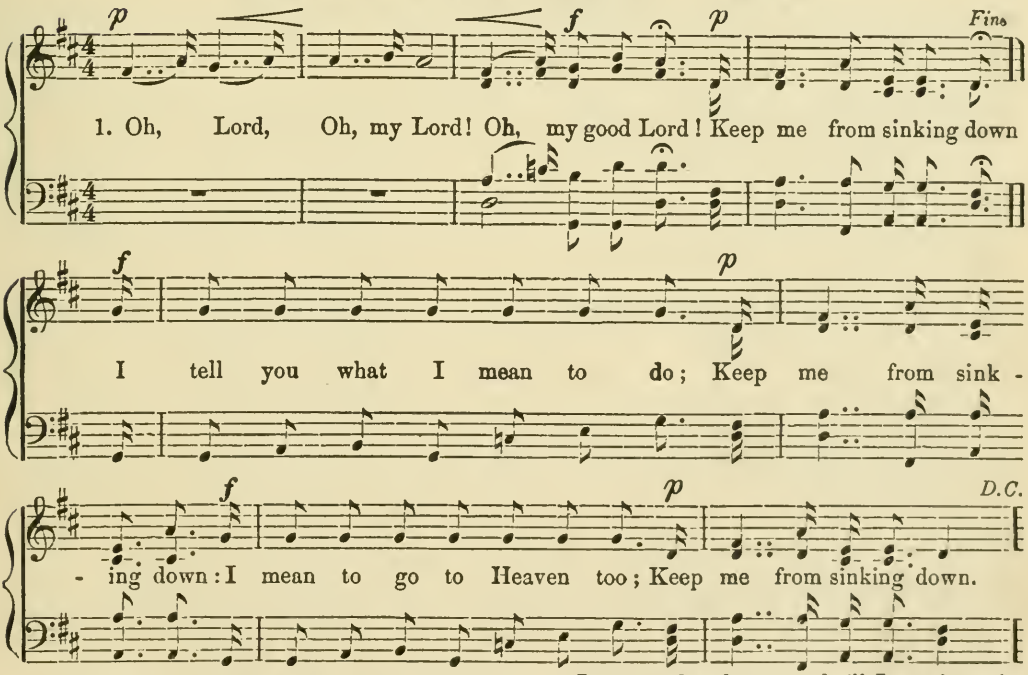
3 Good old Christians in that day,
They'll take wings and fly away, &c.

4 Good old preachers, &c.

5 In that dreadful Judgment day
I'll take wings and fly away, &c.

Repeat the music of the first strain for all the verses but the first.

KEEP ME FROM SINKING DOWN.

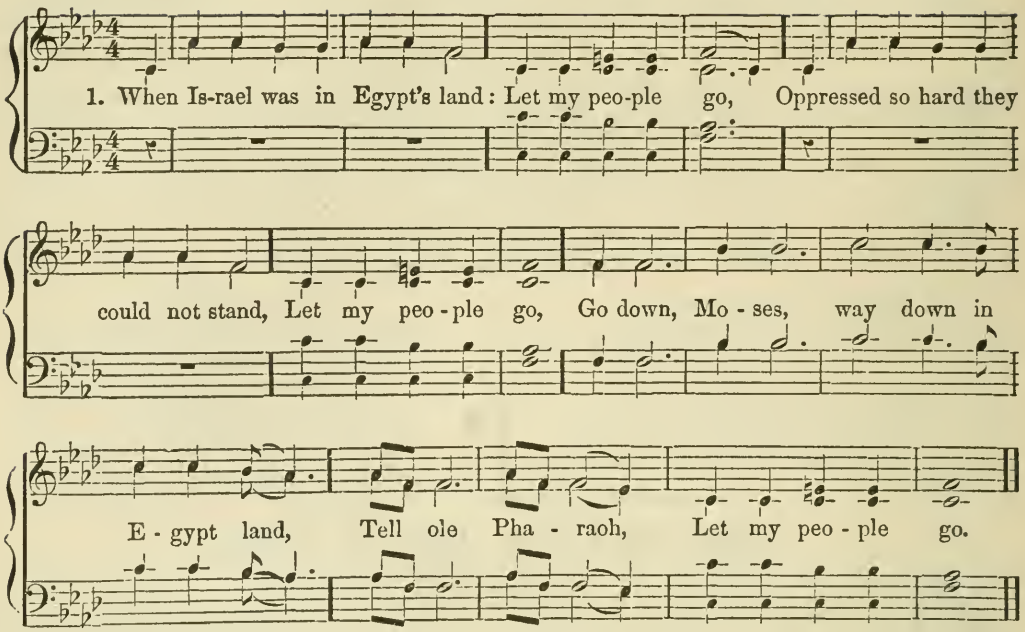

p
f
p
Fine
1. Oh, Lord, Oh, my Lord! Oh, my good Lord! Keep me from sinking down
f
p
I tell you what I mean to do; Keep me from sink -
f
p
D.C.
- ing down: I mean to go to Heaven too; Keep me from sinking down.

2 I look up yonder, and what do I see;
Keep me from sinking down:
I see the angels beckoning to me;
Keep me from sinking down.
Oh, Lord, etc.

3 When I was a mourner just like you;
Keep me from sinking down:
I mourned and mourned till I got through;
Keep me from sinking down.
Oh, Lord, etc.

4 I bless the Lord I'm gwine to die;
Keep me from sinking down:
I'm gwine to judgment by-and-by;
Keep me from sinking down.
Oh, Lord, etc.

GO DOWN, MOSES.


1. When Is-rael was in Egypt's land: Let my peo-ple go, Oppressed so hard they
could not stand, Let my peo-ple go, Go down, Mo-ses, way down in
E-gypt land, Tell ole Pha-raoh, Let my peo-ple go.

2 Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go;
If not I'll smite your first born dead,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, etc.

3 No more shall they in bondage toil,
Let my people go;
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, etc.

4 When Israel out of Egypt came,
Let my people go;
And left the proud oppressive land,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, etc.

5 O, 'twas a dark and dismal night,
Let my people go;
When Moses led the Israelites,
Let my people go.

6 'Twas good old Moses and Aaron, too,
Let my people go;
'Twas they that led the armies through,
Let my people go.

7 The Lord told Moses what to do,
Let my people go;
To lead the children of Israel through,
Let my people go.

8 O come along Moses, you'll not get lost,
Let my people go;
Stretch out your rod and come across,
Let my people go.

9 As Israel stood by the water side,
Let my people go;
At the command of God it did divide,
Let my people go.

10 When they had reached the other shore,
Let my people go;
They sang the song of triumph o'er,
Let my people go.

11 Pharaoh said he would go across,
Let my people go;
But Pharaoh and his host were lost,
Let my people go.

12 O Moses the cloud shall cleave the way,
Let my people go;
A fire by night, a shade by day,
Let my people go.

13 You'll not get lost in the wilderness,
Let my people go;
With a lighted candle in your breast
Let my people go.

14 Jordan shall stand up like a wall,
Let my people go;
And the walls of Jericho shall fall,
Let my people go.

15 Your foes shall not before you stand,
Let my people go,
And you'll possess fair Canaan's land,
Let my people go.

16 'Twas just about in harvest time,
Let my people go;
When Joshua led his host divine,
Let my people go.

17 O let us all from bondage flee,
Let my people go;
And let us all in Christ be free,
Let my people go.

18 We need not always weep and moan,
Let my people go;
And wear these slavery chains forlorn,
Let my people go.

19 This world's a wilderness of woe,
Let my people go;
O, let us on to Canaan go,
Let my people go.

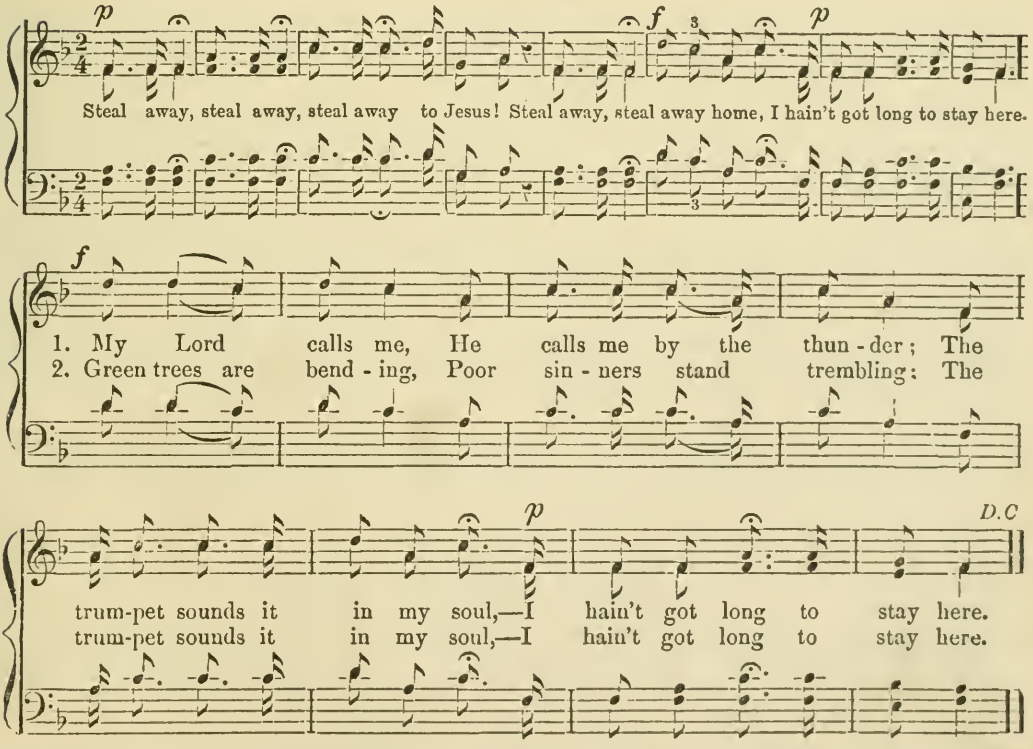
20 What a beautiful morning that will be,
Let my people go;
When time breaks up in eternity,
Let my people go.

21 The Devil he thought he had me fast,
Let my people go;
But I thought I'd break his chains at last,
Let my people go.

22 O take yer shoes from off yer feet,
Let my people go;
And walk into the golden street,
Let my people go.

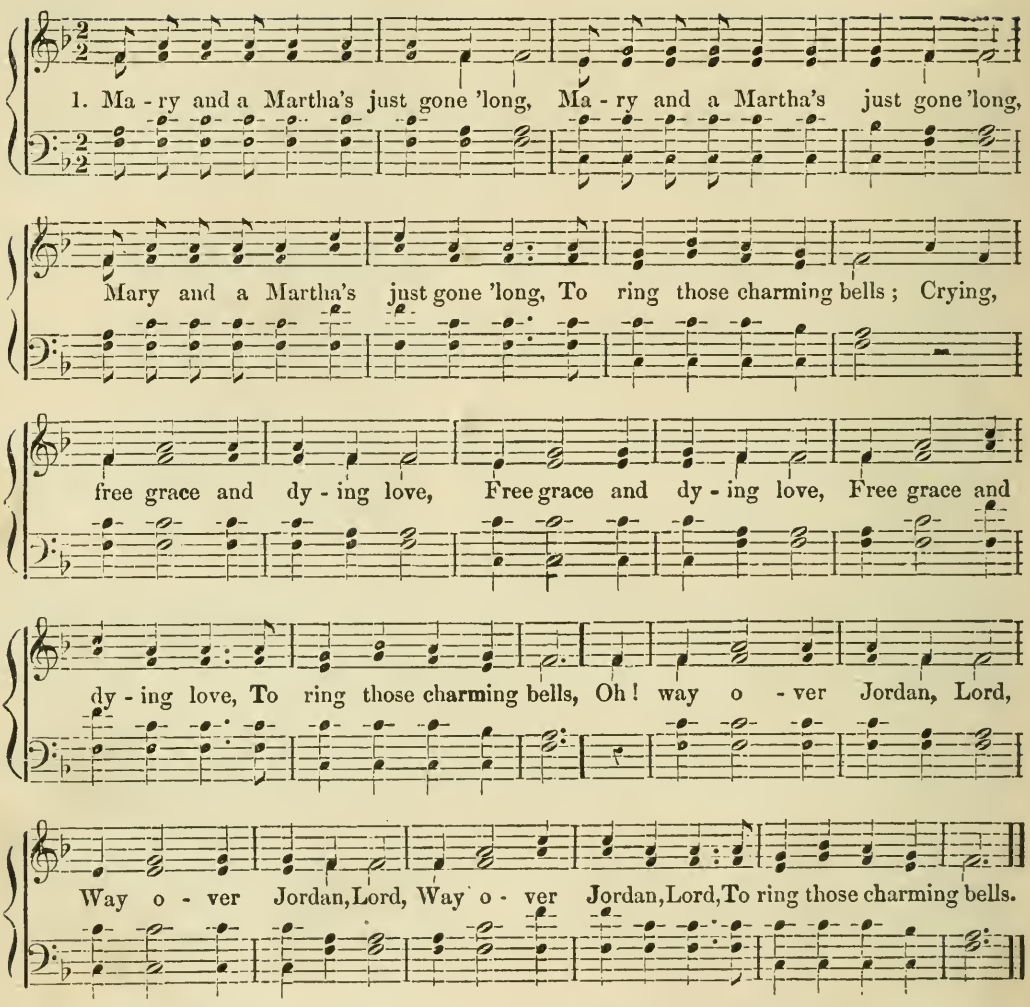
23 I'll tell you what I likes de best,
Let my people go;
It is the shouting Methodist,
Let my people go.

24 I do believe without a doubt,
Let my people go;
That a Christian has the right to shout,
Let my people go.

STEAL AWAY.

p
f
3
p
Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus! Steal away, steal away home, I hain't got long to stay here.
f
1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; The
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand trembling; The
p
D.C
trum-pet sounds it in my soul,—I hain't got long to stay here.
trum-pet sounds it in my soul,—I hain't got long to stay here.

3 My Lord calls me—He calls me by the lightning;
The trumpet sounds it in my soul:
I hain't got long to stay here.
CHO.—Steal away, &c.

4 Tombstones are bursting—poor sinners stand trembling
The trumpet sounds it in my soul;
I hain't got long to stay here.
CHO—Steal away, &c.

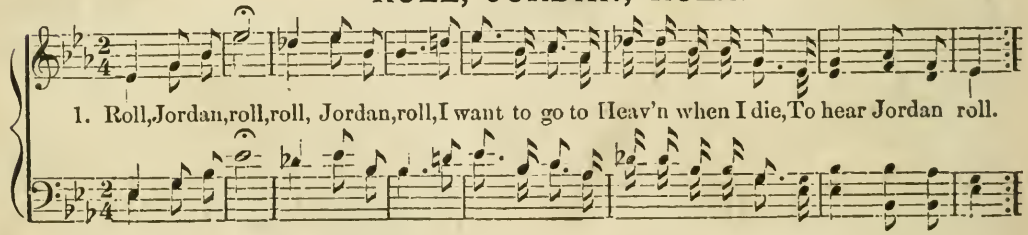
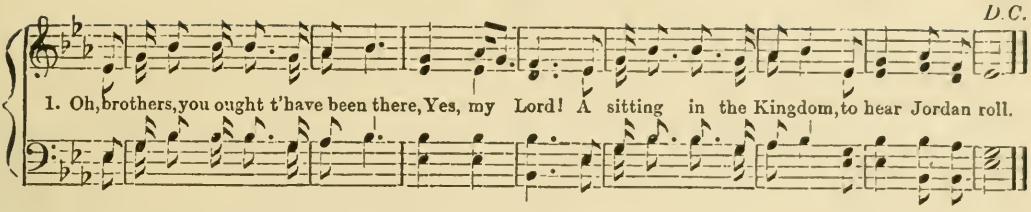
MARY AND MARTHA.

1. Ma - ry and a Martha's just gone 'long, Ma - ry and a Martha's just gone 'long,
Mary and a Martha's just gone 'long, To ring those charming bells; Crying,
free grace and dy - ing love, Free grace and dy - ing love, Free grace and
dy - ing love, To ring those charming bells, Oh! way o - ver Jordan, Lord,
Way o - ver Jordan, Lord, Way o - ver Jordan, Lord, To ring those charming bells.

2 The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long, etc.
To ring those charming bells,
Cho—Crying, free grace, etc.

3 My father and mother's just gone 'long, etc.
To ring those charming bell,
Cho—Crying, free grace, etc.

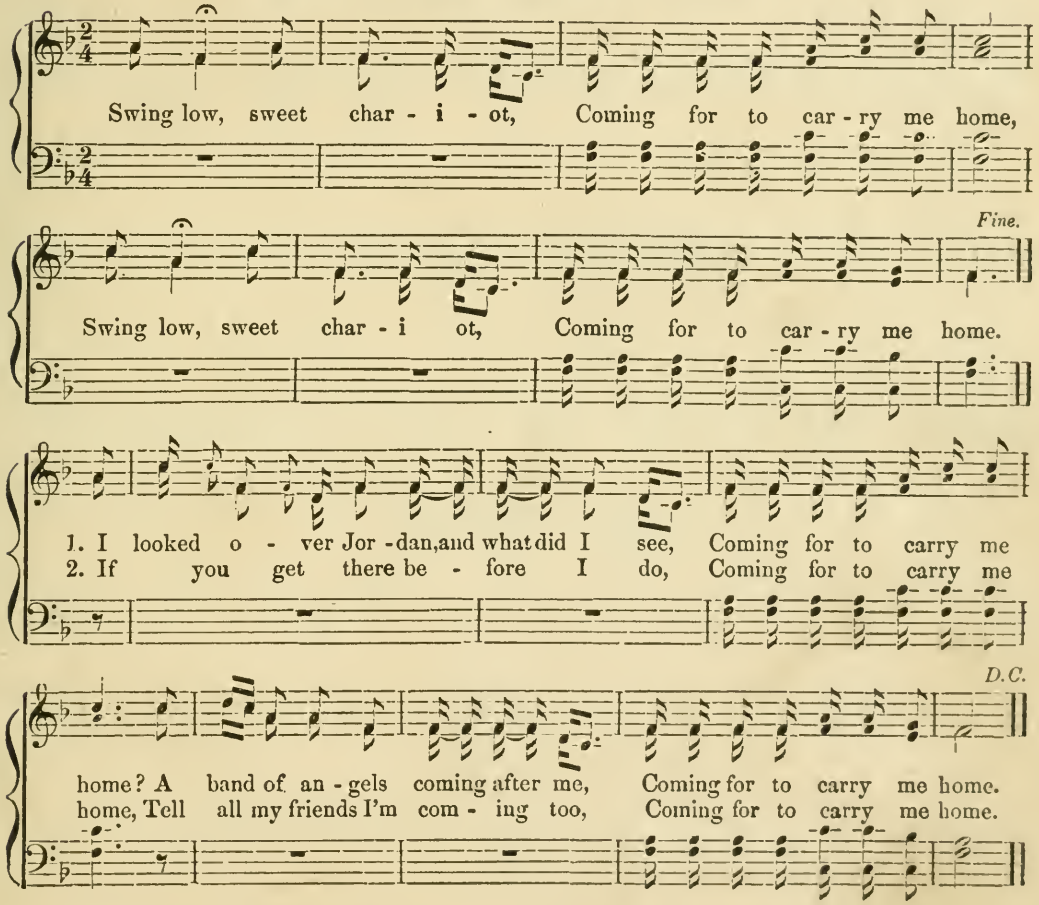
4 The Methodist and Baptist's just gong 'long, etc.
To ring those charming bells.
Cho—Crying, free grace, etc.

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL.



2 Oh, preachers, you ought t'have been there, etc.
3 Oh, sinners, you ought, etc.
4 Oh, mourners, you ought, etc.
5 Oh, seekers, you ought, etc.
6 Oh, mothers, you ought, etc.
7 Oh, children, you ought, etc.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT.


Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Coming for to car - ry me home,
Fine.
Swing low, sweet char - i ot, Coming for to car - ry me home.
1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see, Coming for to carry me
2. If you get there be - fore I do, Coming for to carry me
D.C.
home? A band of an - gels coming after me, Coming for to carry me home.
home, Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, Coming for to carry me home.

3 The brightest day that ever I saw,
Coming for to carry me home,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, &c.

4 I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Coming for to carry me home.
Swing low, &c.

CARMINA COLLEGENSIA.

PART THIRD.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS, AND ENGLISH AND GERMAN STUDENT SONGS.

INDEX OF

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS,

AND

ENGLISH AND GERMAN STUDENT SONGS.

Serenades, Glees and Minstrel Songs 5
Humorous Songs..... 29
English and German Student Songs 65

A Roving 74
All together again 19
Ben Baxter 75
Bull-Dog 48
Camptown Races..... 44
Canadian Boat Song 11
Cockles and Mussels..... 73
Constantinople..... 36
Coon-pate 26
Crambambuli.. 81
Crow Song..... 33
Danube River 8
Down among the dead men..... 69
Dulce Domum..... 71
Dutch Company 60
Evening Bells 6
Fairy Moonlight 12
Farevell to all you rory tories..... 70
Gaudeamus 78
Gaudeamus (Translated)..... 79
George Henry 22
Good Night 28
Greek Song (*Εἰς τὴν νέαν Θεανώ.*)..... 88
Hamlet 34
Happy Contraband..... 26
Hullee, hullo! 87
I've a Jolly Sixpence 67
Integer Vitæ..... 83
Jack and Gill..... 30
Jingle Bells 18
John Brown's body..... 31
John Brown had a little Injun..... 32
Jolly Fellow..... 62
Juvallera 86
Kate Schneider 57
Kom and Kiss me..... 15
Landlord fill your flowing Bowl 76
LaurigerHoratius 80
Lauriger Horatius (Translated)..... 81
Lore-ley 84
Lovely Night..... 7
Lowlands 58
Man who has plenty of good Peanuts..... 40
Mary had a little Lamb 55
Mary's little Lamb 56
Mermaid (The)..... 47
Michael Roy 40
My little Dog..... 46
O tche se no de ke 63
Old Cabin Home..... 20
Old Dog Tray..... 17
Old Noah, he did build an Ark 39
Peter Gray..... 38
Pig Duet 45
Pope (The) 52
Quilting Party 23
Revelry of the Dying. 77
Rig-a-jig 54
Robinson Crusoe..... 59
Rootle Tum 42
Rule Britannia..... 66
Rumsty Ho!..... 68
Saw my Leg off..... 44
Son of a Gambolier 50
Springfield Mountain..... 35
Stop that Knocking at the Door 24
Switzer Boy 17
Tally ho..... 72
There's Music in the Air..... 9
There's Music in the Heart..... 10
Three Crows 39
Tom-big-bee River 21
Two Roses..... 7
Ubi bene, ibi patria..... 82
Uralio 14
Vive l'amour 16
Walk 'long John..... 15
Yah, Yah..... 33

SERENADES, GLEES,

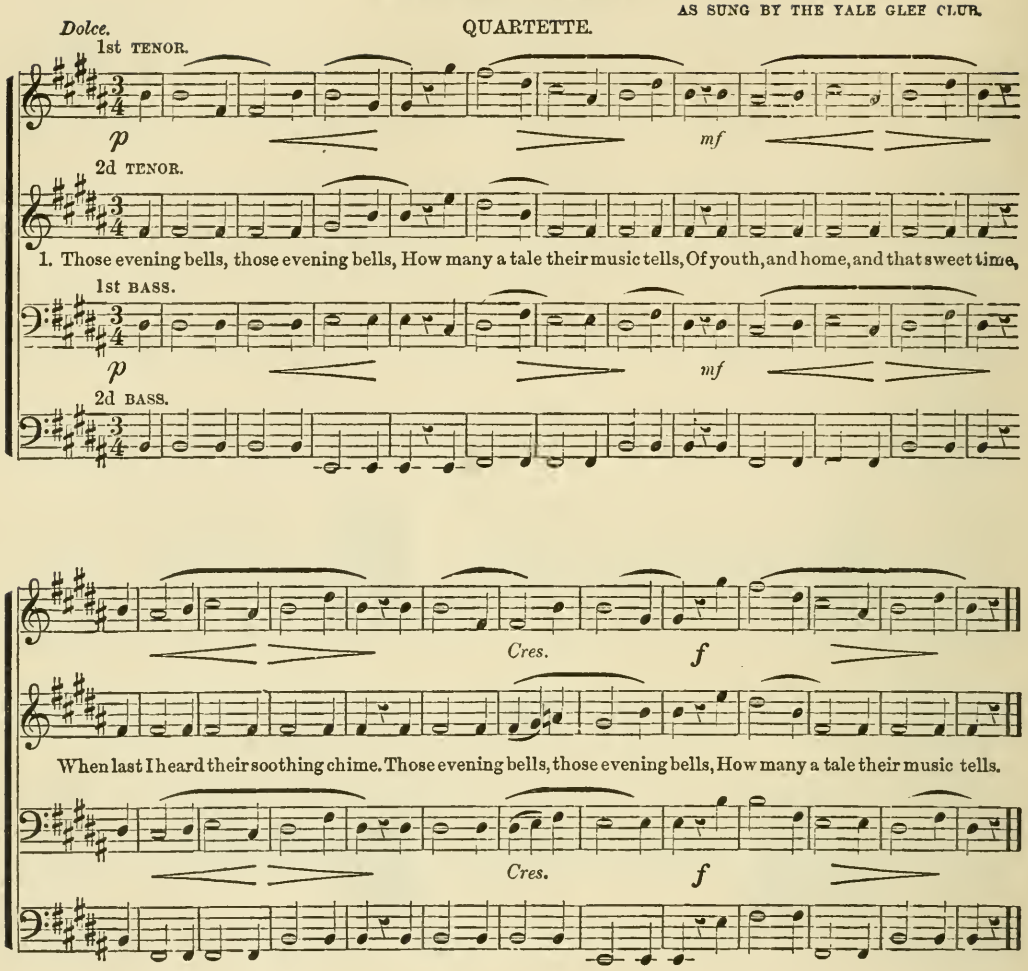
AND

MINSTREL SONGS.

EVENING BELLS.

AS SUNG BY THE YALE GLEE CLUB.

QUARTETTE.



2.

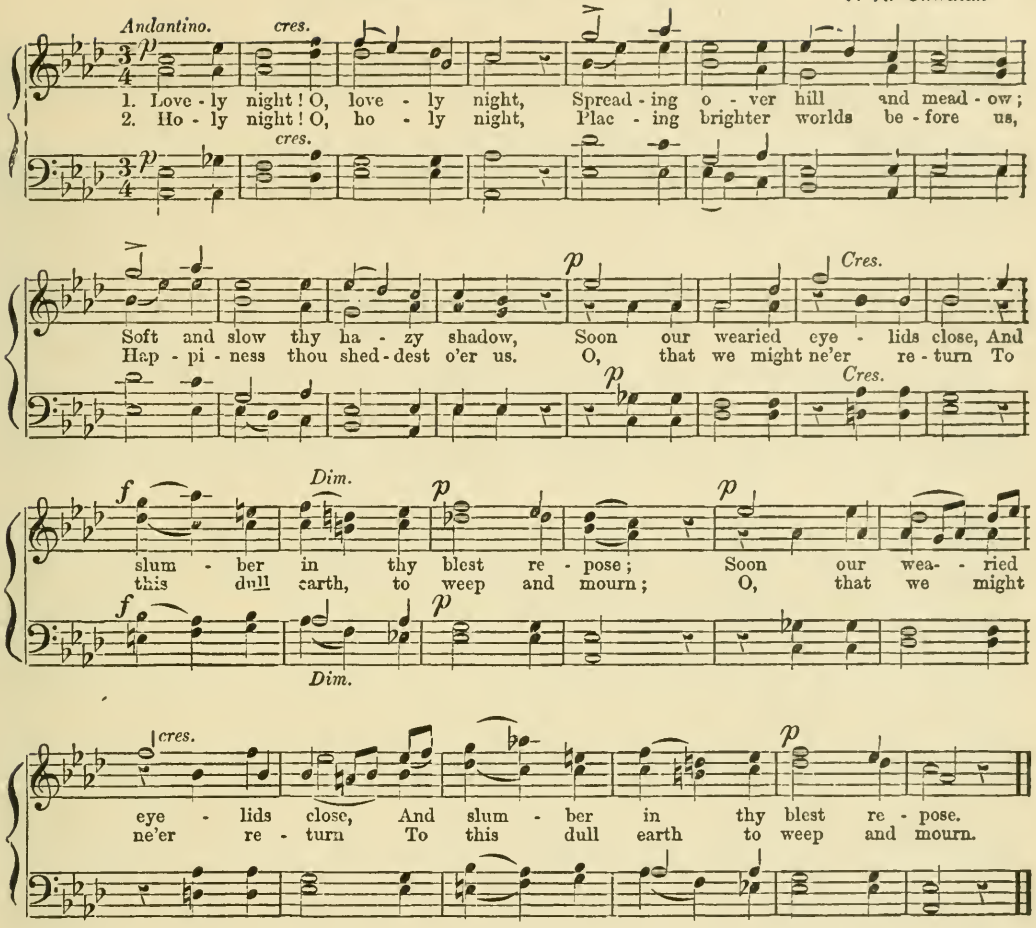
Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.
Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells.

3.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.
Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells.

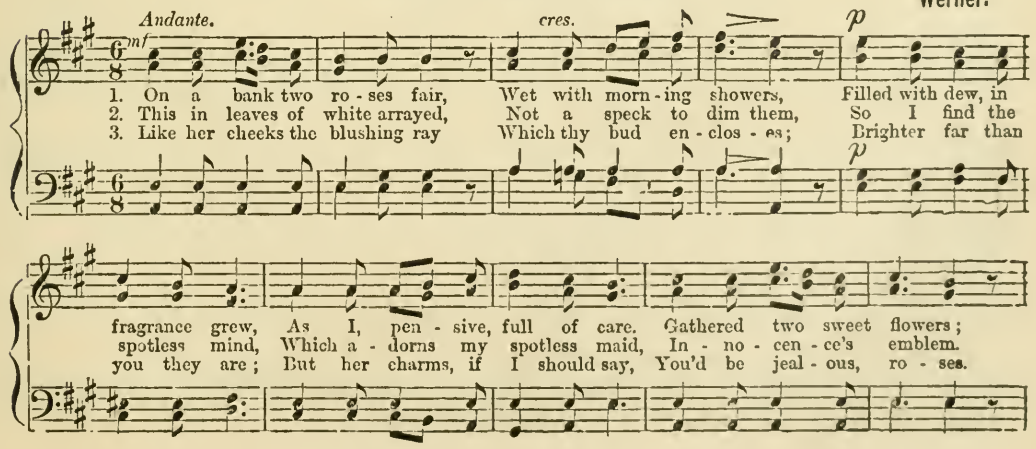
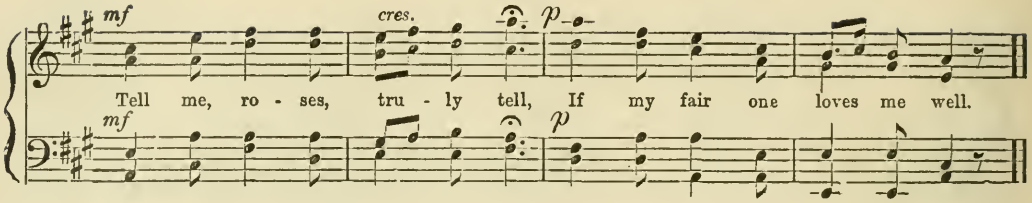
LOVELY NIGHT.

F. X. Chwatal.


Andantino.
cres.
1. Love - ly night! O, love - ly night, Spread - ing o - ver hill and mead - ow;
2. Ho - ly night! O, ho - ly night, Plac - ing brighter worlds be - fore us,
Soft and slow thy ha - zy shadow, Soon our wearied eye - lids close, And
Hap - pi - ness thou shed - dest o'er us. O, that we might ne'er re - turn To
Cres.
Dim.
slum - ber in thy blest re - pose; Soon our wea - ried
this dull earth, to weep and mourn; O, that we might
eye - lids close, And slum - ber in thy blest re - pose.
ne'er re - turn To this dull earth to weep and mourn.

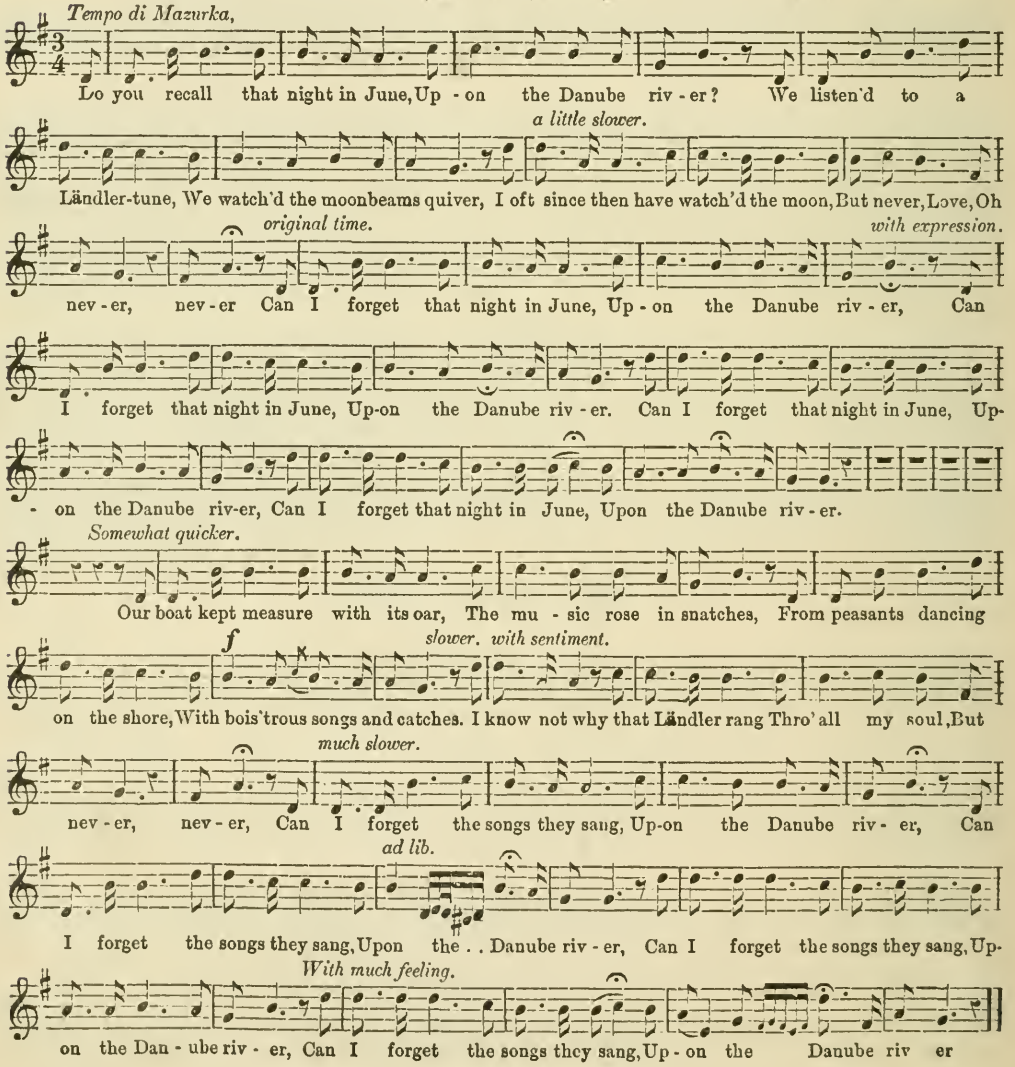
THE TWO ROSES.

Werner.


Andante.
cres.
1. On a bank two ro - ses fair, Wet with morn - ing showers, Filled with dew, in
2. This in leaves of white arrayed, Not a speck to dim them, So I find the
3. Like her cheeks the blushing ray Which thy bud en - clos - es; Brighter far than
fragrance grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care. Gathered two sweet flowers;
spotless mind, Which a - dorns my spotless maid, In - no - cen - ce's emblem.
you they are; But her charms, if I should say, You'd be jeal - ous, ro - ses.

THE DANUBE RIVER.

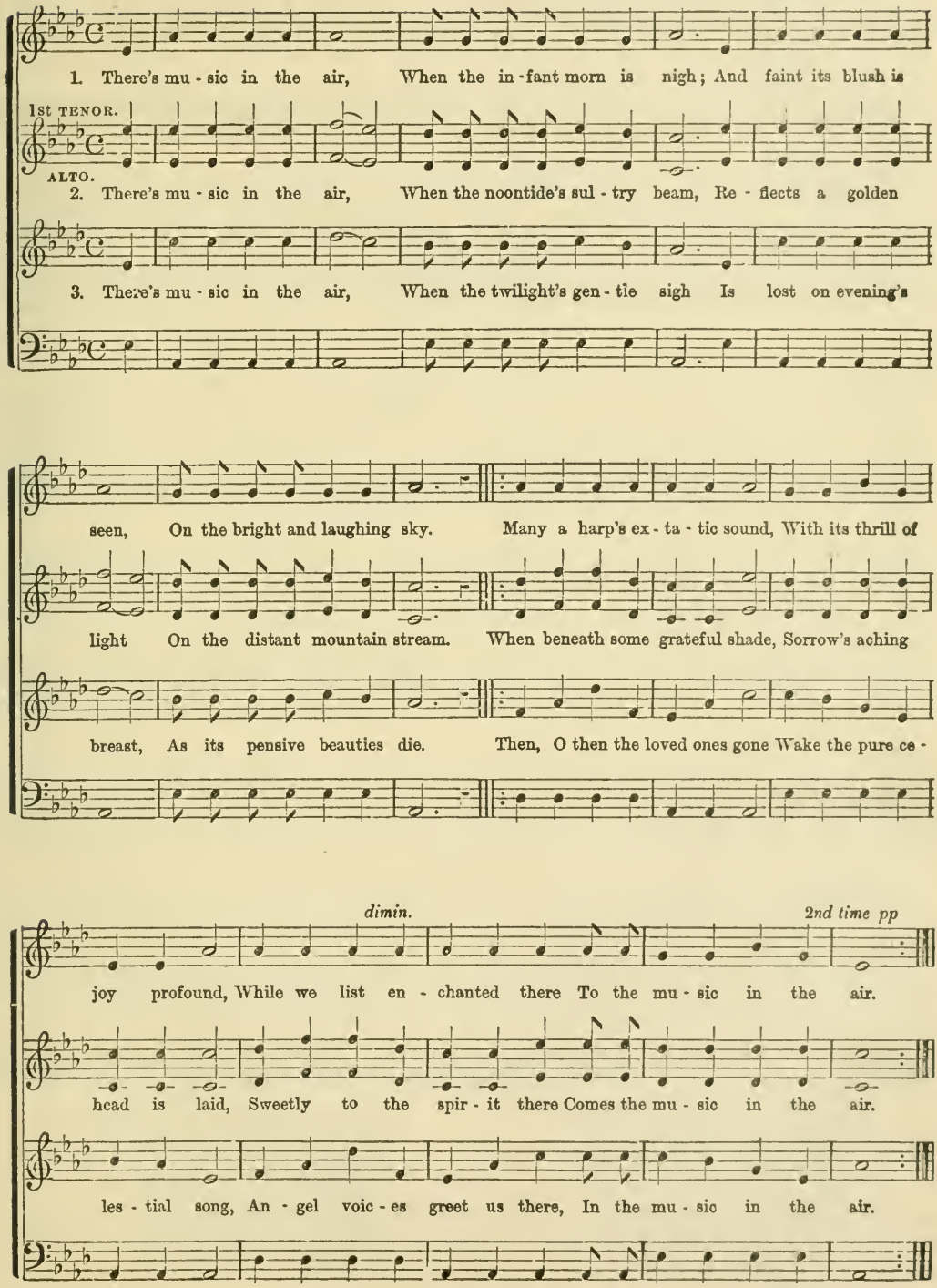
HAMILTON AIDE.

To be played in moderate time, with great variation, according to the sentiment of the words.


Tempo di Mazurka,
Lo you recall that night in June, Up - on the Danube riv - er? We listen'd to a
a little slower.
Ländler-tune, We watch'd the moonbeams quiver, I oft since then have watch'd the moon, But never, Love, Oh
original time.
with expression.
nev - er, nev - er Can I forget that night in June, Up - on the Danube riv - er, Can
I forget that night in June, Up-on the Danube riv - er. Can I forget that night in June, Up-
- on the Danube riv-er, Can I forget that night in June, Upon the Danube riv - er.
Somewhat quicker.
Our boat kept measure with its oar, The mu - sic rose in snatches, From peasants dancing
f
slower. with sentiment.
on the shore, With bois'trous songs and catches. I know not why that Ländler rang Thro' all my soul, But
much slower.
nev - er, nev - er, Can I forget the songs they sang, Up-on the Danube riv - er, Can
ad lib.
I forget the songs they sang, Upon the . . Danube riv - er, Can I forget the songs they sang, Up-
With much feeling.
on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I forget the songs they sang, Up - on the Danube riv er

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Published by permission of MASON BROS.


1. There's mu - sic in the air, When the in - fant morn is nigh; And faint its blush is
1st TENOR.
ALTO.
2. There's mu - sic in the air, When the noontide's sul - try beam, Re - flects a golden
3. There's mu - sic in the air, When the twilight's gen - tle sigh Is lost on evening's
seen, On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ex - ta - tic sound, With its thrill of
light On the distant mountain stream. When beneath some grateful shade, Sorrow's aching
breast, As its pensive beauties die. Then, O then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce -
dimin.
2nd time pp
joy profound, While we list en - chanted there To the mu - sic in the air.
head is laid, Sweetly to the spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
les - tial song, An - gel voic - es greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE HEART.

Sostenuto.

1st TENOR.

There's pur - est mu - sic in the heart, A lone - ly deep re - frain; That oft o'er memory's

2d TENOR.

1st BASS.

There's pur - est mu - sic in the heart, A lone - ly deep re - frain; That oft o'er memory's

2d BASS.

chord will start, Like mem'ry's melt - ing strain. The noon-day car - ol of a bird, The

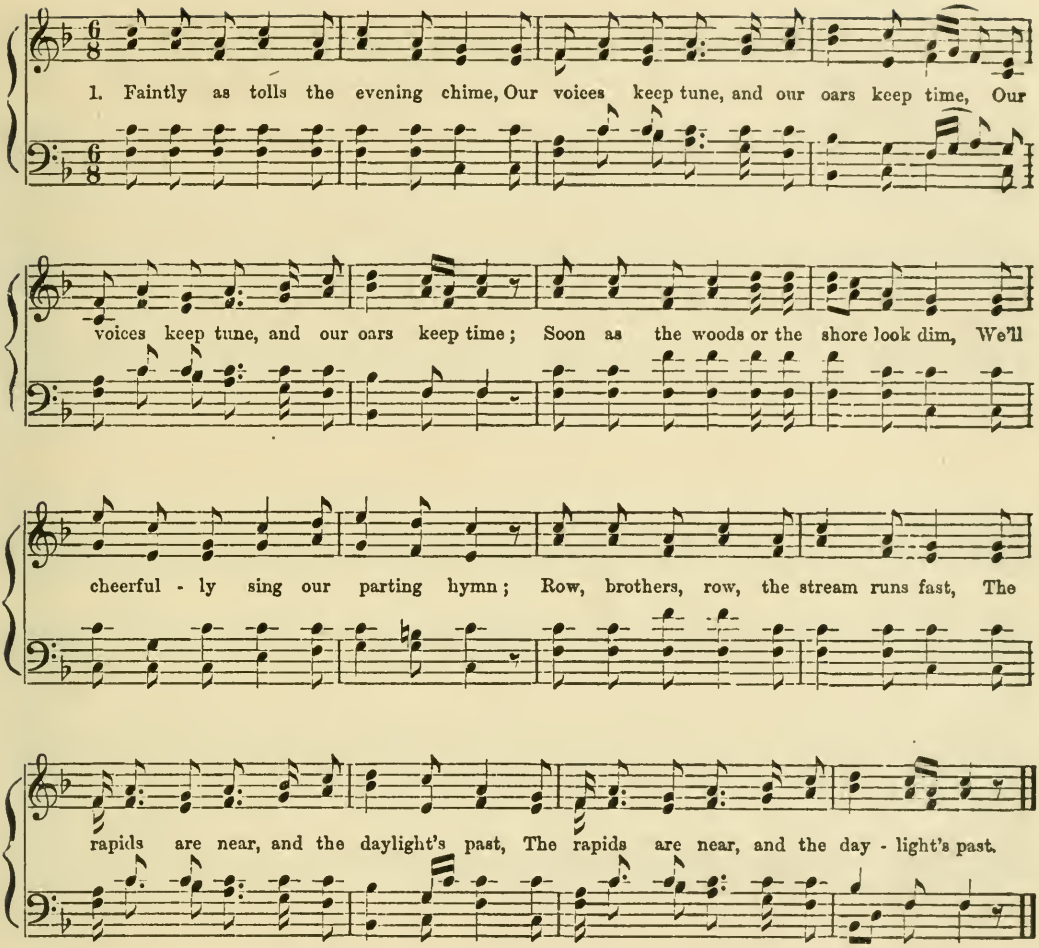
chord will start, Like mem'ry's melt - ing strain. The noon-day car - ol of a bird, The

smile we cannot win; A leaf by morning's zephyr stirred, May touch the heart with - in.

smile we cannot win; A leaf by morning's zephyr stirred, May touch the heart with - in.

2 At times the heart appears all bright,
The future grows serene;
Within the soul gay thoughts unite,
To charm the present scene.
'Tis then that care forgets to fly,
Where we in pleasure stray,
'Tis then some angel from the sky,
Would point to us the way.

3 The light would want its sacred spell,
If we no shade could find;
Nor should we love the spring so well,
If winter's face were kind.
So if the soul has never known
What care and grief impart,
It cannot tell how rapture's tone,
Steals o'er the longing heart.


1. Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time, Our
voices keep tune, and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods or the shore look dim, We'll
cheerful - ly sing our parting hymn; Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
rapids are near, and the daylight's past, The rapids are near, and the day - light's past.

2 Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
O, sweetly we'll rest the weary oar;
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the day-light's past.

BOAT SONG.

AIR—"*Sparkling and bright.*"

1 Lightly afloat swims our gallant boat,
And sways to the heaving billow,
As the cradled child in his slumbers mild,
Is lulled on his infant pillow.

Chorus.—Now we dash away, thro' the foaming spray,
And bound o'er the billows lightly,
Where the quivering gleam of the bright sunbeam
Far away gilds the water brightly.

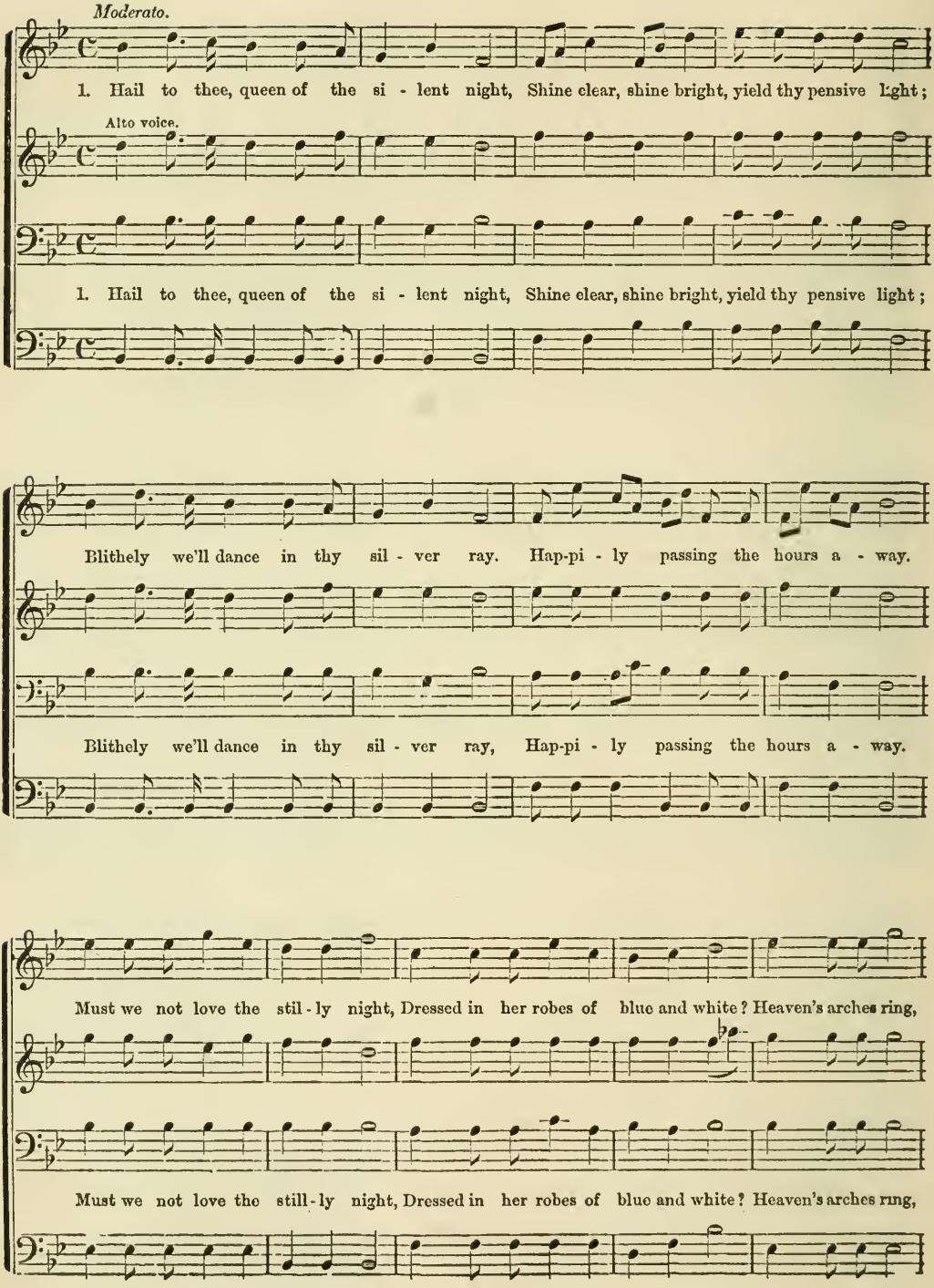
2 The billows smote by the stalwart stroke,
To a thousand spray-drops frittered,
Leap to the light more dazzling bright
Than the crest of Neptune glittered.

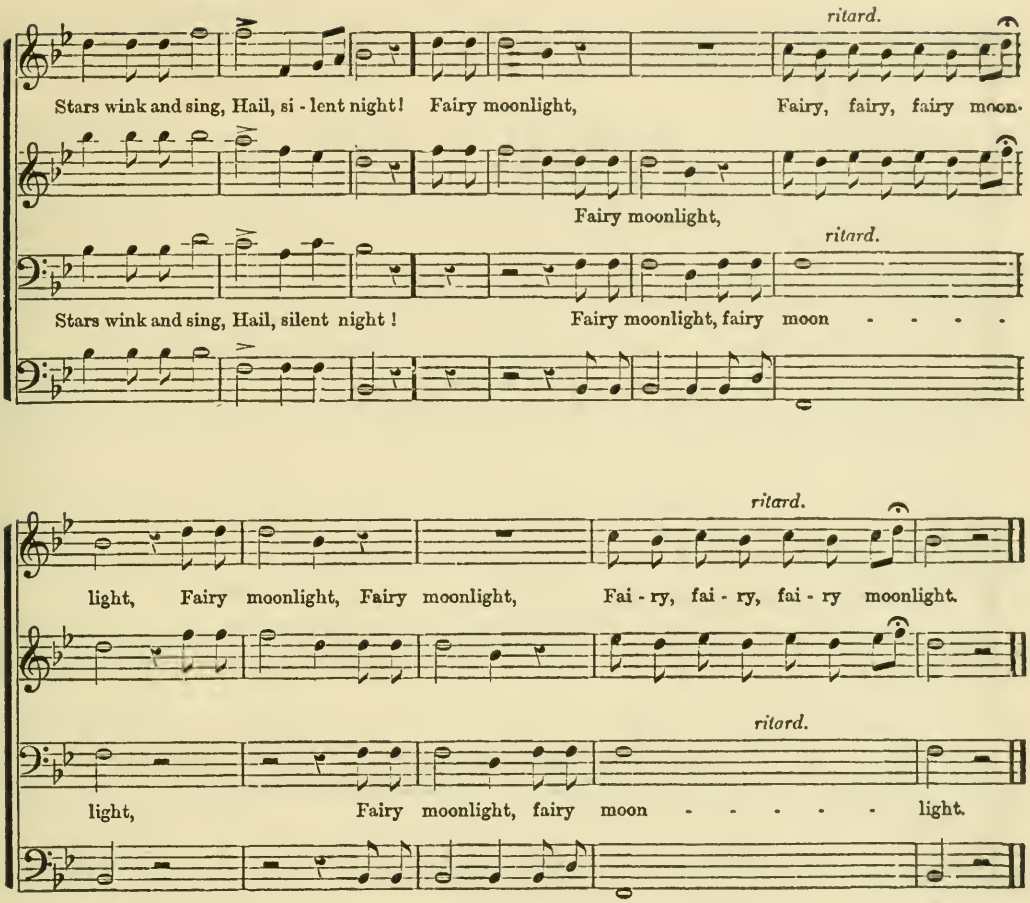
Cho.—As we toss the spray on our lightning way,
Far back the water gleameth,
As the flashing braid of the fair mermaid
Down her foam-white bosom streameth.

3 When the waters rise to the bending skies,
In a thousand summits 'round us,
Where the bright lake smiles 'mid its thousand isles,
A thousand joys surround us.

Cho.—So we dash away through the foaming spray,
And bound o'er the billows lightly,
Where the quivering gleam of the bright sunbeam,
Far away gilds the waters brightly.

FAIRY MOONLIGHT.

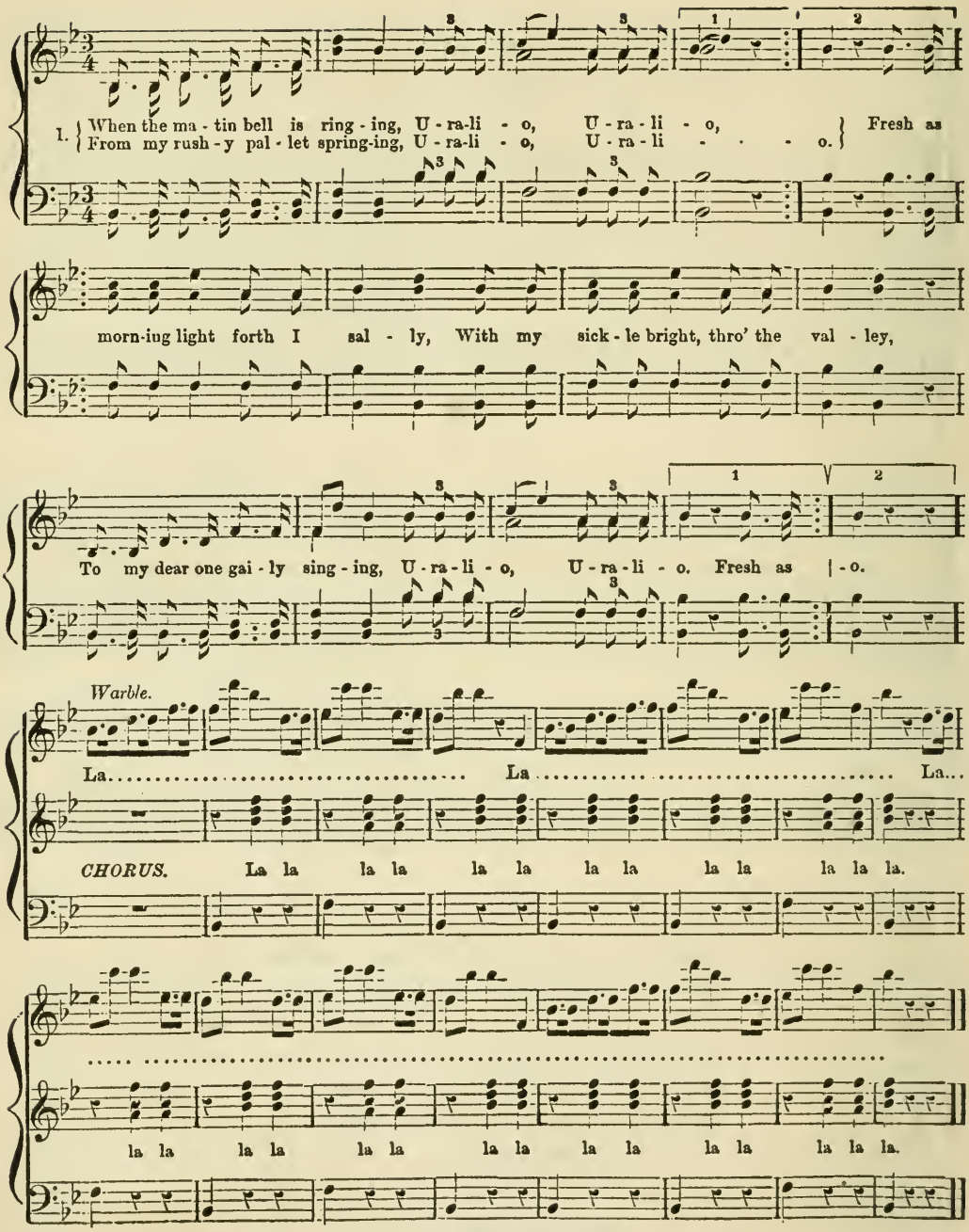

Moderato.
1. Hail to thee, queen of the si - lent night, Shine clear, shine bright, yield thy pensive light;
Alto voice.
1. Hail to thee, queen of the si - lent night, Shine clear, shine bright, yield thy pensive light;
Blithely we'll dance in thy sil - ver ray. Hap-pi - ly passing the hours a - way.
Blithely we'll dance in thy sil - ver ray, Hap-pi - ly passing the hours a - way.
Must we not love the stil - ly night, Dressed in her robes of blue and white? Heaven's arches ring,
Must we not love the still - ly night, Dressed in her robes of blue and white? Heaven's arches ring,


ritard.
Stars wink and sing, Hail, si - lent night! Fairy moonlight, Fairy, fairy, fairy moon-
Fairy moonlight,
ritard.
Stars wink and sing, Hail, silent night! Fairy moonlight, fairy moon - - - -
ritard.
light, Fairy moonlight, Fairy moonlight, Fai - ry, fai - ry, fai - ry moonlight.
ritard.
light, Fairy moonlight, fairy moon - - - - - light.

2.

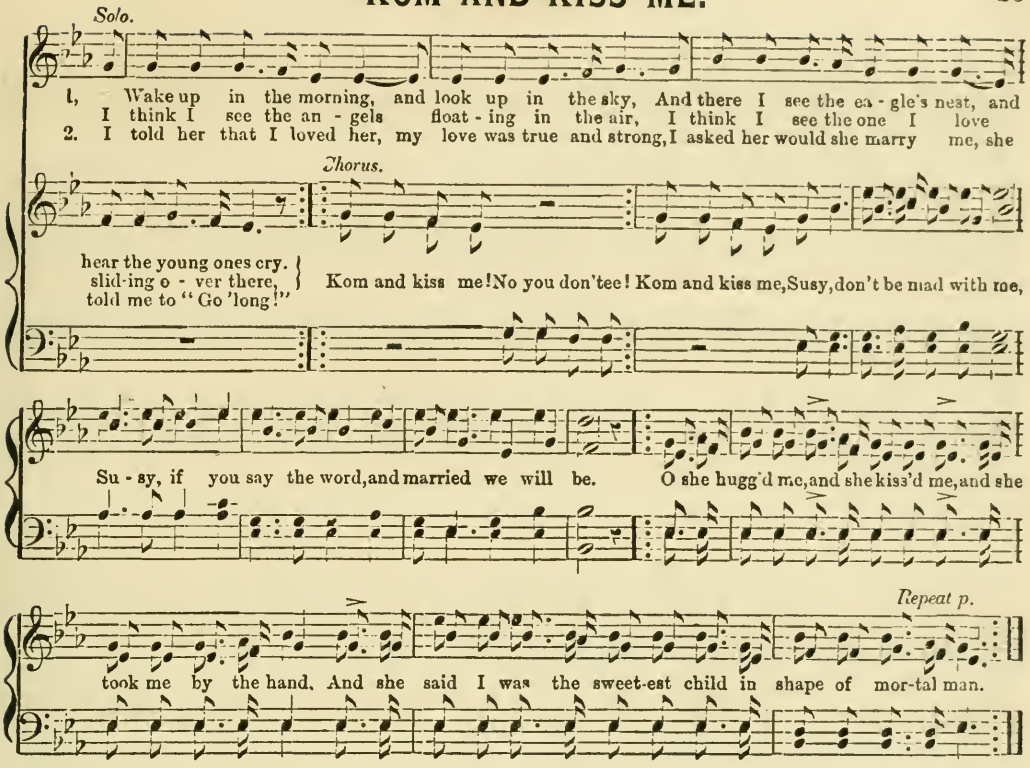
Dart thy pure beams from thy throne on high,
Beam on through sky, robed in azure dye;
We'll laugh and we'll sport while the night-bird sings,
Flapping the dew from his sable wings;
Sprites love to sport in the still moonlight,
Play with the pearls of shadowy night;
Then let us sing,
Time's on the wing,
Hail, silent night,
Fairy moonlight.

URALIO.


1. When the ma - tin bell is ring - ing, U - ra-li - o, U - ra - li - o, Fresh as
From my rush - y pal - let spring-ing, U - ra-li - o, U - ra - li - - - o.
morn-ing light forth I sal - ly, With my sick - le bright, thro' the val - ley,
To my dear one gai - ly sing - ing, U - ra - li - o, U - ra - li - o. Fresh as - o.
Warble.
La La La...
CHORUS. La la la la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la la la la la la la.

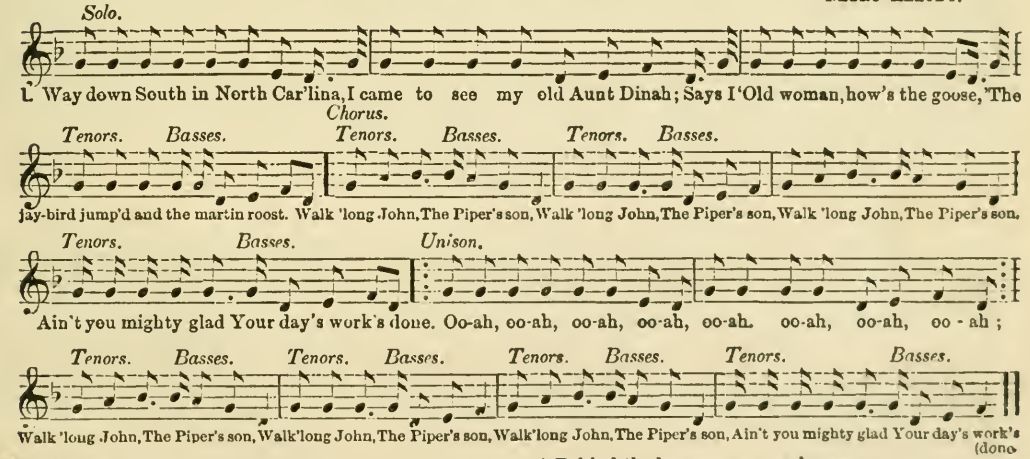
2 When the day is closing o'er us,
Uralio, Uralio,
And the landscape fades before us,
Uralio, Uralio,
When our merry men quit their mowing,
And along the glen horns are blowing,
Sweetly then we'll raise the chorus,
Uralio, Uralio.
CHORUS.—La la la, etc.

KOM AND KISS ME.


Solo.
1, Wake up in the morning, and look up in the sky, And there I see the ea - gle's nest, and
I think I see the an - gels float - ing in the air, I think I see the one I love
2. I told her that I loved her, my love was true and strong, I asked her would she marry me, she
Chorus.
hear the young ones cry.
slid-ing o - ver there,
told me to "Go 'long!"
Kom and kiss me! No you don'tee! Kom and kiss me, Susy, don't be mad with me,
Su - sy, if you say the word, and married we will be. O she hugg'd me, and she kiss'd me, and she
Repeat p.
took me by the hand, And she said I was the sweet-est child in shape of mor-tal man.

WALK 'LONG JOHN.

NEGRO MELODY.


Solo.
1. Way down South in North Car'lina, I came to see my old Aunt Dinah; Says I 'Old woman, how's the goose,' The
Chorus.
Tenors. Basses. Tenors. Basses. Tenors. Basses.
jay-bird jump'd and the martin roost. Walk 'long John, The Piper's son, Walk 'long John, The Piper's son, Walk 'long John, The Piper's son,
Tenors. Basses. Unison.
Ain't you mighty glad Your day's work's done. Oo-ah, oo-ah, oo-ah, oo-ah, oo-ah. oo-ah, oo-ah, oo - ah;
Tenors. Basses. Tenors. Basses. Tenors. Basses. Tenors. Basses.
Walk 'long John, The Piper's son, Walk 'long John, The Piper's son, Walk 'long John, The Piper's son, Ain't you mighty glad Your day's work's done.

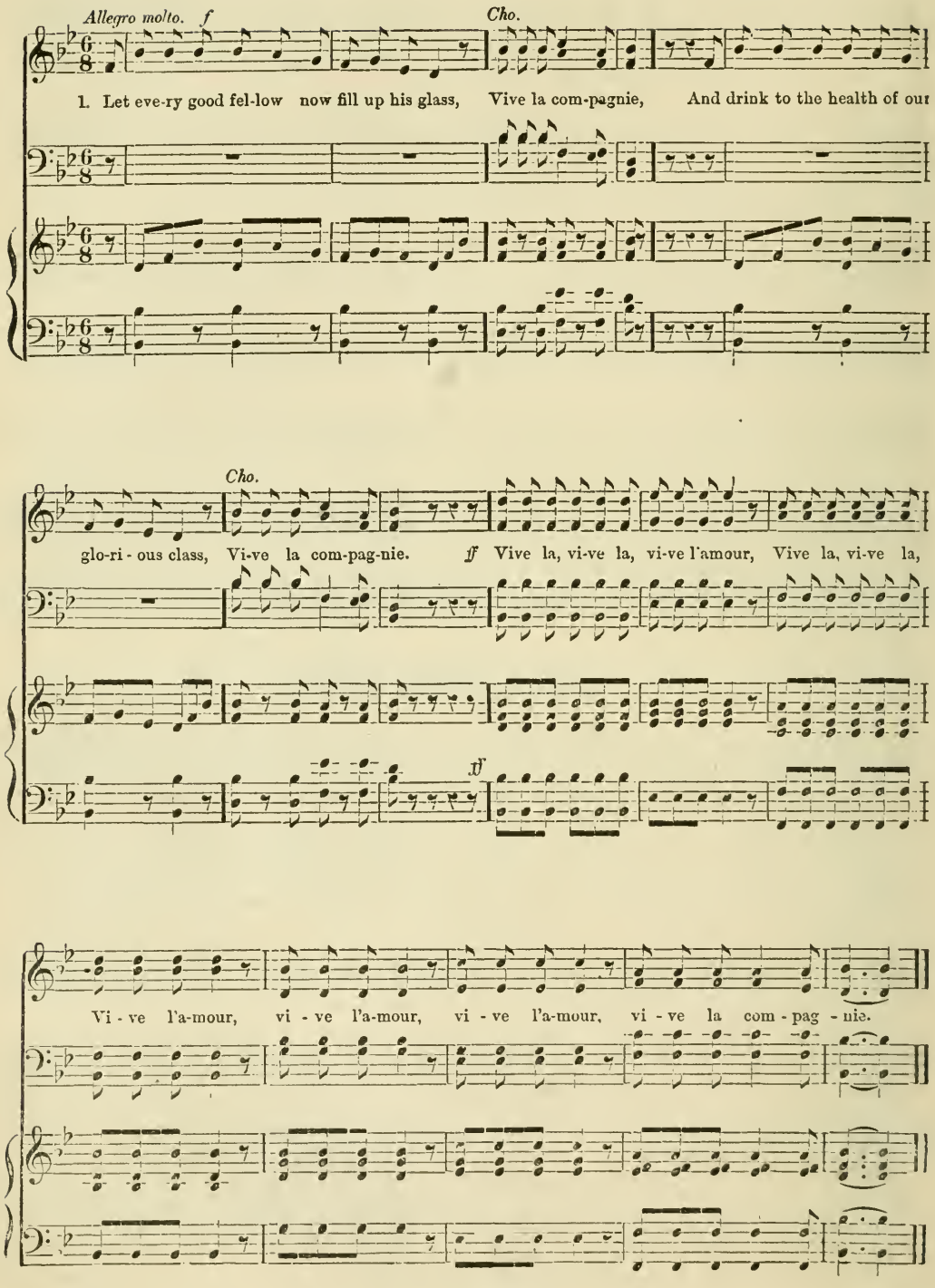
2 Way down South on Beaver Creek,
The darkies grow about ten feet;
They go to bed with all their clothes on,
Legs hanging out for the chickens to roost on.—CHO.

3 Darkie wakes up almost dead,
With a hundred weight of chickens on each leg;
And then they all go out to the barn,
The big ones crow, and the little ones larn.—CHO.

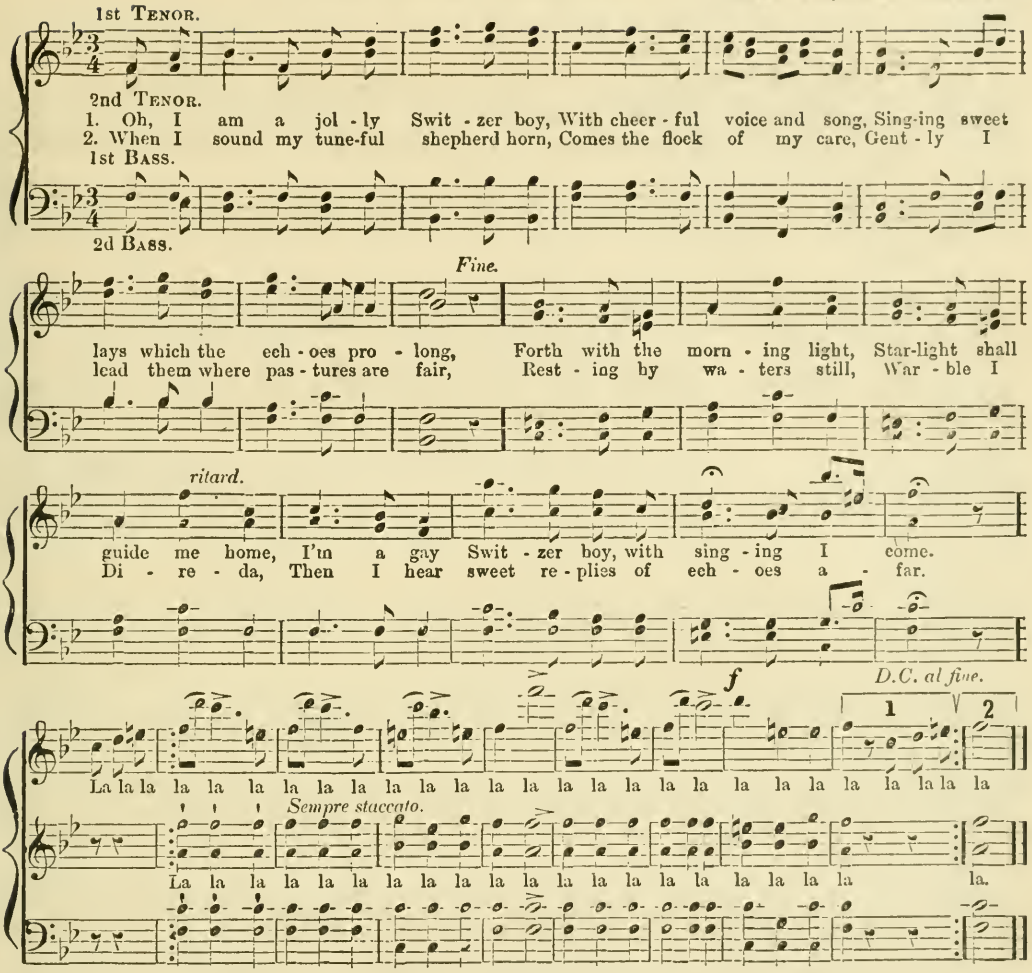
4 Behind the hen-coop on my knees,
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze,
But when I looked behind the stairs,
'Twas only a caterpillar saying his prayers.—CHO.

5 The horse and the sheep were going thro' the pasture,
Says the horse to the sheep, "Let's go a little faster;"
Then by and by they came to some water,
The horse jumped over and the sheep followed after.
CHO.

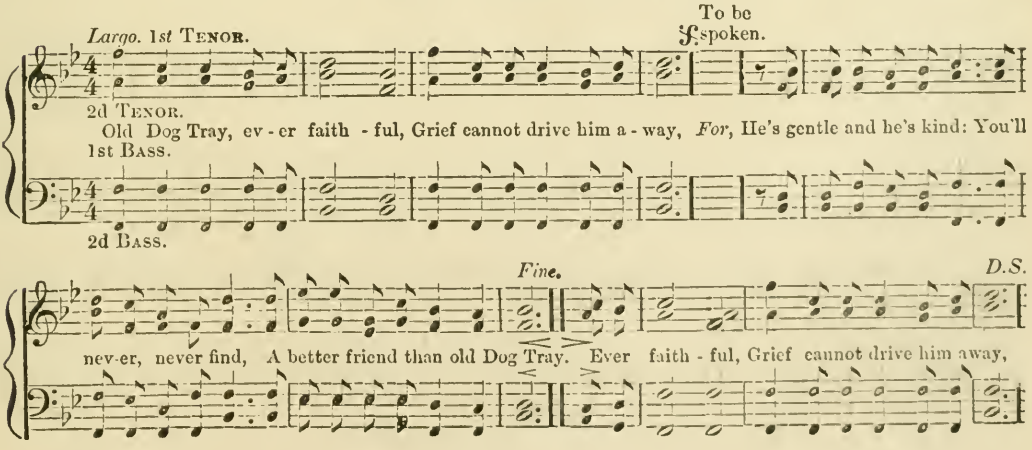
VIVE L'AMOUR.

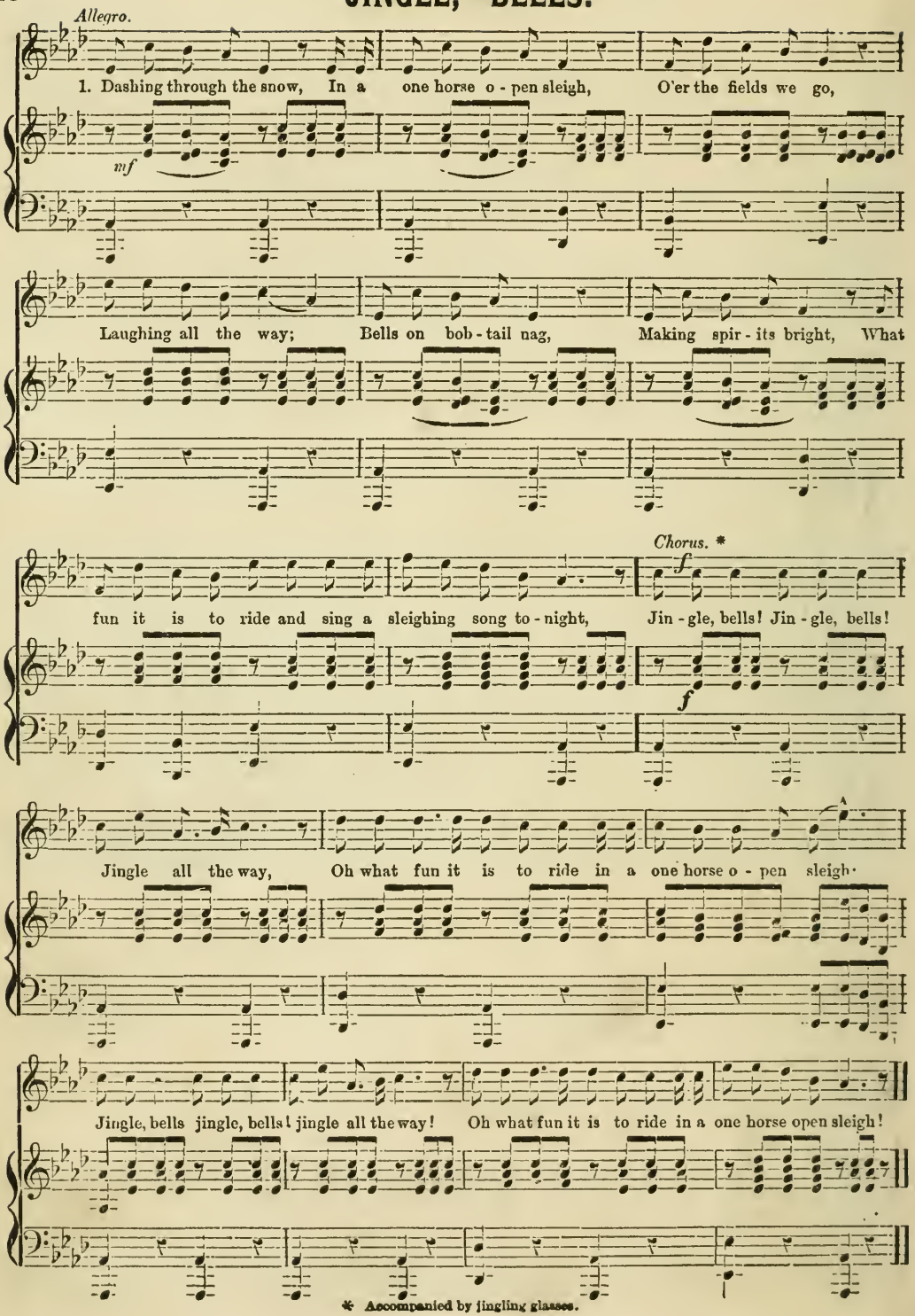

Allegro molto. f
Cho.
1. Let eve-ry good fel-low now fill up his glass, Vive la com-pagnie, And drink to the health of our
Cho.
glo-ri - ous class, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie. ff Vive la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'amour, Vive la, vi-ve la,
Vi - ve l'a-mour, vi - ve l'a-mour, vi - ve l'a-mour, vi - ve la com - pag - nie.

THE SWITZER BOY. (WARBLE.)

ARRANGED BY GUSTAVE J STOECKEL.

1st TENOR.
2nd TENOR.
1. Oh, I am a jol - ly Swit - zer boy, With cheer - ful voice and song, Sing-ing sweet
2. When I sound my tune-ful shepherd horn, Comes the flock of my care, Gent - ly I
1st BASS.
2d BASS.
Fine.
lays which the ech - oes pro - long, Forth with the morn - ing light, Star-light shall
lead them where pas - tures are fair, Rest - ing by wa - ters still, War - ble I
ritard.
guide me home, I'm a gay Swit - zer boy, with sing - ing I come.
Di - re - da, Then I hear sweet re - plies of ech - oes a - far.
f
D.C. al fine.
1
2
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
Sempre staccato.
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

OLD DOG TRAY.


Largo. 1st TENOR.
To be spoken.
2d TENOR.
Old Dog Tray, ev - er faith - ful, Grief cannot drive him a - way, For, He's gentle and he's kind: You'll
1st BASS.
2d BASS.
Fine.
D.S.
nev-er, never find, A better friend than old Dog Tray. Ever faith - ful, Grief cannot drive him away,

JINGLE, BELLS.

Allegro.
1. Dashing through the snow, In a one horse o - pen sleigh, O'er the fields we go,
mf
Laughing all the way; Bells on bob - tail nag, Making spir - its bright, What
Chorus. *
f
fun it is to ride and sing a sleighing song to - night, Jin - gle, bells! Jin - gle, bells!
f
Jingle all the way, Oh what fun it is to ride in a one horse o - pen sleigh.
Jingle, bells jingle, bells! jingle all the way! Oh what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh!

* Accompanied by jingling glasses.

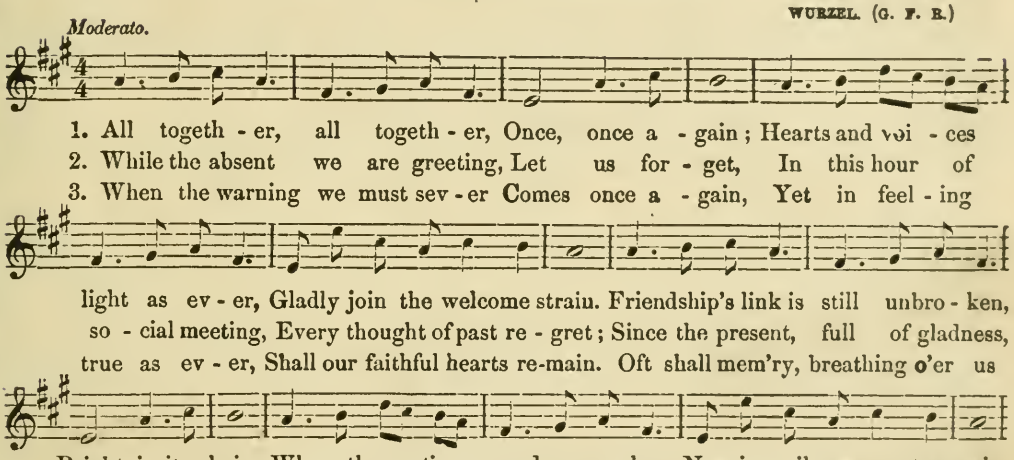
2 A day or two ago
I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fannie Bright
Was seated by my side,
The horse was lean and lank;
Misfortune seemed his lot,
He got into a drifted bank,
And we, we got upsot.

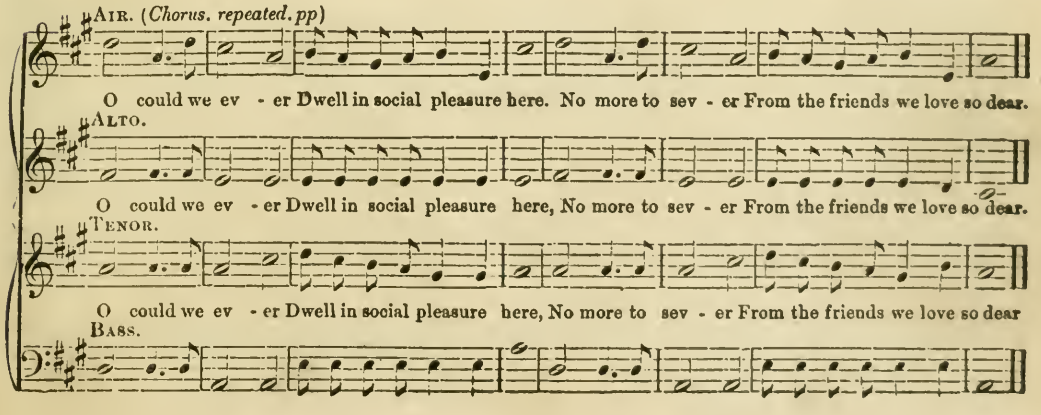
3 A day or two ago,
The story I must tell,
I went out on the snow,
And on my back I fell;
A gent was riding by
In a one horse open sleigh,
He laughed as there I sprawling lie,
But quickly drove away.

4 Now the ground is white,
Go it while you're young,
Take the girls to-night,
And sing this sleighing song;
Just get a bob tailed bay,
Two forty as his speed,
Hitch him to an open sleigh,
And crack, you'll take the lead.

ALL TOGETHER AGAIN.

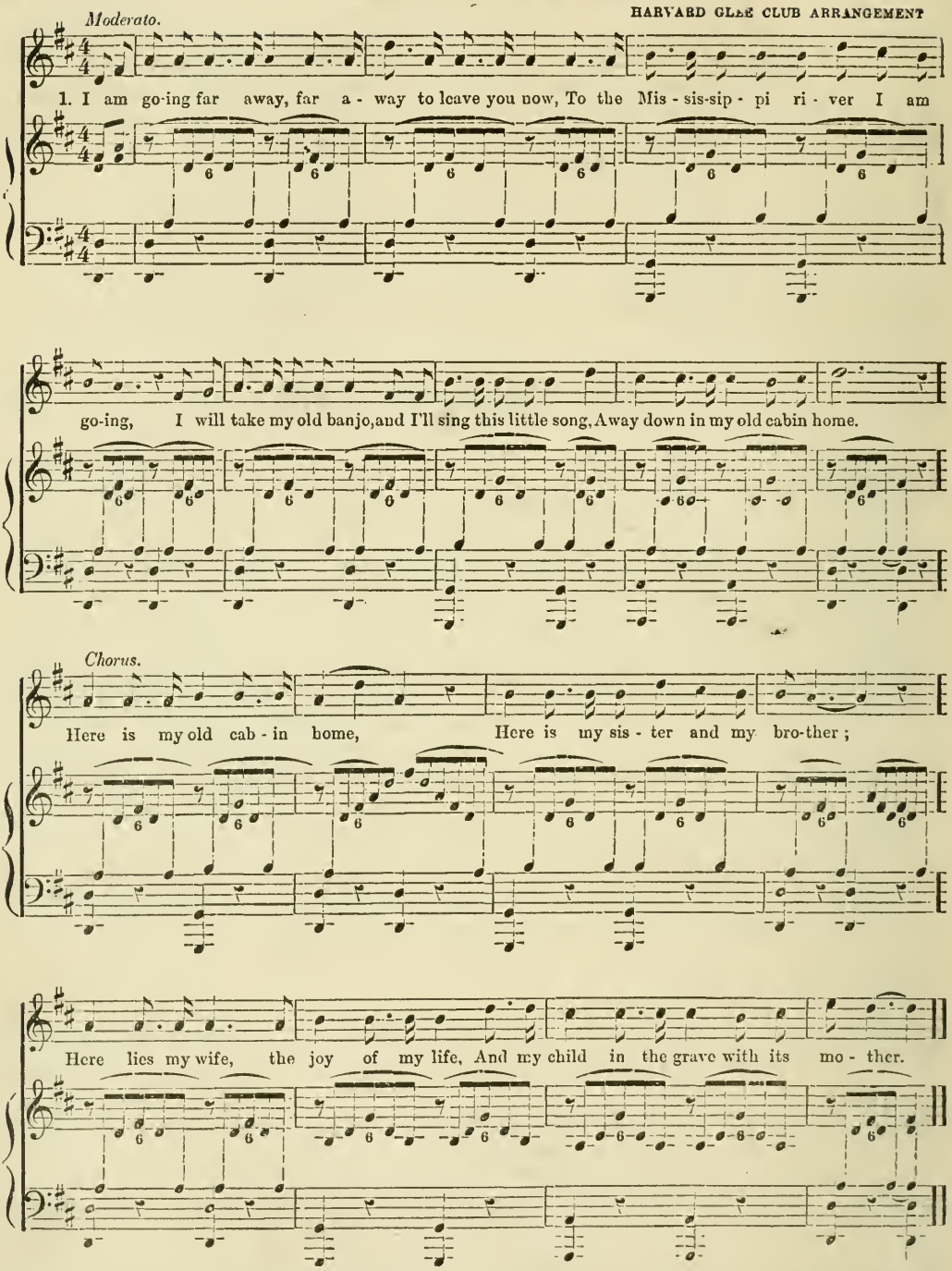
WURZEL. (G. F. R.)


Moderato.
1. All togeth - er, all togeth - er, Once, once a - gain; Hearts and voi - ces
2. While the absent we are greeting, Let us for - get, In this hour of
3. When the warning we must sev - er Comes once a - gain, Yet in feel - ing
light as ev - er, Gladly join the welcome strain. Friendship's link is still unbro - ken,
so - cial meeting, Every thought of past re - gret; Since the present, full of gladness,
true as ev - er, Shall our faithful hearts re-main. Oft shall mem'ry, breathing o'er us
Bright is its chain; Where the parting word was spoken, Now in smiles we meet a - gain.
Bids us be gay, Banish eve - ry cloud of sadness, And be happy while we may.
Sweet friendship's strain, Bring this happy time before us, Till we all shall meet a - gain.


AIR. (Chorus. repeated. pp)
O could we ev - er Dwell in social pleasure here. No more to sev - er From the friends we love so dear.
ALTO.
O could we ev - er Dwell in social pleasure here, No more to sev - er From the friends we love so dear.
TENOR.
O could we ev - er Dwell in social pleasure here, No more to sev - er From the friends we love so dear
BASS.

THE OLD CABIN HOME.

HARVARD GLEE CLUB ARRANGEMENT

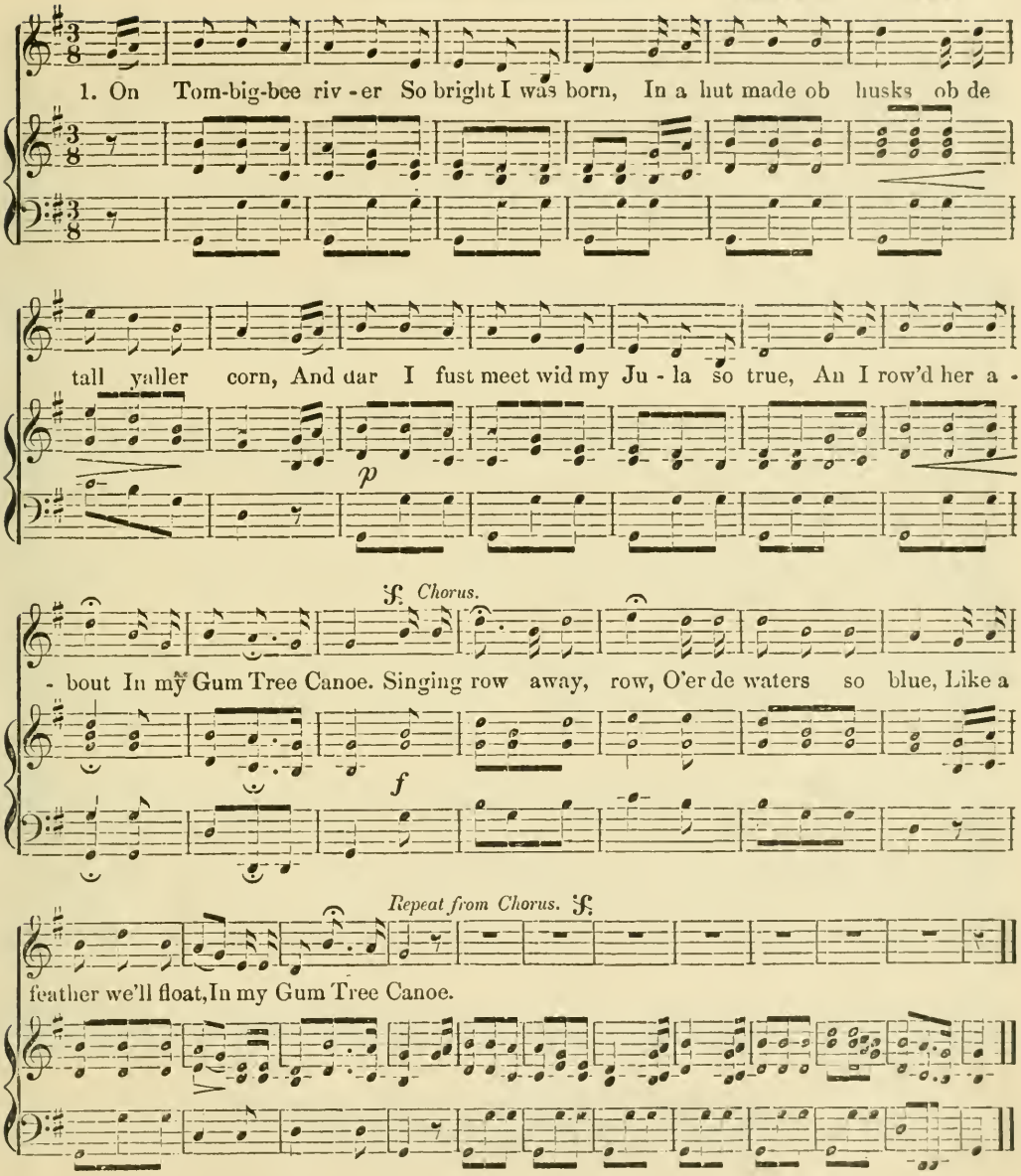

Moderato.
1. I am go-ing far away, far a - way to leave you now, To the Mis - sis-sip - pi ri - ver I am
go-ing, I will take my old banjo, and I'll sing this little song, Away down in my old cabin home.
Chorus.
Here is my old cab - in home, Here is my sis - ter and my bro-ther;
Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mo - ther.

2 I am going to leave this land, with this our darky band,
The wide world over to roam;
And when I get tired I will settle down to rest,
Away down in my old cabin home.

3 When old age comes on us, and my hair is turning grey,
I will hang up the banjo all alone:
I'll sit down by the fire, and I'll pass the time away.
Away down in my old cabin home.

TOM-BIG-BEE RIVER.

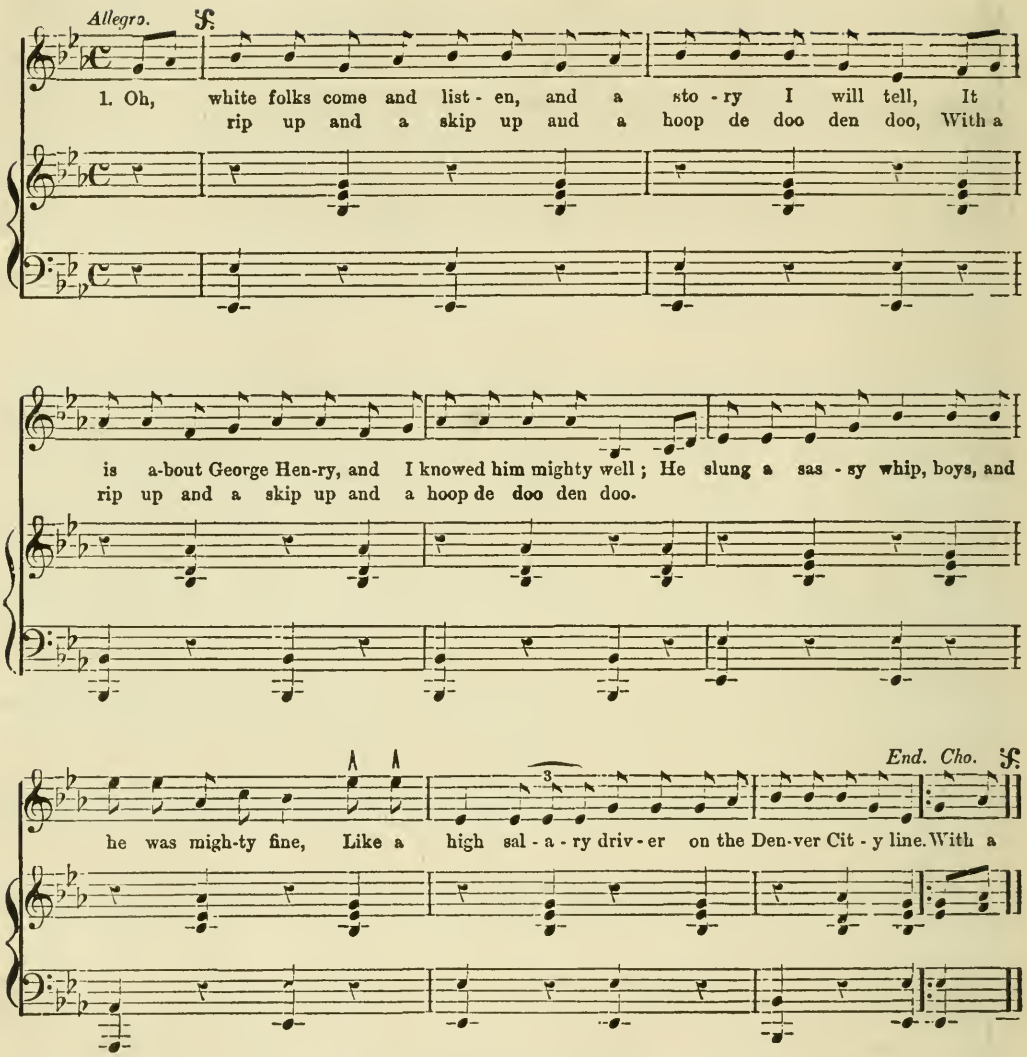
WRITTEN BY S. S. STEELE.


1. On Tom-big-bee riv - er So bright I was born, In a hut made ob husks ob de
tall yaller corn, And dar I fust meet wid my Ju - la so true, An I row'd her a -
p
Chorus.
- bout In my Gum Tree Canoe. Singing row away, row, O'er de waters so blue, Like a
f
Repeat from Chorus.
feather we'll float, In my Gum Tree Canoe.

2 All de day in de field de soft cotton I hoe.
I tink of my Jula an sing as I go,
Oh I catch her a bird, wid a wing ob true blue,
An at night sail her round in my Gum Tree Canoe.
Singing row away, &c.

3 Wid my hands on de banjo and toe on de oar,
I sing to de sound ob de river's soft roar;
While de stars dey look down at my Jula so true,
An' dance in her eye in my Gum Tree Canoe,
Singing row away, &c.

4 One night de stream bore us so far away,
Dat we could'nt cum back, so we thought we'd jis stay;
Oh we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
An it took us in tow wid my Gum Tree Canoe.
Singing row away, &c.

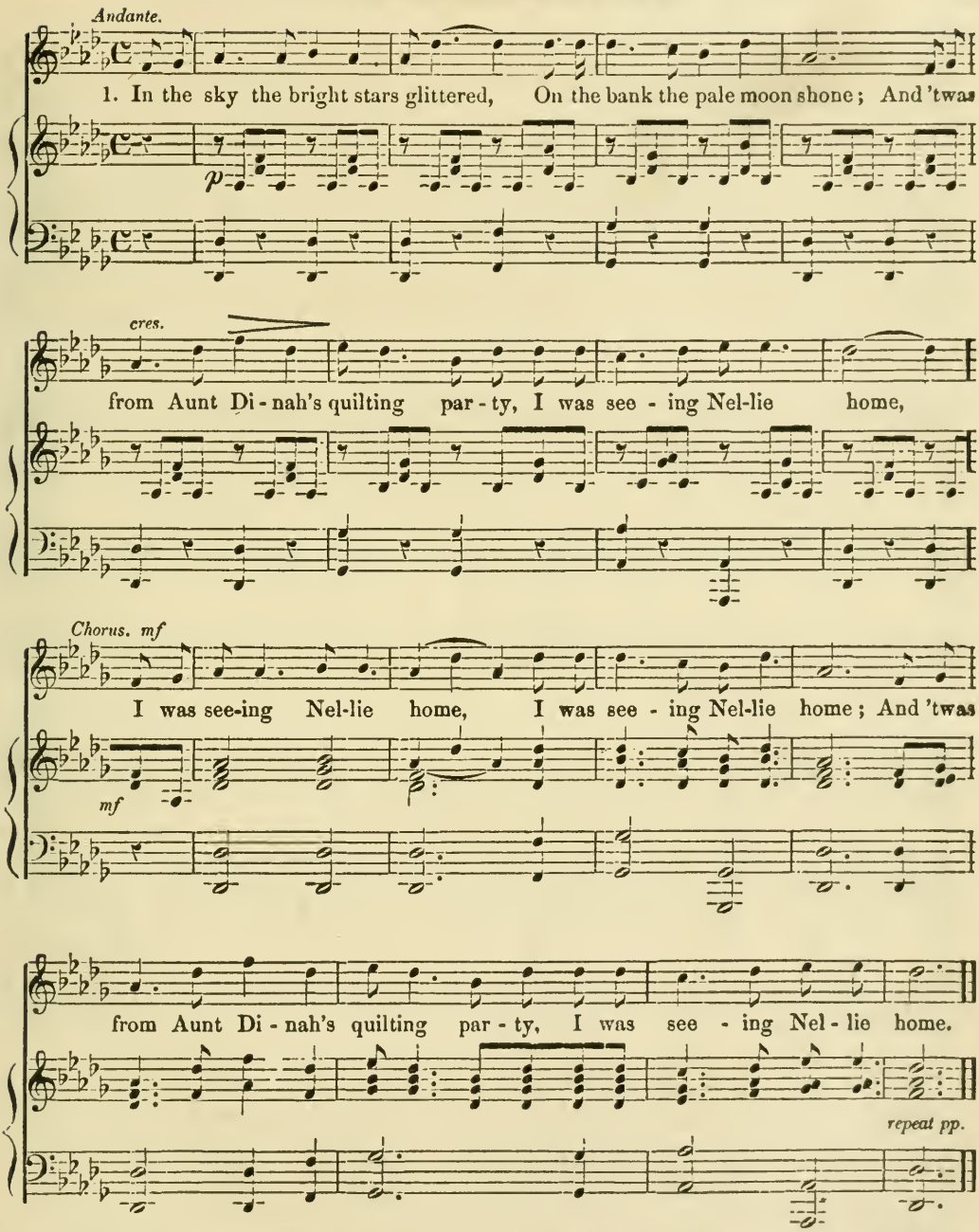
GEORGE HENRY.

Allegro.
1. Oh, white folks come and list - en, and a sto - ry I will tell, It
rip up and a skip up and a hoop de doo den doo, With a
is a-bout George Hen-ry, and I knowed him mighty well; He slung a sas - sy whip, boys, and
rip up and a skip up and a hoop de doo den doo.
End. Cho.
he was migh-ty fine, Like a high sal - a - ry driv - er on the Den-ver Cit - y line. With a

2 As he was going down Delaware Street, the other afternoon,
And just as he got opposite the Kansas State Saloon,
A pretty girl accosted him, as sweet as e'er was seen,
And she'd just come down that morning from the Jersey quarantine.

3 Oh! where are you going, George Henry, "She said,"
And she gave him a look which almost knocked him dead,
She handed up her bandbox, and then got up herself,
Which so surprised George Henry that it almost took his breath.

4 He thought he'd got an heiress or a Southern Lucy Neal,
Like the old French barber, or the maid of Mobile,
"The sun is very hot," said she, "lend me part of your umbrella:
My name is Philissy Dinah, and I peddles Sarsaparilla."

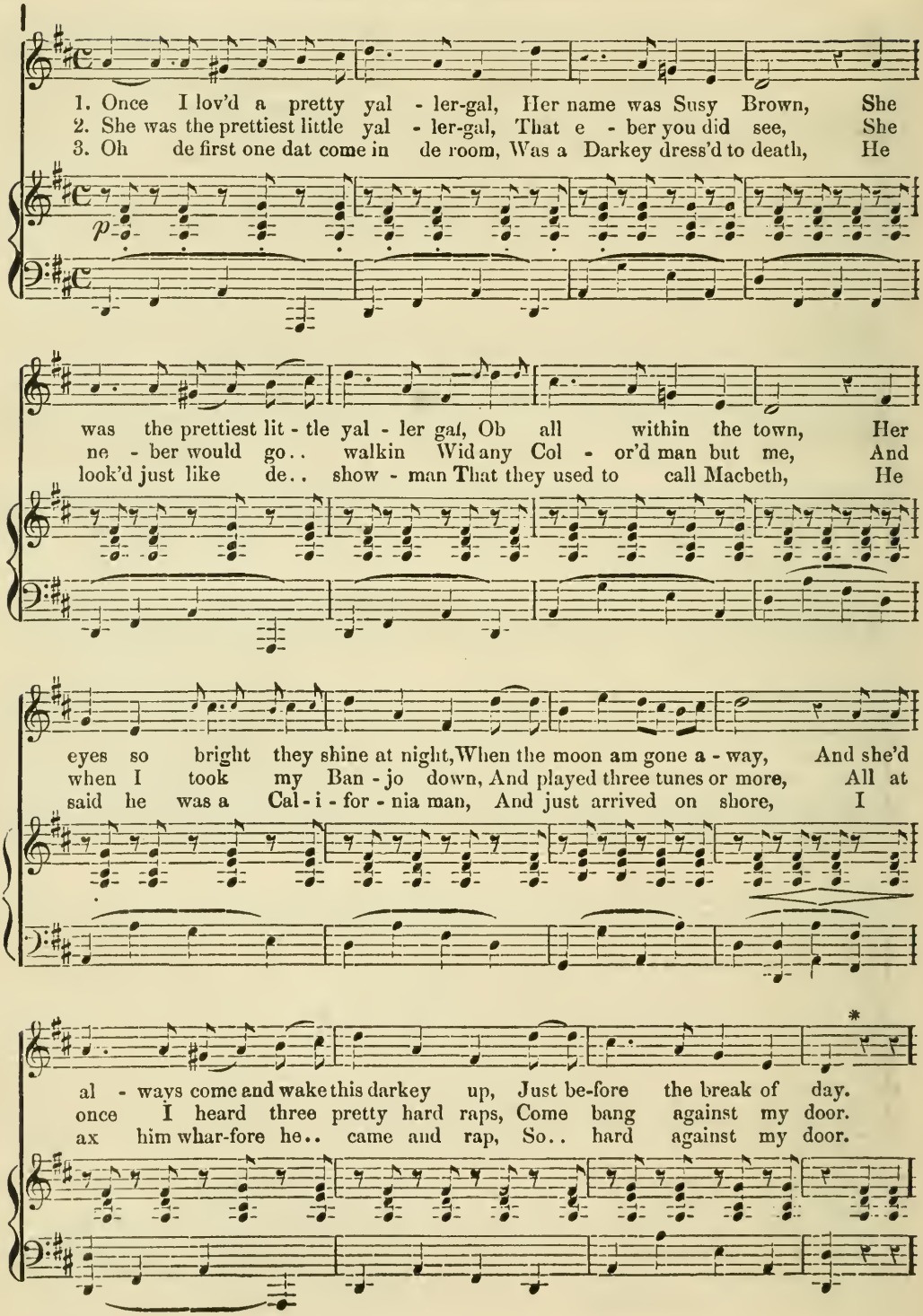
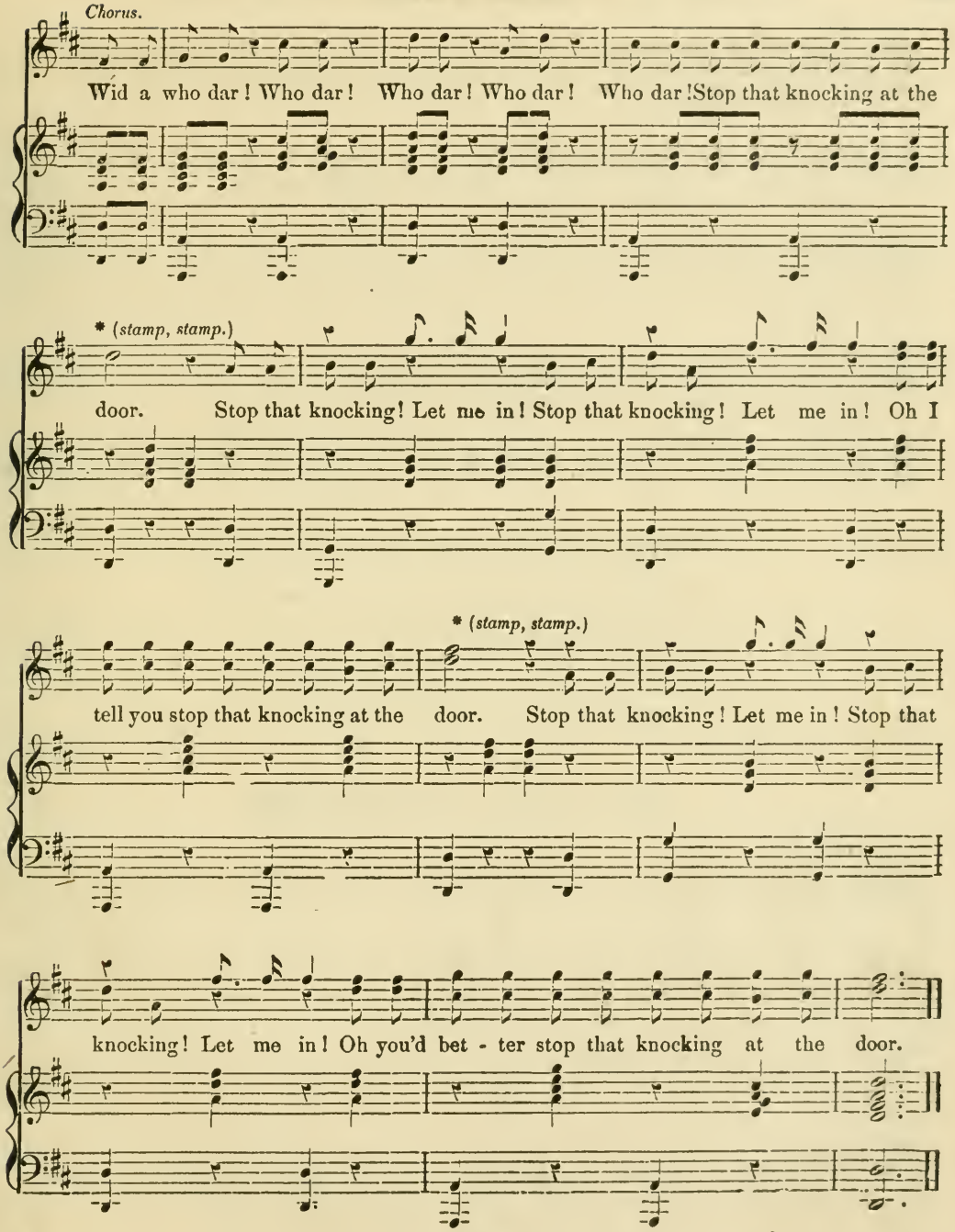
5 Oh, when George Henry heard the news, which could'nt have been wuss,
His hair it turned quite yellow, and he tumbled off the 'bus.
They bathed his head in vinegar, to bring him up to time;
And now he drives a mule-team on the Denver-City line.


Andante.
1. In the sky the bright stars glittered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
p
cres.
from Aunt Di - nah's quilting par - ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home,
Chorus. mf
I was see-ing Nel-lie home, I was see - ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas
mf
from Aunt Di - nah's quilting par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.
repeat pp.

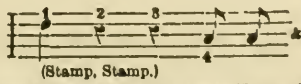
2 On my arm a soft hand rested,
Rested light as ocean foam,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

3 On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

4 On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

STOP THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

1. Once I lov'd a pretty yal - ler-gal, Her name was Susy Brown, She
2. She was the prettiest little yal - ler-gal, That e - ber you did see, She
3. Oh de first one dat come in de room, Was a Darkey dress'd to death, He
p
was the prettiest lit - tle yal - ler gal, Ob all within the town, Her
ne - ber would go.. walkin Wid any Col - or'd man but me, And
look'd just like de.. show - man That they used to call Macbeth, He
eyes so bright they shine at night, When the moon am gone a - way, And she'd
when I took my Ban - jo down, And played three tunes or more, All at
said he was a Cal - i - for - nia man, And just arrived on shore, I
*
al - ways come and wake this darkey up, Just be-fore the break of day.
once I heard three pretty hard raps, Come bang against my door.
ax him whar-fore he.. came and rap, So.. hard against my door.

Chorus.
Wid a who dar! Who dar! Who dar! Who dar! Who dar! Stop that knocking at the
* (stamp, stamp.)
door. Stop that knocking! Let me in! Stop that knocking! Let me in! Oh I
* (stamp, stamp.)
tell you stop that knocking at the door. Stop that knocking! Let me in! Stop that
knocking! Let me in! Oh you'd bet - ter stop that knocking at the door.

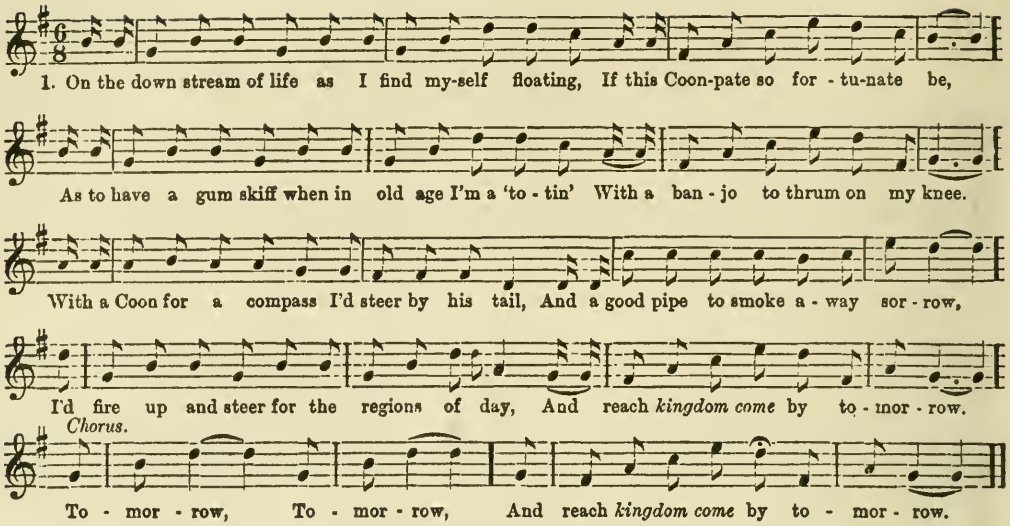
* At this place the feet are stamped; thus



(Stamp, Stamp.)

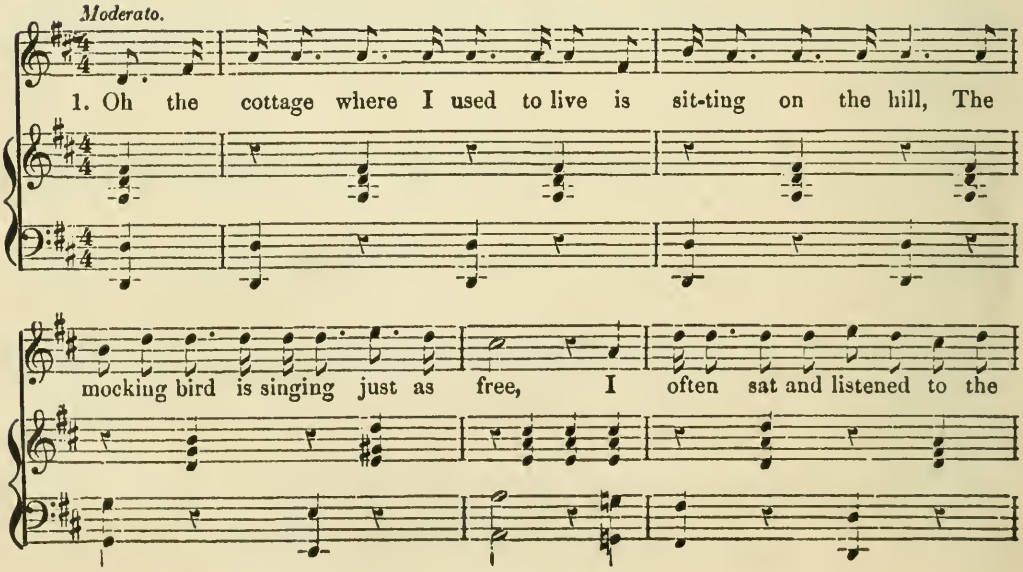
The basses sing "stop that knocking," answered by the tenors, "let me in."

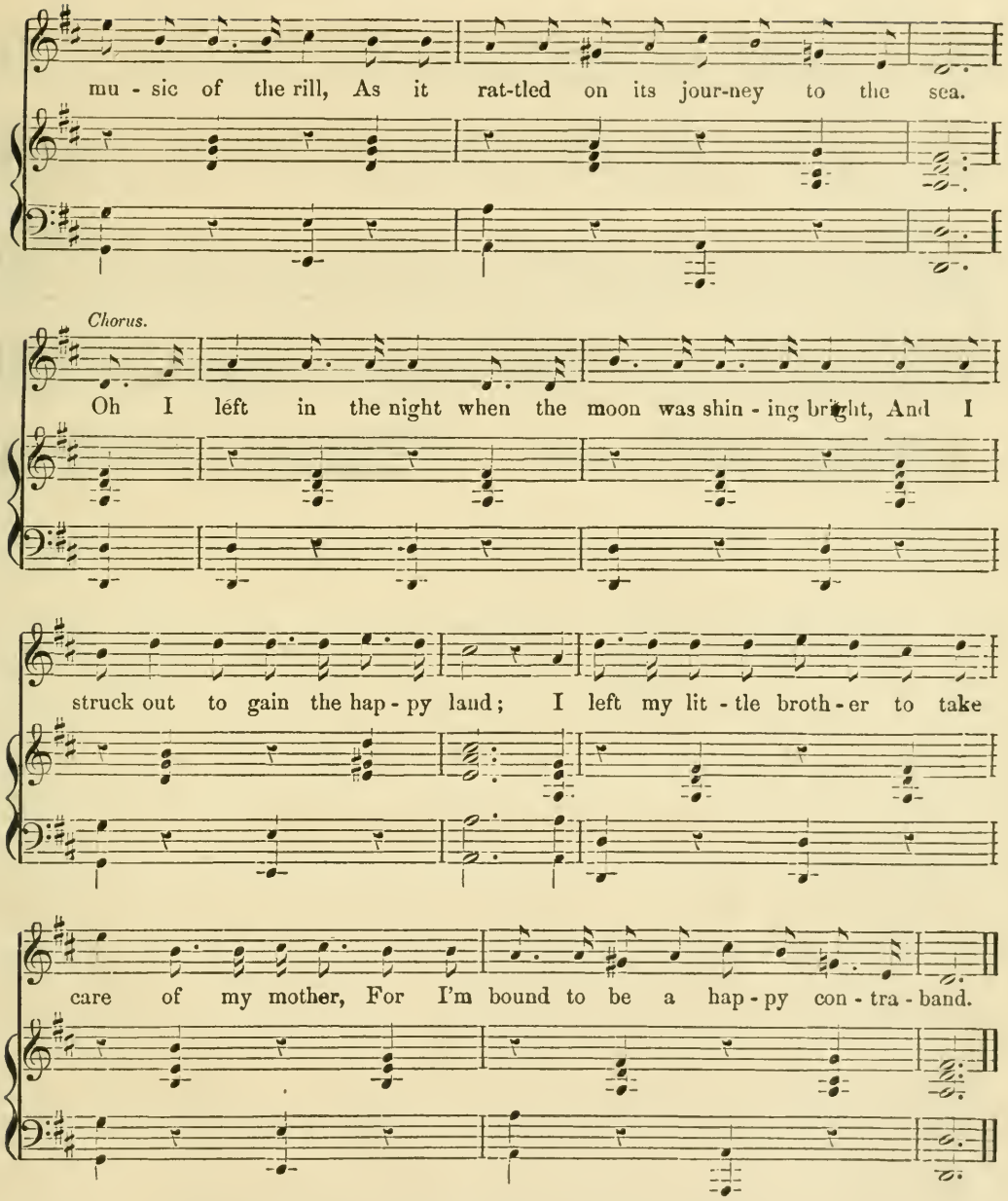
COON PATE.


1. On the down stream of life as I find my-self floating, If this Coon-pate so for - tu-nate be,
As to have a gum skiff when in old age I'm a 'to - tin' With a ban - jo to thrum on my knee.
With a Coon for a compass I'd steer by his tail, And a good pipe to smoke a - way sor - row,
I'd fire up and steer for the regions of day, And reach *kingdom come* by to - mor - row.
Chorus.
To - mor - row, To - mor - row, And reach *kingdom come* by to - mor - row.

2 And when these old gray bones lays' off their skin coverin'
They've worn these three score years and ten,
And the old turkey buzzards around them are hoverin,'
I's a fool if I wears them again;
No sir! like the black snake I'll kick them away,
Man's immortal soul I'll then borrow,
I'll fire up and steer for the regions of day,
And reach *kingdom come* by to-morrow.
CHO.—To-morrow, &c.

THE HAPPY CONTRABAND.


Moderato.
1. Oh the cottage where I used to live is sit-ting on the hill, The
mocking bird is singing just as free, I often sat and listened to the

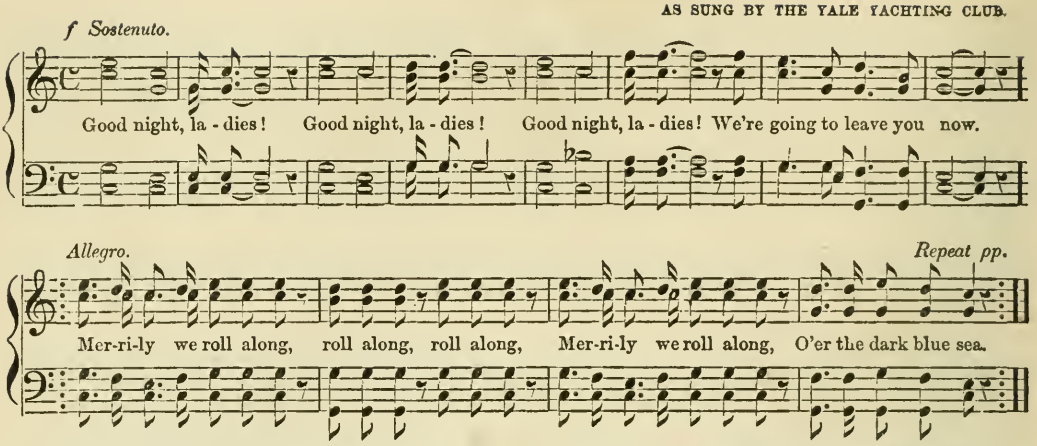

mu - sic of the rill, As it rat-tled on its jour-ney to the sea.
Chorus.
Oh I left in the night when the moon was shin - ing bright, And I
struck out to gain the hap - py land; I left my lit - tle broth - er to take
care of my mother, For I'm bound to be a hap - py con - tra - band.

2 And when the work was o'er, we'd gather round the door
I'd meet them, all the darkies in the jam;
And I'd keep the banjo ringing, while they listened to my singing,
But I'm never going to sing for them no more.

3 Though now I've reached the north, and become a man of wealth,
And I never sing the song or hoe the corn;
Yet my heart is yearning ever with a wish years cannot sever,
To see again the land where I was born.

GOOD NIGHT.

AS SUNG BY THE YALE YACHTING CLUB.


f Sostenuto.
Good night, la - dies! Good night, la - dies! Good night, la - dies! We're going to leave you now.
Allegro.
Repeat pp.
Mer-ri-ly we roll along, roll along, roll along, Mer-ri-ly we roll along, O'er the dark blue sea.

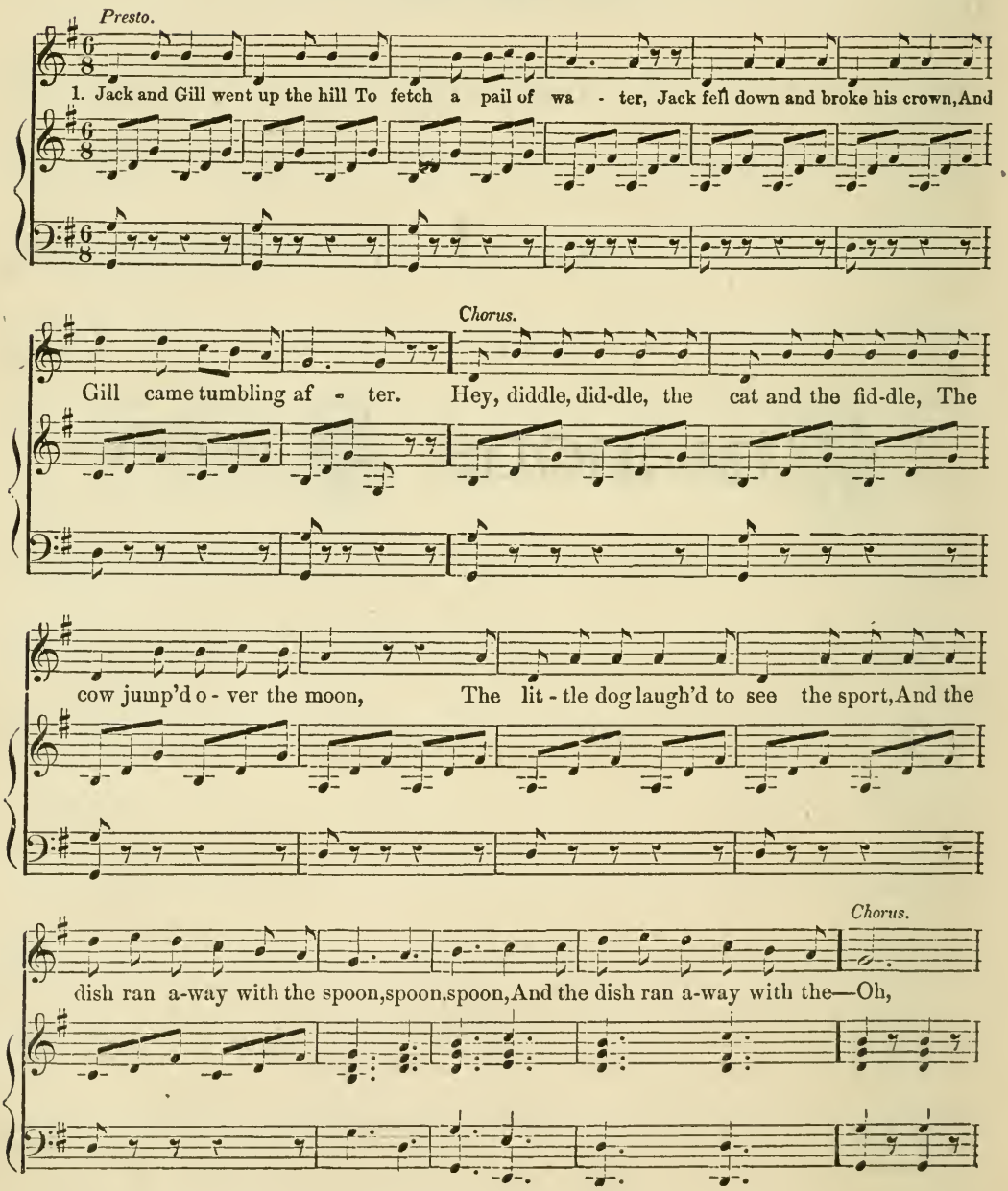
2 Farewell, ladies; farewell, ladies;
Farewell, ladies; we're going to leave you now.
Merrily, etc.

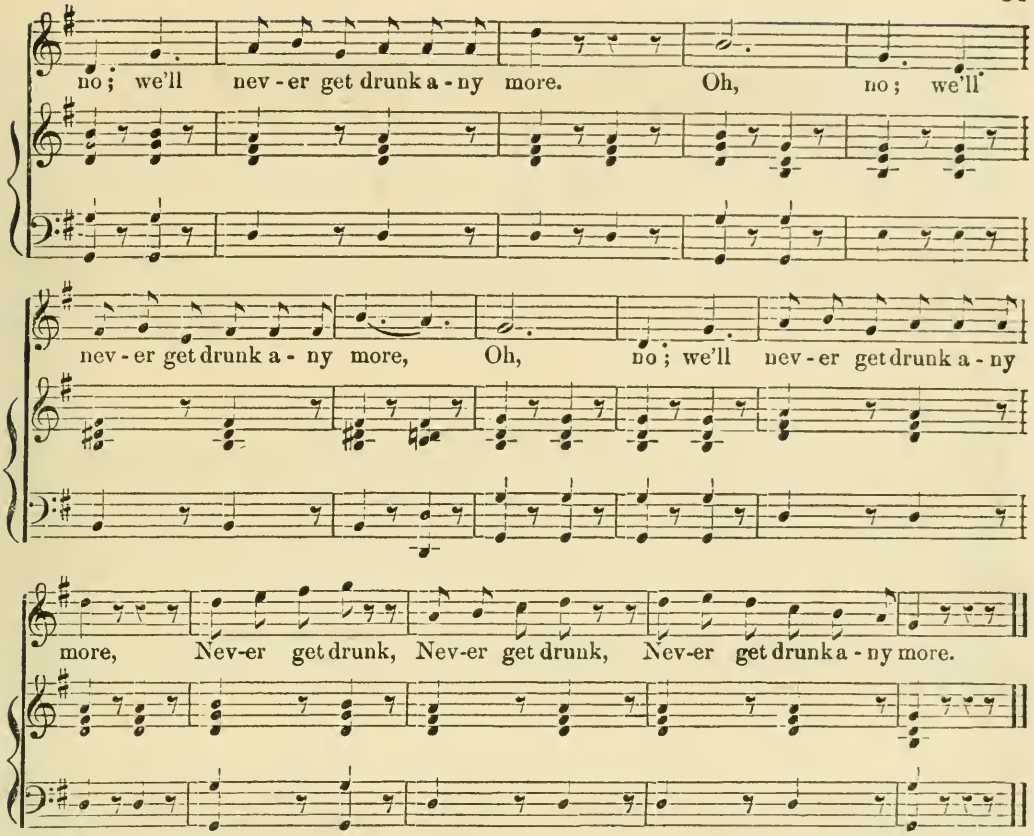
3 Sweet dreams, ladies; sweet dreams, ladies;
Sweet dreams, ladies; we're going to leave you now.
Merrily, etc.

HUMOROUS SONGS.

HUMOROUS SONGS.

JACK AND GILL.

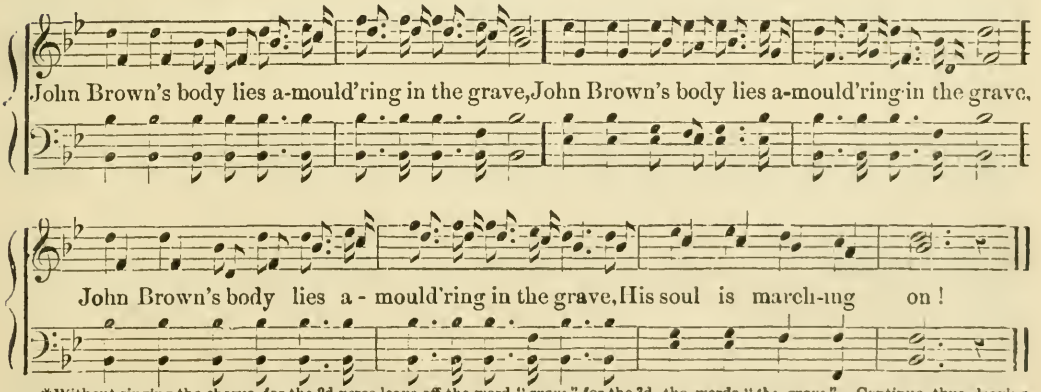

Presto.
1. Jack and Gill went up the hill To fetch a pail of wa - ter, Jack fell down and broke his crown, And
Chorus.
Gill came tumbling af - ter. Hey, diddle, did-dle, the cat and the fid-dle, The
cow jump'd o - ver the moon, The lit - tle dog laugh'd to see the sport, And the
Chorus.
dish ran a-way with the spoon, spoon, spoon, And the dish ran a-way with the—Oh,


no; we'll nev-er get drunk a-ny more. Oh, no; we'll
nev-er get drunk a-ny more, Oh, no; we'll nev-er get drunk a-ny
more, Nev-er get drunk, Nev-er get drunk, Nev-er get drunk a-ny more.

2 Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
When she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

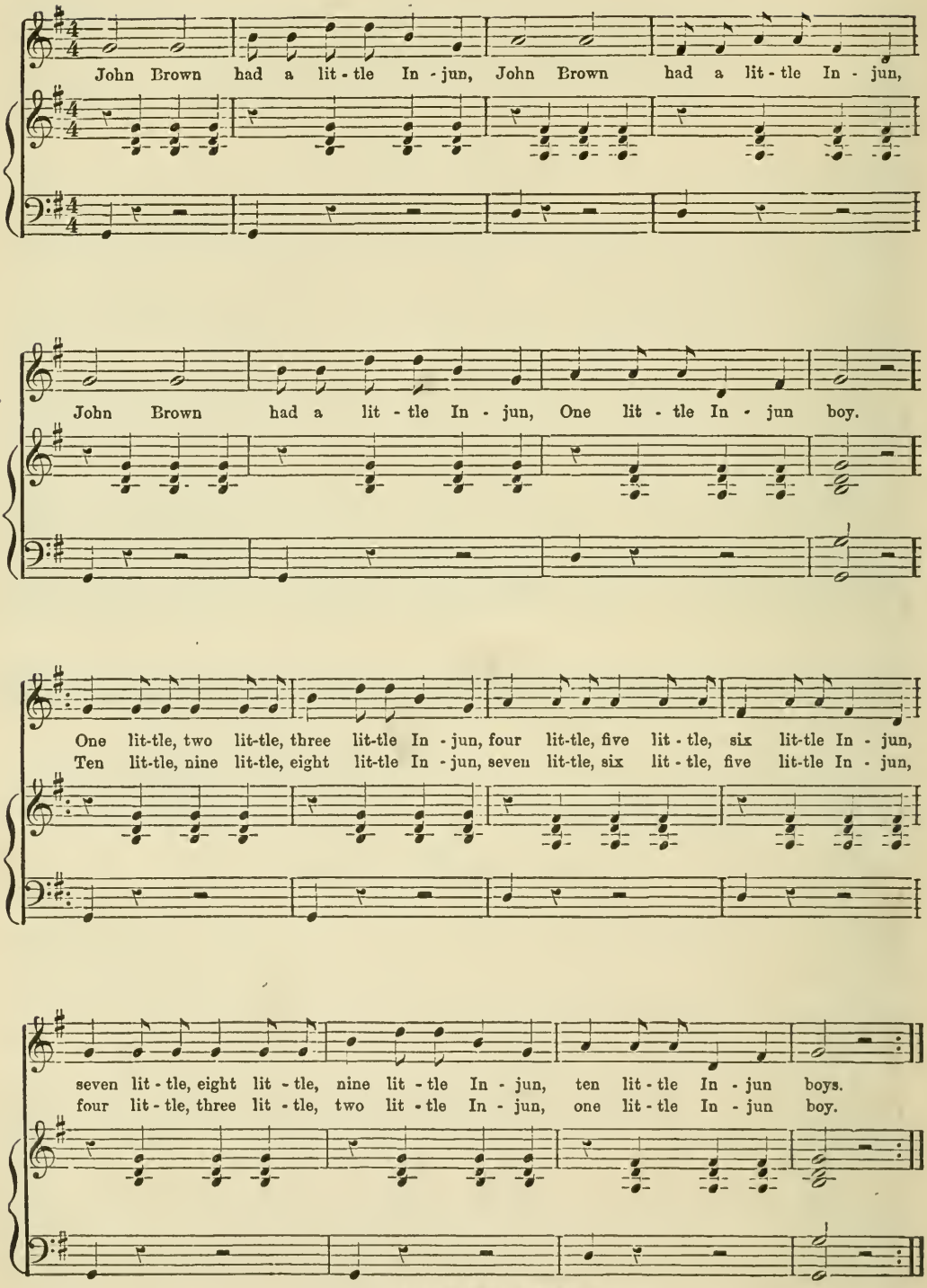
3 Mother, may I go out to swin?
Oh, yes, my darling daughter:
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water.—Cho.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.*

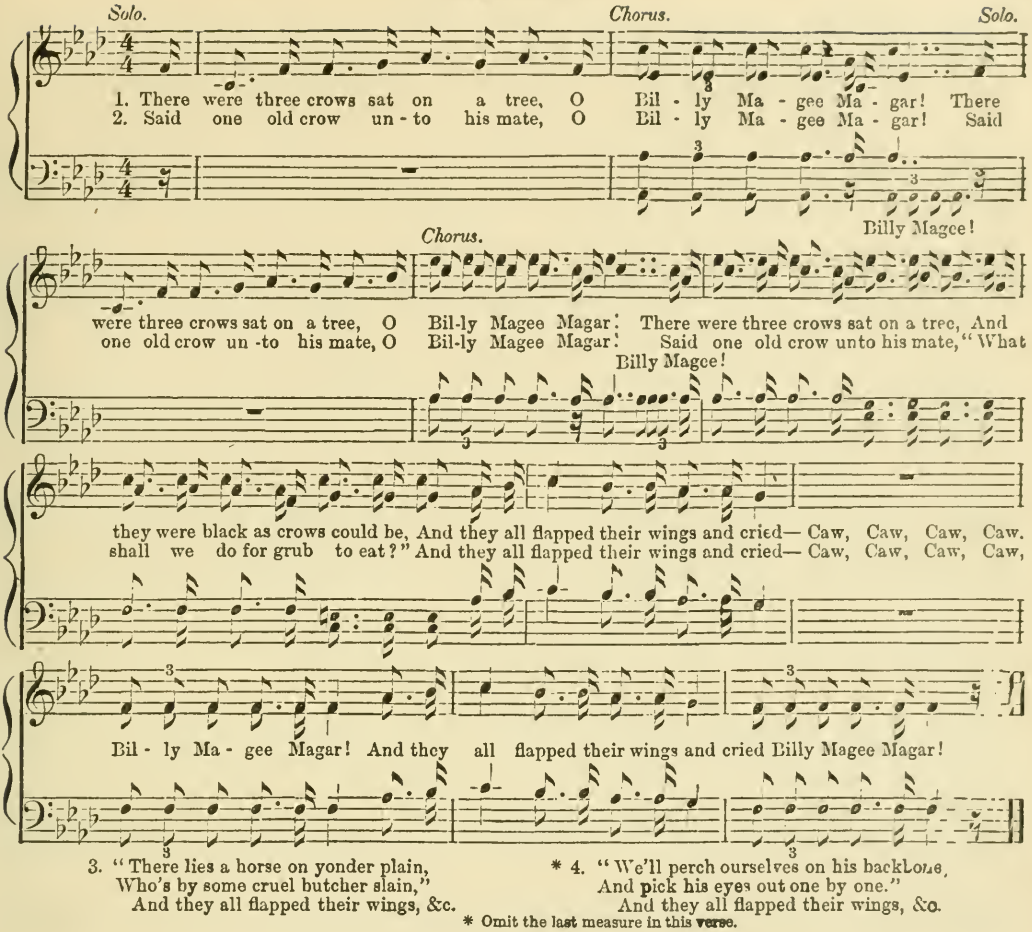

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave, His soul is march-ing on!

*Without singing the chorus, for the 2d verse leave off the word "*grave*," for the 3d, the words "*the grave*." Continue thus, leaving off one additional word for each verse, filling out the time with the required rests. When all the words have been left off, beat time silently through the first three lines of the verse, singing forte the words "*His soul is marching on*," and concluding with the chorus "*Glory, glory, Hallelujah!*"

JOHN BROWN HAD A LITTLE INJUN.


John Brown had a lit - tle In - jun, John Brown had a lit - tle In - jun,
John Brown had a lit - tle In - jun, One lit - tle In - jun boy.
One lit-tle, two lit-tle, three lit-tle In - jun, four lit-tle, five lit - tle, six lit-tle In - jun,
Ten lit-tle, nine lit-tle, eight lit-tle In - jun, seven lit-tle, six lit - tle, five lit-tle In - jun,
seven lit - tle, eight lit - tle, nine lit - tle In - jun, ten lit - tle In - jun boys.
four lit - tle, three lit - tle, two lit - tle In - jun, one lit - tle In - jun boy.

N. B.—This song may be sung as a three-part Round.

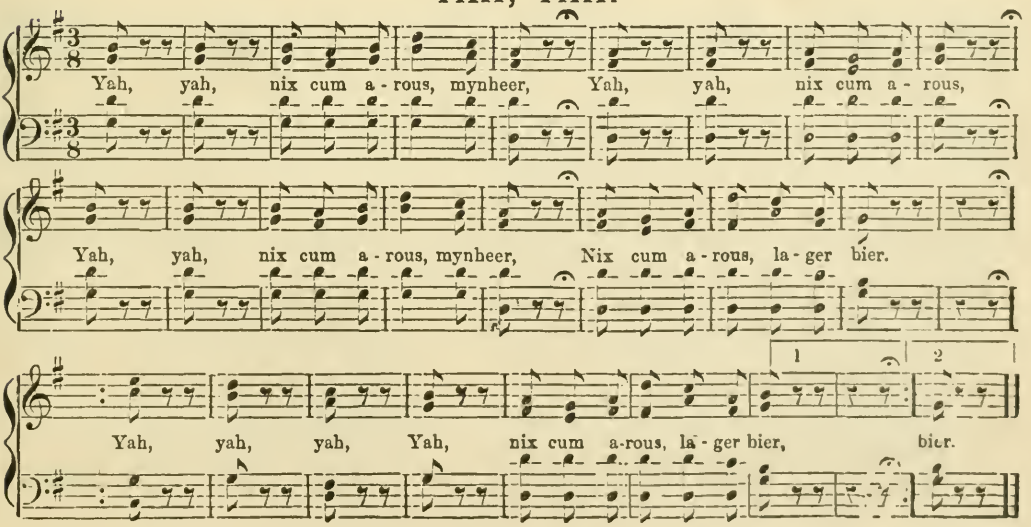
CROW SONG.

Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar! There
2. Said one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar! Said
Billy Magee!
Chorus.
were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil-ly Magee Magar! There were three crows sat on a tree, And
one old crow un -to his mate, O Bil-ly Magee Magar! Said one old crow unto his mate, "What
Billy Magee!
they were black as crows could be, And they all flapped their wings and cried— Caw, Caw, Caw, Caw.
shall we do for grub to eat?" And they all flapped their wings and cried— Caw, Caw, Caw, Caw,
Bil - ly Ma - gee Magar! And they all flapped their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar!

3. "There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain,"
And they all flapped their wings, &c.

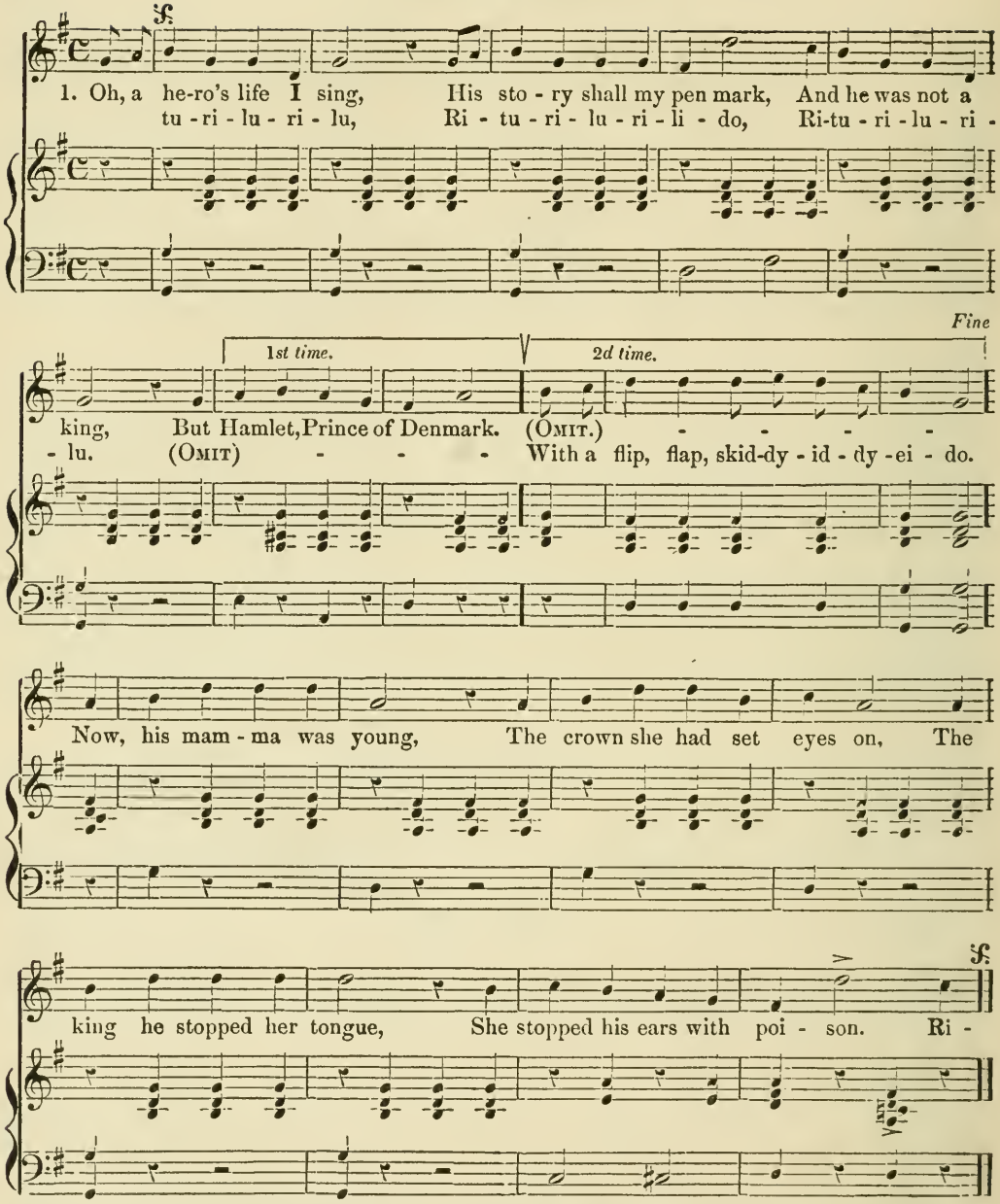
* 4. "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
And pick his eyes out one by one."
And they all flapped their wings, &c.

* Omit the last measure in this verse.

YAH, YAH.


Yah, yah, nix cum a - rous, mynheer, Yah, yah, nix cum a - rous,
Yah, yah, nix cum a - rous, mynheer, Nix cum a - rous, la - ger bier.
1
2
Yah, yah, yah, Yah, nix cum a-rous, la - ger bier, bier.

HAMLET.

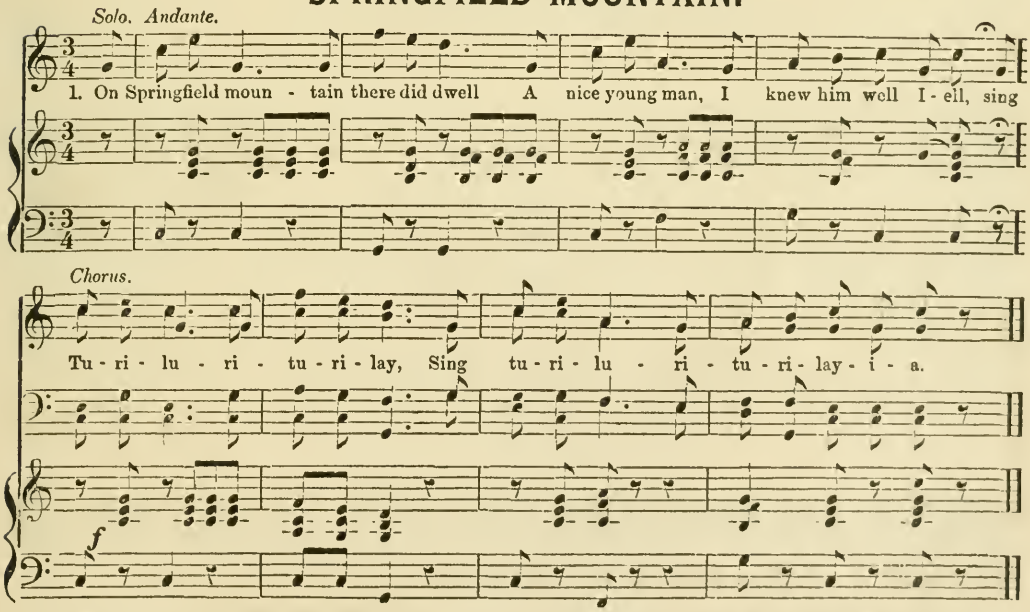

1. Oh, a he-ro's life I sing, His sto - ry shall my pen mark, And he was not a king,
tu - ri - lu - ri - lu, Ri - tu - ri - lu - ri - li - do, Ri-tu - ri - lu - ri - lu.
1st time.
2d time.
Fine
But Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. (Omit.)
(Omit) With a flip, flap, skid-dy - id - dy - ei - do.
Now, his mam - ma was young, The crown she had set eyes on, The king he stopped her tongue,
She stopped his ears with poi - son. Ri -

2 Now, when she'd kill'd the king,
She ogled much his brother;
And having slain one spouse,
She quickly took another:
And this so soon did she,
And was so great a sinner,
That the funeral baked meats
Set forth the wedding dinner.—Cho.

3 Now Hamlet sweet, her son,
No bully or bravado,
Of love felt hot the flame,
And so went to Bernardo;
Oh, sir! says one, we've seen
A sight with monstrous sad eye,
And this was nothing but
The ghost of Hamlet's dad-i.—Cho.

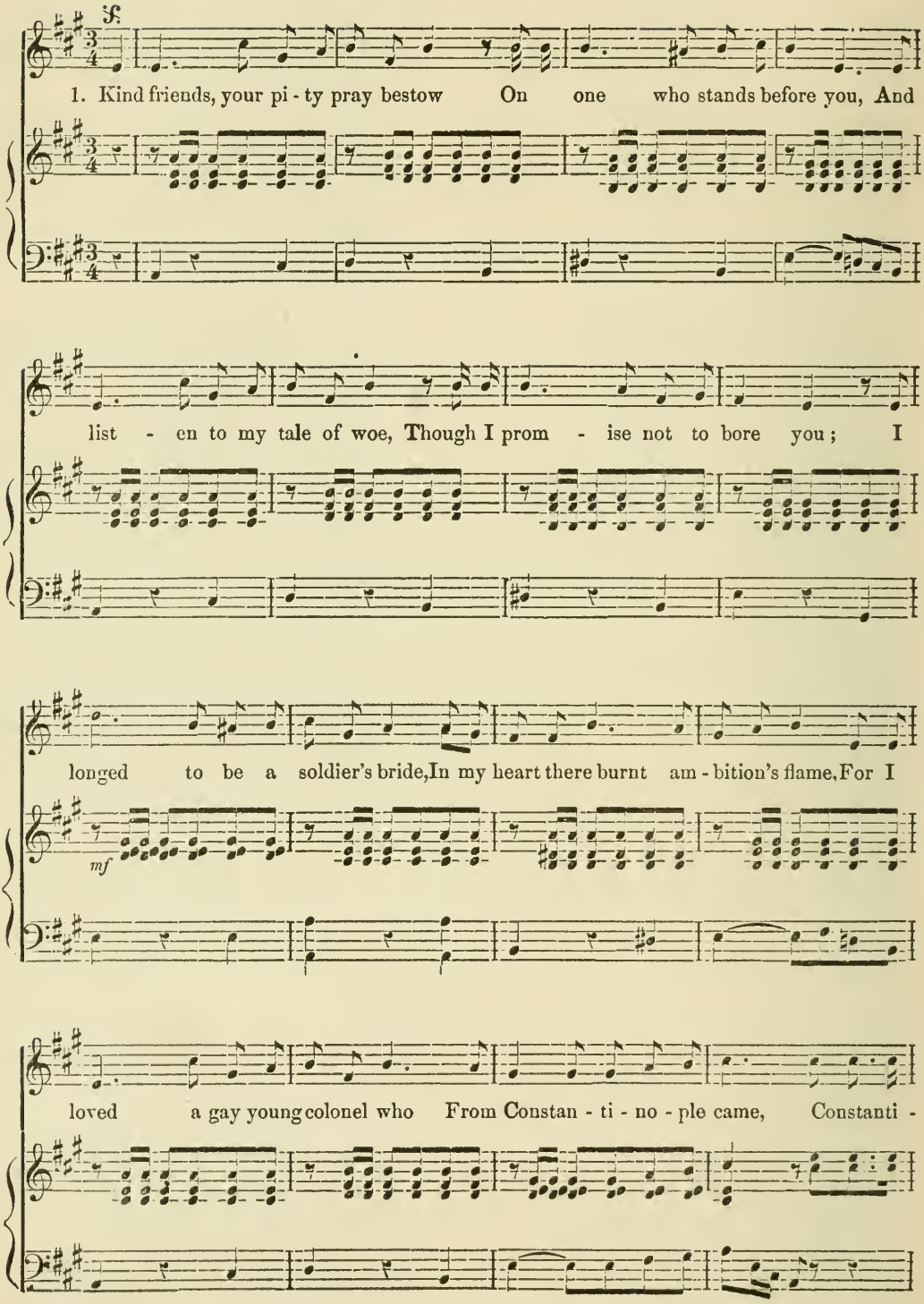
4 Just at the time he spoke,
It rose and said, "List, Hammy!
Your mother was the ser-pi-ent
That poisoned me, or dammy;
But now I'm gone below,
All over sulphurous flame, boy,
That your dad should be on fire,
You'll admit's a burning shame, boy."
5 Just at the time he spoke, CHO.
The morn was rising thro' dell;
Up jumped a cock and cried
"A-cock-a-doo-del-doo-del;"
"I'm now cock sure of going;
Preserve you from all evil;
You to your mother walk,
And I'll walk to the devil."—CHO.
6 Now Hamlet loved a maid,
And calumny had passed her;
She never had been mar-ri-ed,
'Cause nobody had asked her.
But madness seized her brain,
The poor cham-BER-lain's daughter,
She jumped into a pond,
And went to heaven by water.—CHO.
7 But enough of that; they had a p'ay,
They had a play and shammed it;
With Claudius for au-di-ence,
And he got up and d——d it.
He said he'd see no more,
And felt a woudrous dizz'ness,
And so for candles called
To make light of the business.—CHO.
8 A fencing match they had;
The Queen drank while they try to;
Says she, "Oh King, I'm killed,"
Says Laertes, "So am I, too;"
"And so am I," says Ham;
"What! can all these things so true be
What! are you dead?" says the King;
"Yes sir, and so shall you be."—CHO.
9 So Hamlet stabbed his liege,
Then fell on Ophy's brother,
And then the Danish court,
All tumbled one on t'other.
To celebrate their deeds,
Which are from no false sham let,
Every village small,
Henceforth was called a HAMLET. CHO

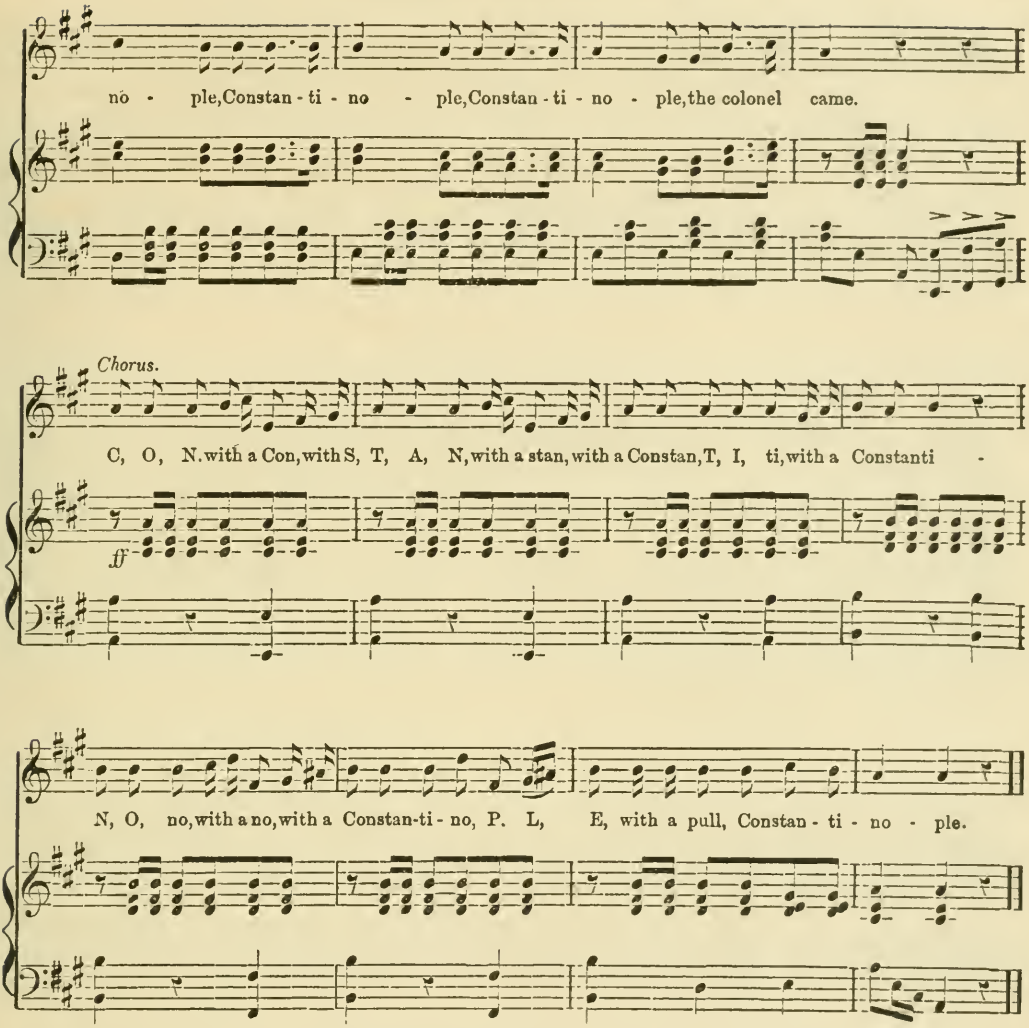
SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN.


Solo. Andante.
1. On Springfield moun - tain there did dwell A nice young man, I knew him well I - eil, sing
Chorus.
Tu - ri - lu - ri - tu - ri - lay, Sing tu - ri - lu - ri - tu - ri - lay - i - a.
f

2 On Monday morning he did go
Down to the meadow for to mow.—CHO.
3 He scarce had mowed half round the field,
When a pesky sarpent bit his heel.—CHO.
4 He raised his scythe and struck a blow,
Which laid the pesky sarpent low.—CHO.
5 He took the sarpent in his hand,
And posted off to Molly Brand,—CHO.
6 "Oh, Johnnie dear, why did you go
Down to the meadow for to mow?"—CHO.
7 "Oh, Mollie dear, I thought you knowed
'Twas father's field, and must be mowed."—CHO.
8 Now this young man gave up the ghost,
And did to Abraham's bosom post.—CHO.
9 And thus he cried as up he went,
"Oh, pesky, cruel sar-pi-ent."—CHO.
10 Now, all young men, a warning take,—
Beware of the bite of a great big snake.—CHO.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

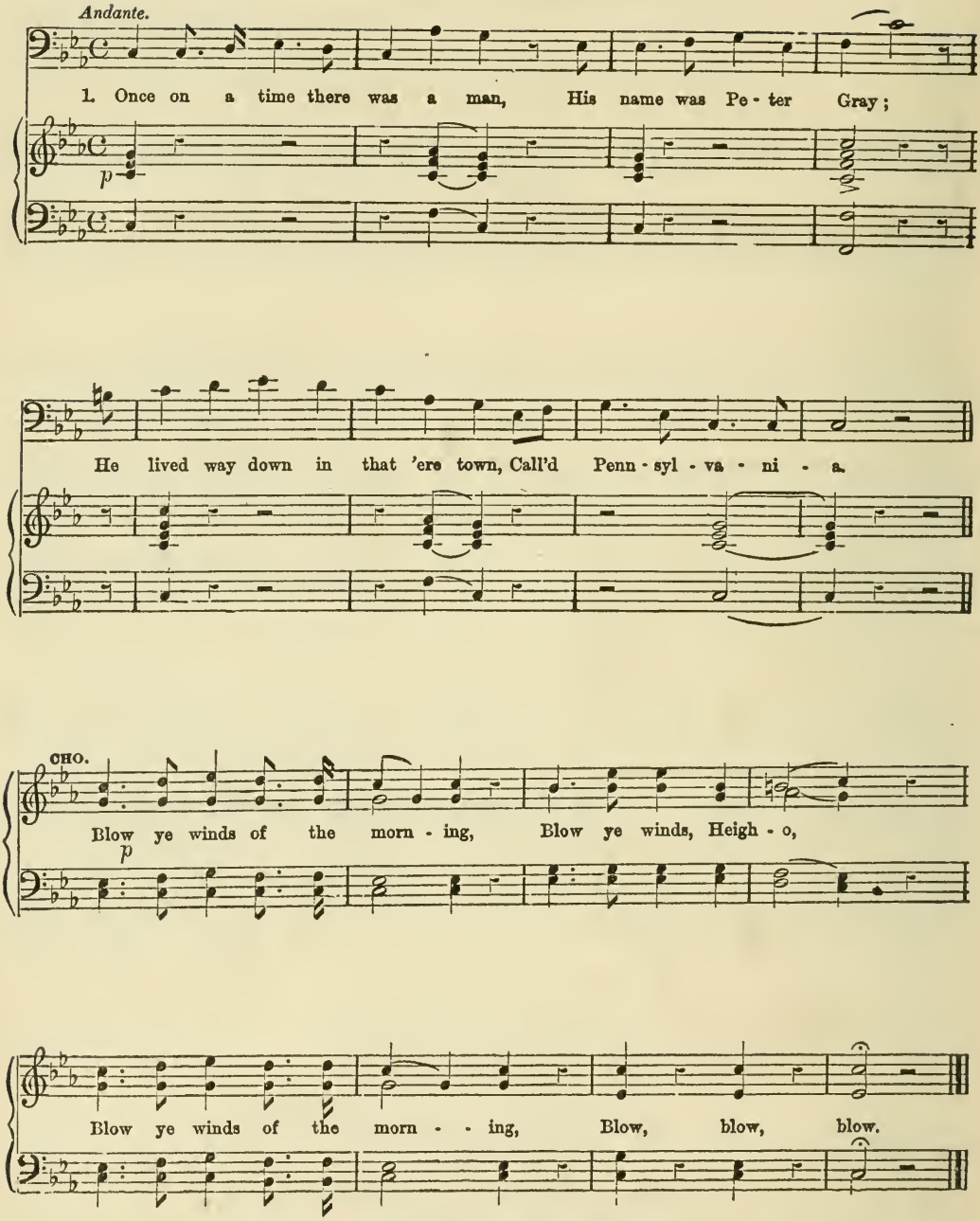

1. Kind friends, your pi - ty pray bestow On one who stands before you, And
list - en to my tale of woe, Though I prom - ise not to bore you; I
longed to be a soldier's bride, In my heart there burnt am - bition's flame, For I
mf
loved a gay young colonel who From Constan - ti - no - ple came, Constanti -


no - ple, Constan - ti - no - ple, Constan - ti - no - ple, the colonel came.
Chorus.
C, O, N. with a Con, with S, T, A, N, with a stan, with a Constan, T, I, ti, with a Constanti -
ff
N, O, no, with a no, with a Constan-ti - no, P. L, E, with a pull, Constan - ti - no - ple.

2 I met the Colonel at a ball.
To him I was presented:
Upon his knees the youth did fall,
And lots of stuff invented;
He said he was a Turkish prince,
And begged that I would bear his name,
So I accepted the young Colonel who
From Constantinople came.

3 One evening, while we sat at tea,
We'd a visit most informal;
The police came, and, gracious me,
They took away the Colonel;
I soon found he a swindler was,
And long had carried on that game,
And so I lost my Colonel who
From Constantinople came.

PETER GRAY.


Andante.
1. Once on a time there was a man, His name was Pe - ter Gray;
p
He lived way down in that 'ere town, Call'd Penn - syl - va - ni - a.
CHO.
Blow ye winds of the morn - ing, Blow ye winds, Heigh - o,
p
Blow ye winds of the morn - - ing, Blow, blow, blow.

2 Now Peter Gray he fell in love, all with a nice young girl,
The first three letters of her name were L - U - C, Anna Quirl. CHO.

3 But just as they were going to wed, her papa he said "No!"
And consequently she was sent way off to Ohio. CHO.

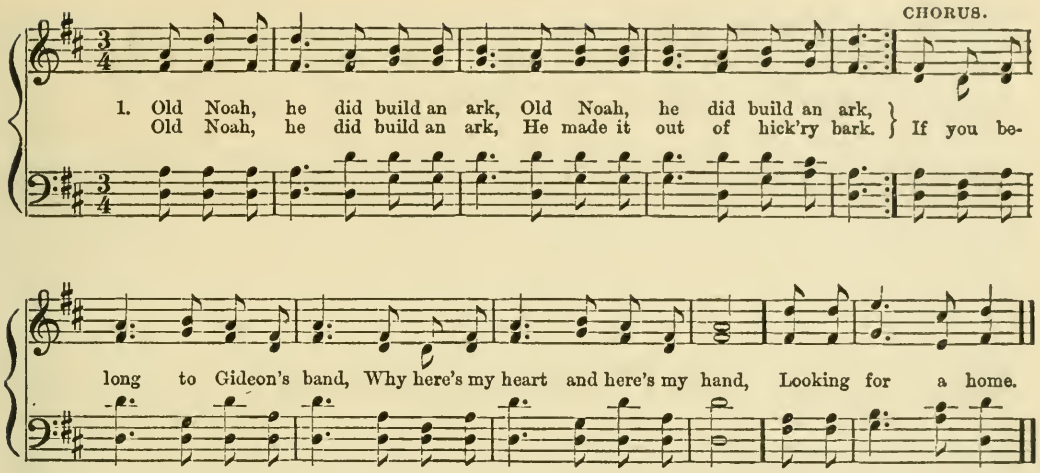
4 And Peter Gray he went to trade for furs and other skins,
Till he was caught, and scalp - y - ed by the bloody Indians. CHO.

5 When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again until she di - i - ed. CHO.

OLD NOAH, HE DID BUILD AN ARK.

AIR—"*Gideon's Band.*"

Published by permission of LEE & WALKER.


CHORUS.
1. Old Noah, he did build an ark, Old Noah, he did build an ark,
Old Noah, he did build an ark, He made it out of hick'ry bark. If you be-
long to Gideon's band, Why here's my heart and here's my hand, Looking for a home.

2 He drove the animiles in two by two,
He drove the animiles in two by two,
He drove the animiles in two by two,
The elephant and the kangaroo.
Chorus.—If you belong, etc.

3 And then he nailed the hatches down, ‖ *Ter.*
And told outsiders they might drown.
Cho.—If you belong, etc.

4 And when he found he had no sail, ‖ *Ter.*
He just ran up his own coat tail.
Cho.—If you belong, etc.

5 Full forty days he sailed around, ‖ *Ter.*
And then he ran th' old scow aground.
Cho.—If you belong, etc.

6 He landed on Mount Ararat, ‖ *Ter.*
Just three miles south of Barneygat.
Cho.—If you belong, etc.

7 O, Eve she did the apple eat, ‖ *Ter.*
She smacked her lips, and said 'twas sweet.
Cho.—If you belong, etc.

8 When Adam walked the garden round, ‖ *Ter.*
He spied the peelings on the ground.
Cho.—If you belong, etc.

9 And when he saw them, he looked blue, ‖ *Ter.*
And vowed he'd have some apples too.
Cho.—If you belong, etc.

10 So he and Eve did strip the tree, ‖ *Ter.*
And chanked away till they could see.
Cho.—If you belong, etc.

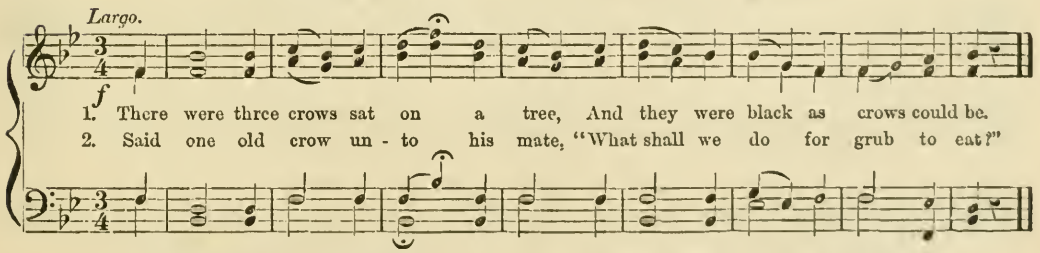
11 And then they saw how they'd got sold, ‖ *Ter*
In sucking down what Satan told.
Cho.—If you belong, etc.

12 And since old Brimstone sold them so, ‖ *Ter.*
Most devilish sells have been the go.
Cho.—If you belong, etc.

13 Then keep your nose upon your face, ‖ *Ter.*
It dont look well when out of place.
Cho.—If you belong, etc.

THREE CROWS.

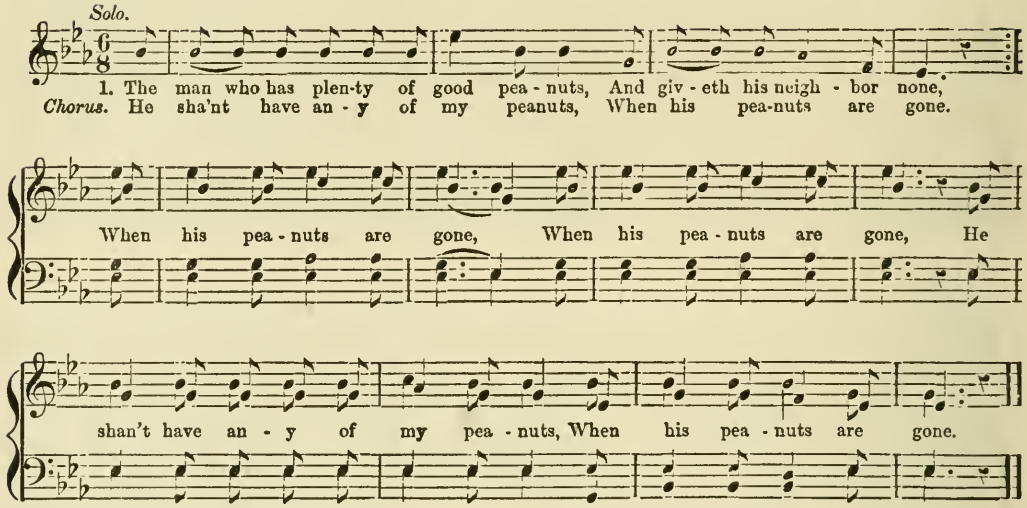
It is the custom for some one to "line" each stanza before it is sung.


Largo.
f
1. There were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be.
2. Said one old crow un - to his mate, "What shall we do for grub to eat?"

3 "There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain."

4 "We'll perch upon his bare back-bone,
And pick his eyes out one by one."

THE MAN WHO HAS PLENTY OF GOOD PEANUTS.


Solo.
1. The man who has plen-ty of good pea - nuts, And giv - eth his neigh - bor none,
Chorus. He sha'nt have an - y of my peanuts, When his pea-nuts are gone.
When his pea - nuts are gone, When his pea - nuts are gone, He
shan't have an - y of my pea - nuts, When his pea - nuts are gone.

2 The man who has plenty of good oranges,
And giveth his neighbor none, &c.

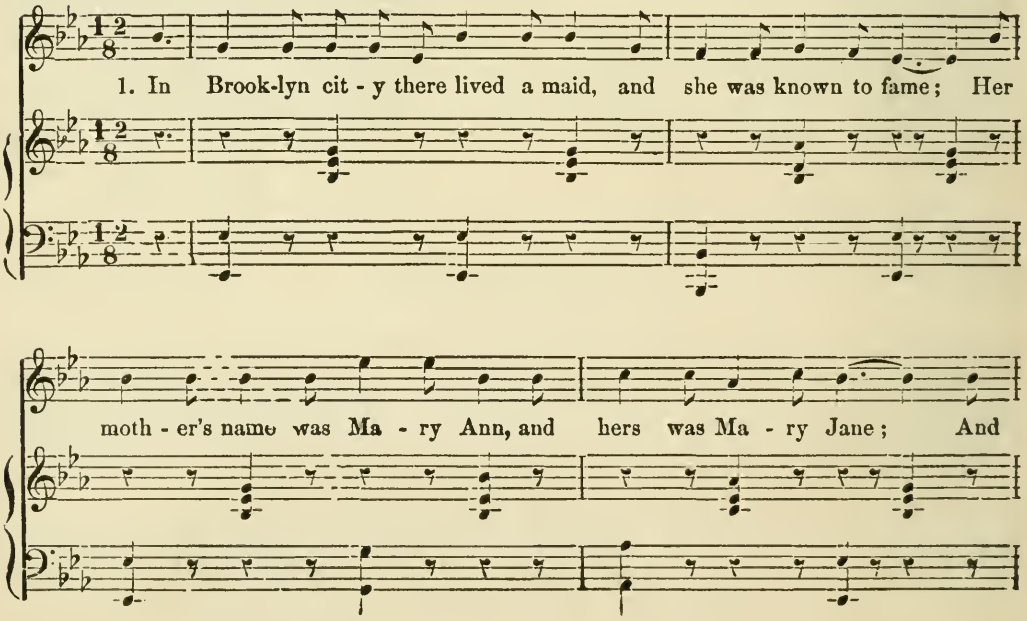
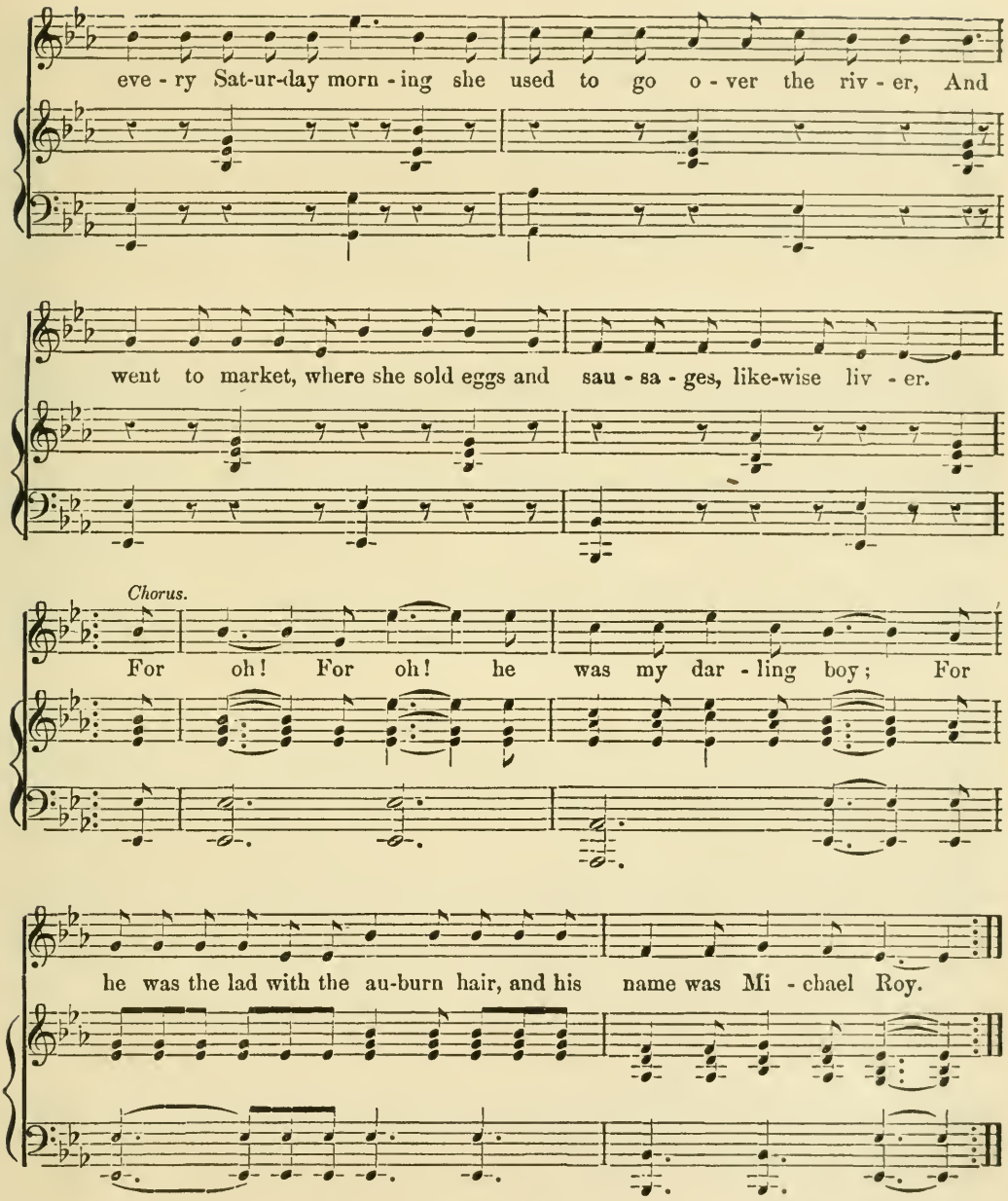
3 The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda crackers,
And giveth his neighbor none, &c.

4 The man who has plenty of ripe, red strawberry short cake,
And giveth his neighbor none, &c.

5 That man who has any salt-junk,
And will give his neighbor none,
He sha'n't have any of my salt-junk,
When his salt-junk is gone.

6 That man who has spondulacs,
And will give his neighbor none,
He sha'n't have any of my spondulacs,
When his spondulacs are gone.

MICHAEL ROY.

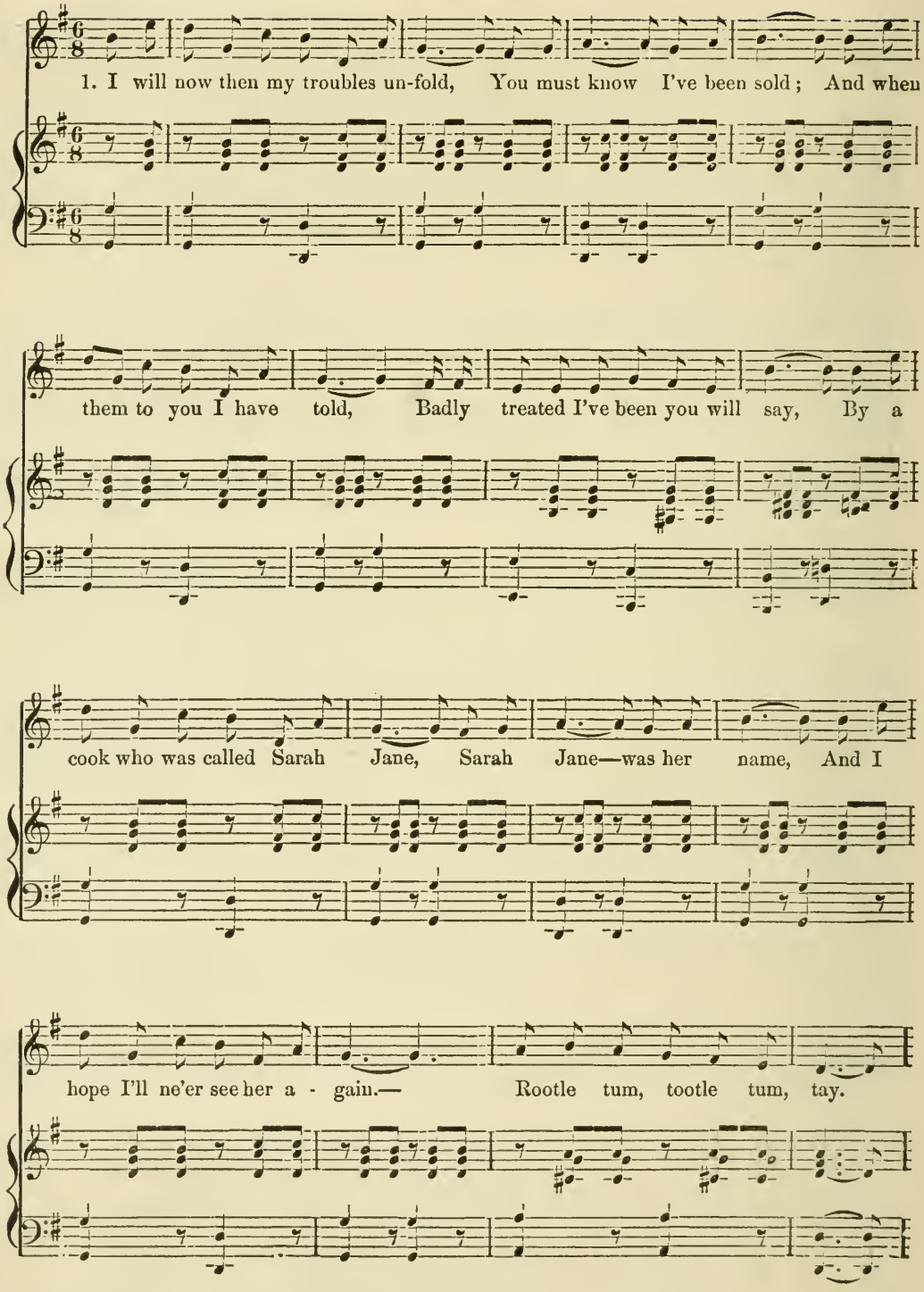


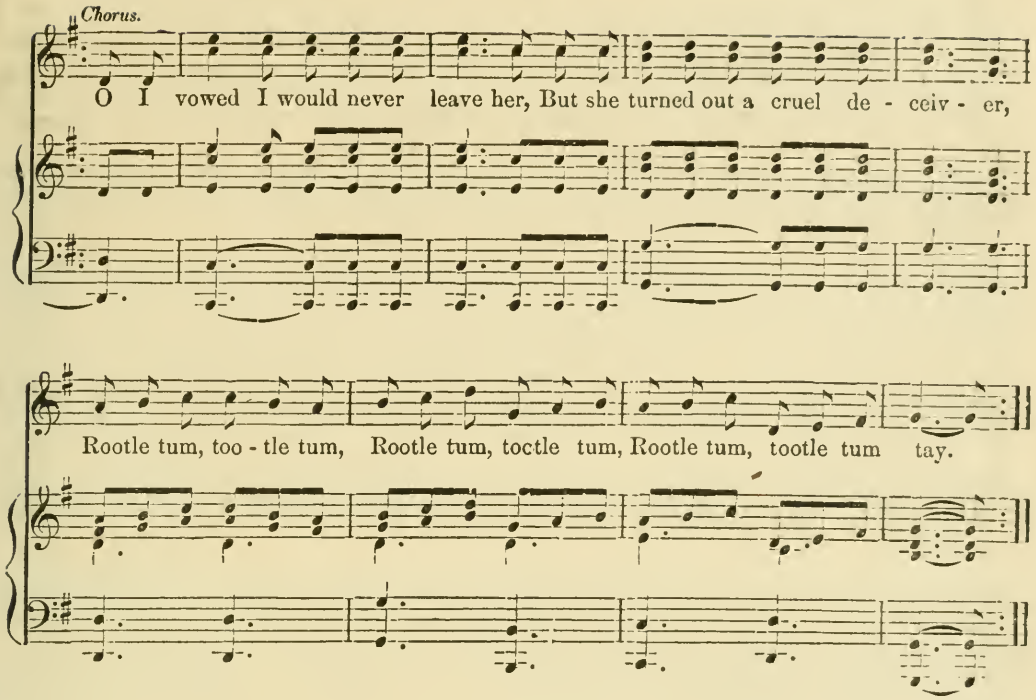
eve - ry Sat-ur-day morn - ing she used to go o - ver the riv - er, And
went to market, where she sold eggs and sau - sa - ges, like-wise liv - er.
Chorus.
For oh! For oh! he was my dar - ling boy; For
he was the lad with the au-burn hair, and his name was Mi - chael Roy.

2 She fell in love with a charcoal man, McCluskey was his name;
His fighting weight was seven stone ten, and he loved sweet Mary Jane.
He took her to ride in his charcoal cart, on a fine St. Patrick's day,
But the donkey took fright at a Jersey man, and started and ran away.

3 McCluskey shouted and holler'd in vain, but the donkey would'nt stop;
And he threw Mary Jane right over his head, right into a policy shop;
When McCluskey saw that terrible sight, his heart it was moved with pity;
So he stabbed the donkey with a piece of charcoal, and started for Salt Lake City.

ROOTLE TUM.


1. I will now then my troubles un-fold, You must know I've been sold; And when
them to you I have told, Badly treated I've been you will say, By a
cook who was called Sarah Jane, Sarah Jane—was her name, And I
hope I'll ne'er see her a - gain.— Rootle tum, tootle tum, tay.


Chorus.
O I vowed I would never leave her, But she turned out a cruel de - ceiv - er,
Rootle tum, too - tle tum, Rootle tum, toctle tum, Rootle tum, tootle tum tay.

2 I first met this cook in the park,
Central Park, just near dark—
And I ventured to make this remark,
That it was a very cold day;
She answered me not at all bold,
That it was—very cold,
And her name and address she then told,
Rootle tum, tootle tum tay.

3 Sarah Jane was a frisky young maid,
And good wa—ges was paid,
And at the fine house where she stayed
I called on her most every day,
But one evening she drove me quite mad,
Yes quite mad—'twas too bad—
A Dutch barber beside her she had,
Rootle tum, tootle tum tay.

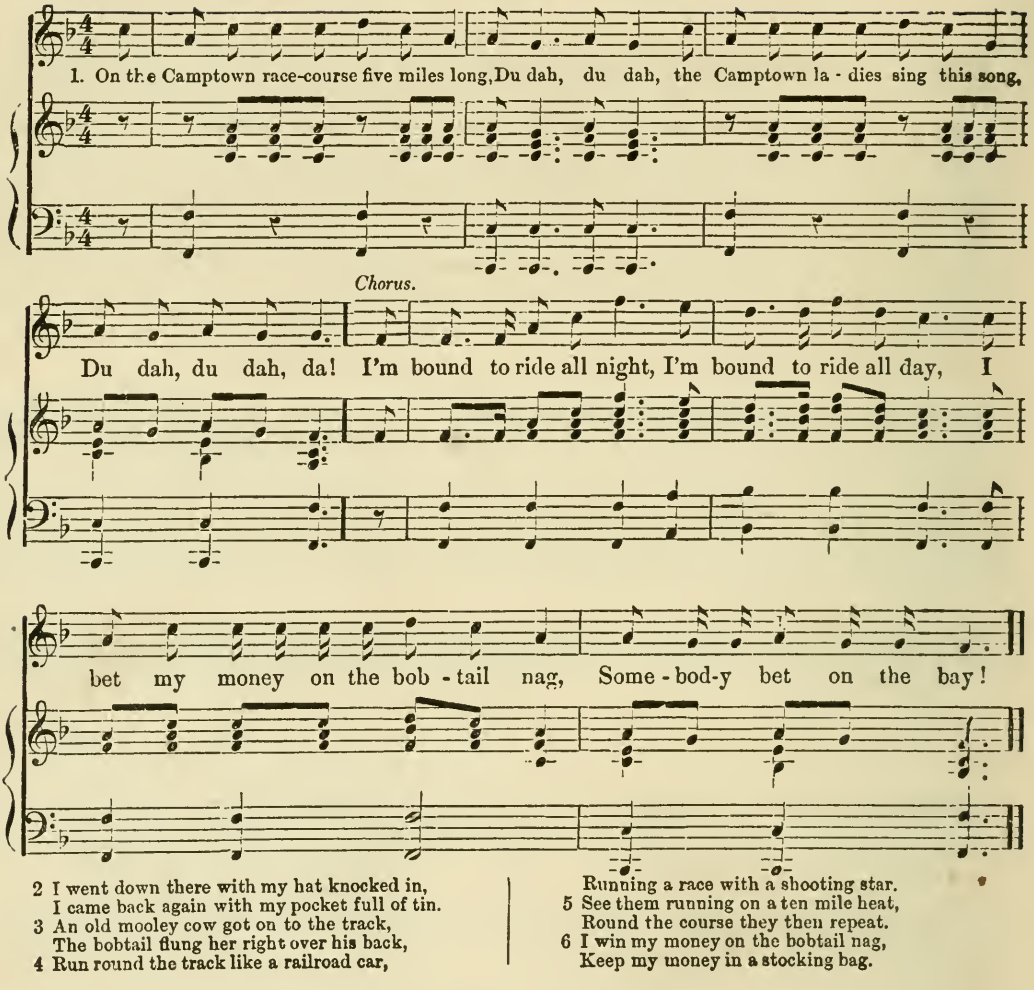
4 Mr. Dutchman, says I, this looks queer,
Sitting here,—swilling beer,
But you ain't got no business down here,
So listen to what I now say;
If I catch you again here, forsooth
'Tis the truth—though uncouth—
I'll darken your eyes, my sweet youth,
Rootle tum, tootle tum, tay.

5 Then says he, why do you interfere,
With us here—at our beer?
I've as much right as you to be here,
And I'll leave it to Sarah to say,
And now Miss your affection I'll test,
Do not jest—I protest—
And the barber she vowed she loved best,
Rootle tum, tootle tum tay.

6 That she loved me, I firmly believed,
But how soon—was deceived;
But there's no use for me to be grieved,
So I'll let them go on their own way.
Oh I wish him much joy of his belle.
What a sell—I'll now tell,
I hear that she lathers him well,
Lathers and bastes him each day.

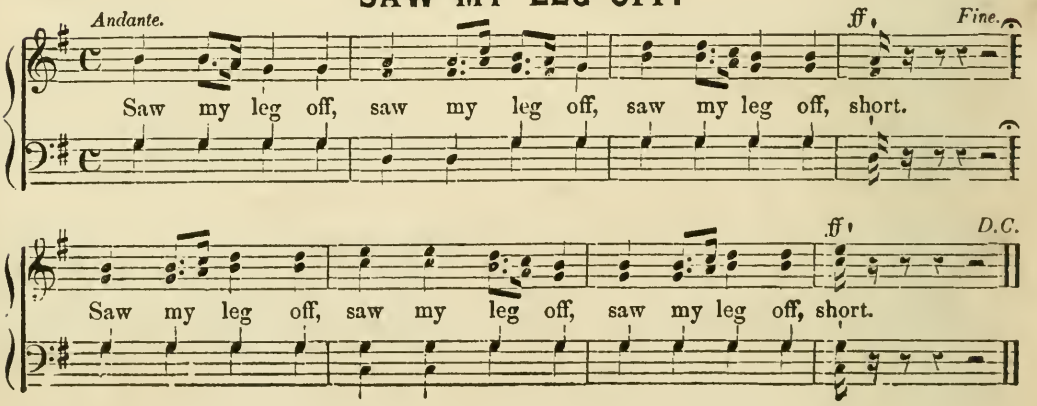
CHORUS.
Combs his hair with a three-leged stool, sir,
For making of me such a fool, sir,
Rootle tum, tootle tum, tootle tum, tay,
Rootle tum, tootle tum tay.

CAMPTOWN RACES.


1. On the Camptown race-course five miles long, Du dah, du dah, the Camptown la - dies sing this song,
Chorus.
Du dah, du dah, da! I'm bound to ride all night, I'm bound to ride all day, I
bet my money on the bob - tail nag, Some - bod-y bet on the bay!

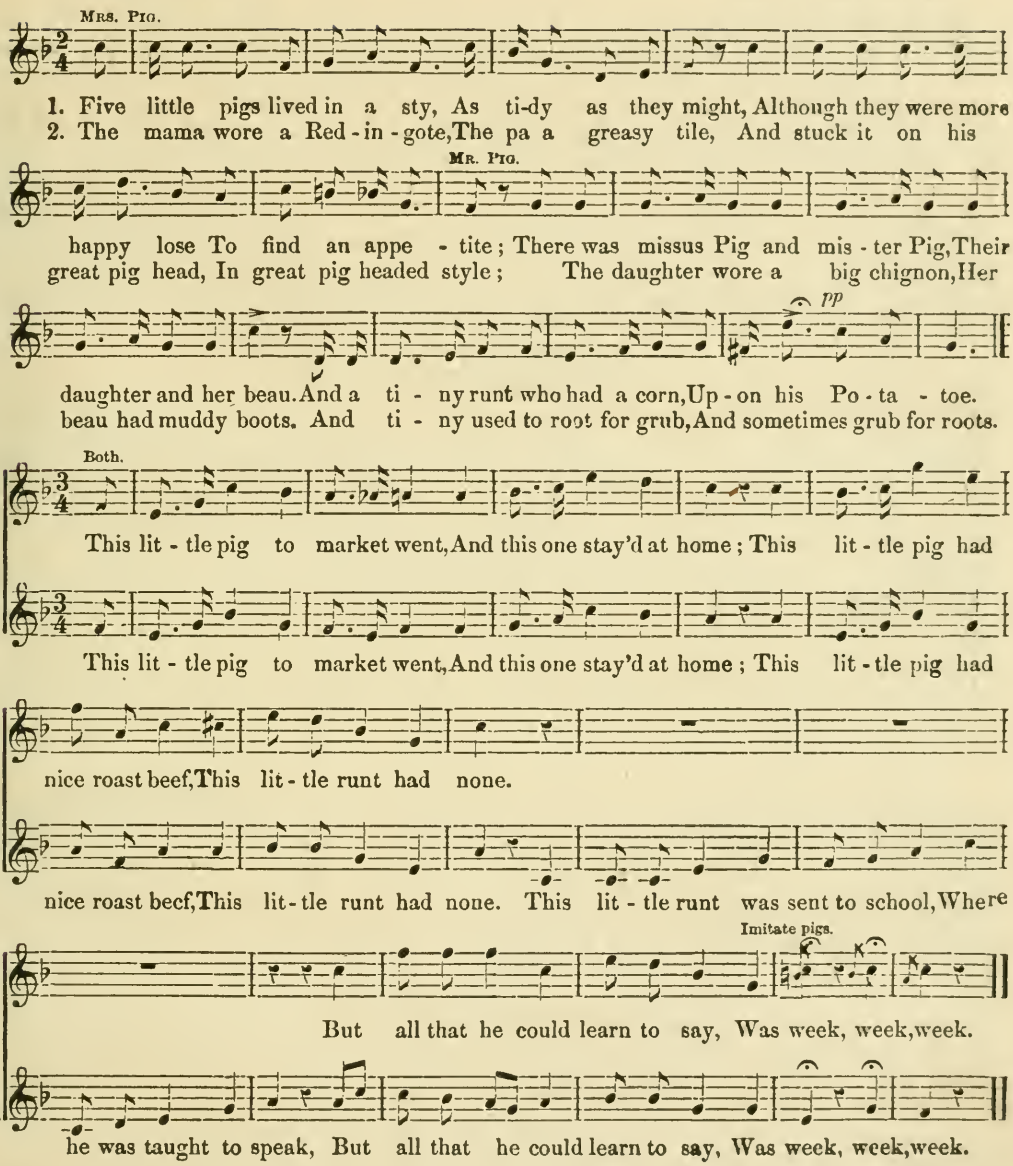
2 I went down there with my hat knocked in,
I came back again with my pocket full of tin.
3 An old mooley cow got on to the track,
The bobtail flung her right over his back,
4 Run round the track like a railroad car,
Running a race with a shooting star.
5 See them running on a ten mile heat,
Round the course they then repeat.
6 I win my money on the bobtail nag,
Keep my money in a stocking bag.

SAW MY LEG OFF.



THE PIG DUET.

WORDS BY H. HUNTER. MUSIC BY ROLLIN HOWARD.

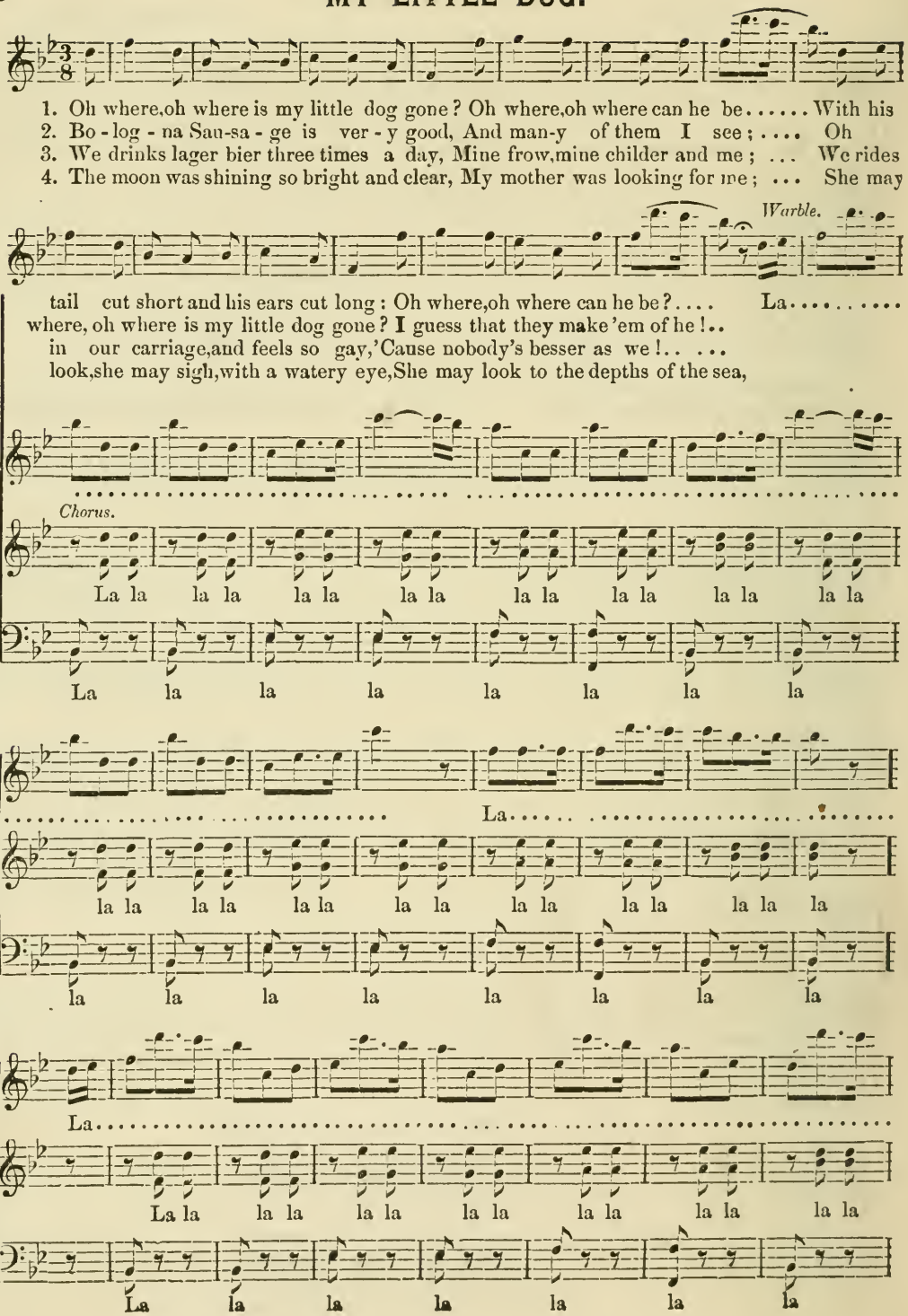
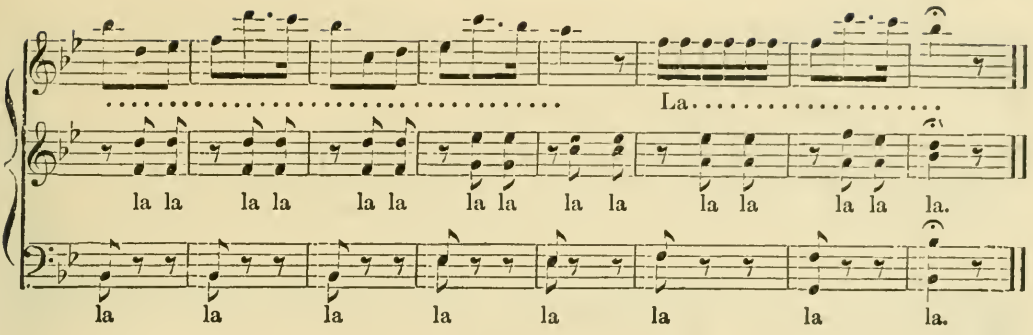

Mrs. Pig.
1. Five little pigs lived in a sty, As ti-dy as they might, Although they were more
2. The mama wore a Red-in-gote, The pa a greasy tile, And stuck it on his
Mr. Pig.
happy lose To find an appe-tite; There was missus Pig and mis-ter Pig, Their
great pig head, In great pig headed style; The daughter wore a big chignon, Her
pp
daughter and her beau. And a ti-ny runt who had a corn, Up-on his Po-ta-toe.
beau had muddy boots. And ti-ny used to root for grub, And sometimes grub for roots.
Both.
This lit-tle pig to market went, And this one stay'd at home; This lit-tle pig had
This lit-tle pig to market went, And this one stay'd at home; This lit-tle pig had
nice roast beef, This lit-tle runt had none.
nice roast beef, This lit-tle runt had none. This lit-tle runt was sent to school, Where
Imitate pigs.
But all that he could learn to say, Was week, week, week.
he was taught to speak, But all that he could learn to say, Was week, week, week.

3

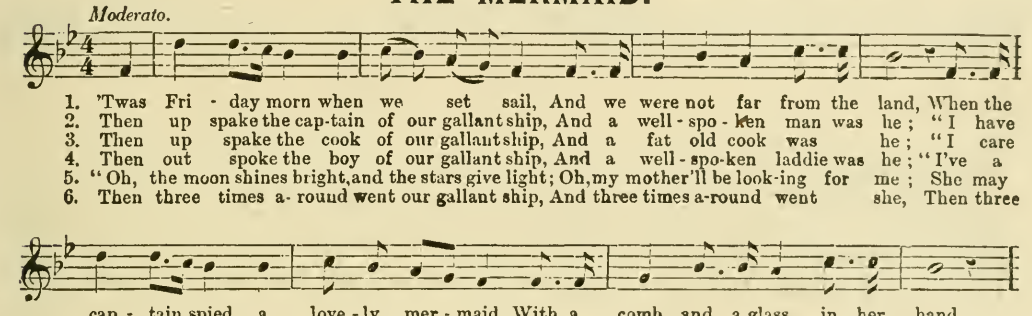
Mrs. Pig. The daughter though she long had, had
Her eye upon a sty,
Delayed her wedding, for she had,
A sty upon her eye,

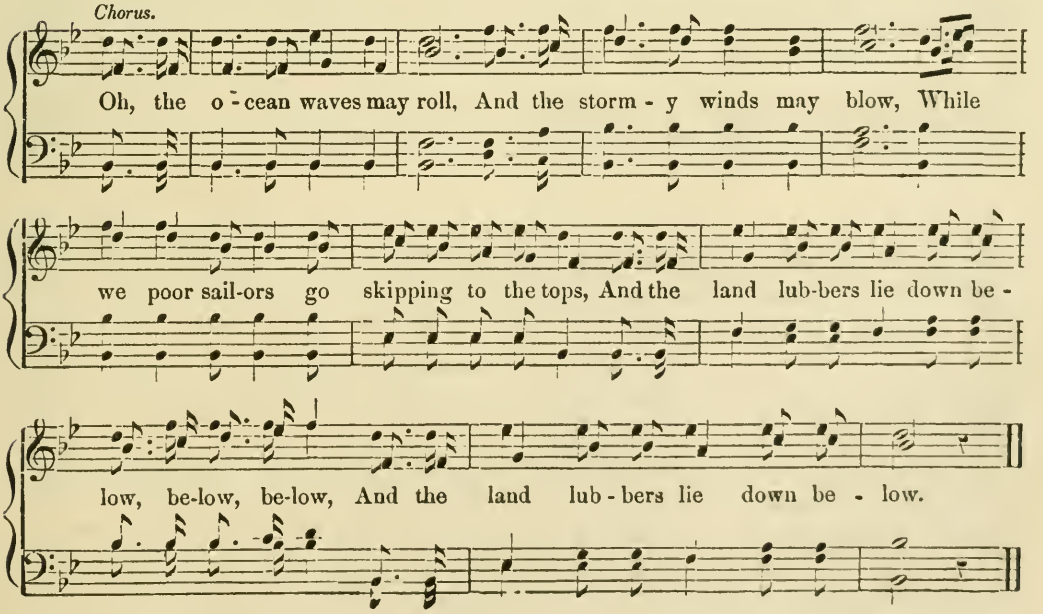
Mr. Pig. But when 'twas well to cut a swell,
They bought all sorts of things;
They'd rings in all their noses,
And their tails were all in rings.

MY LITTLE DOG.

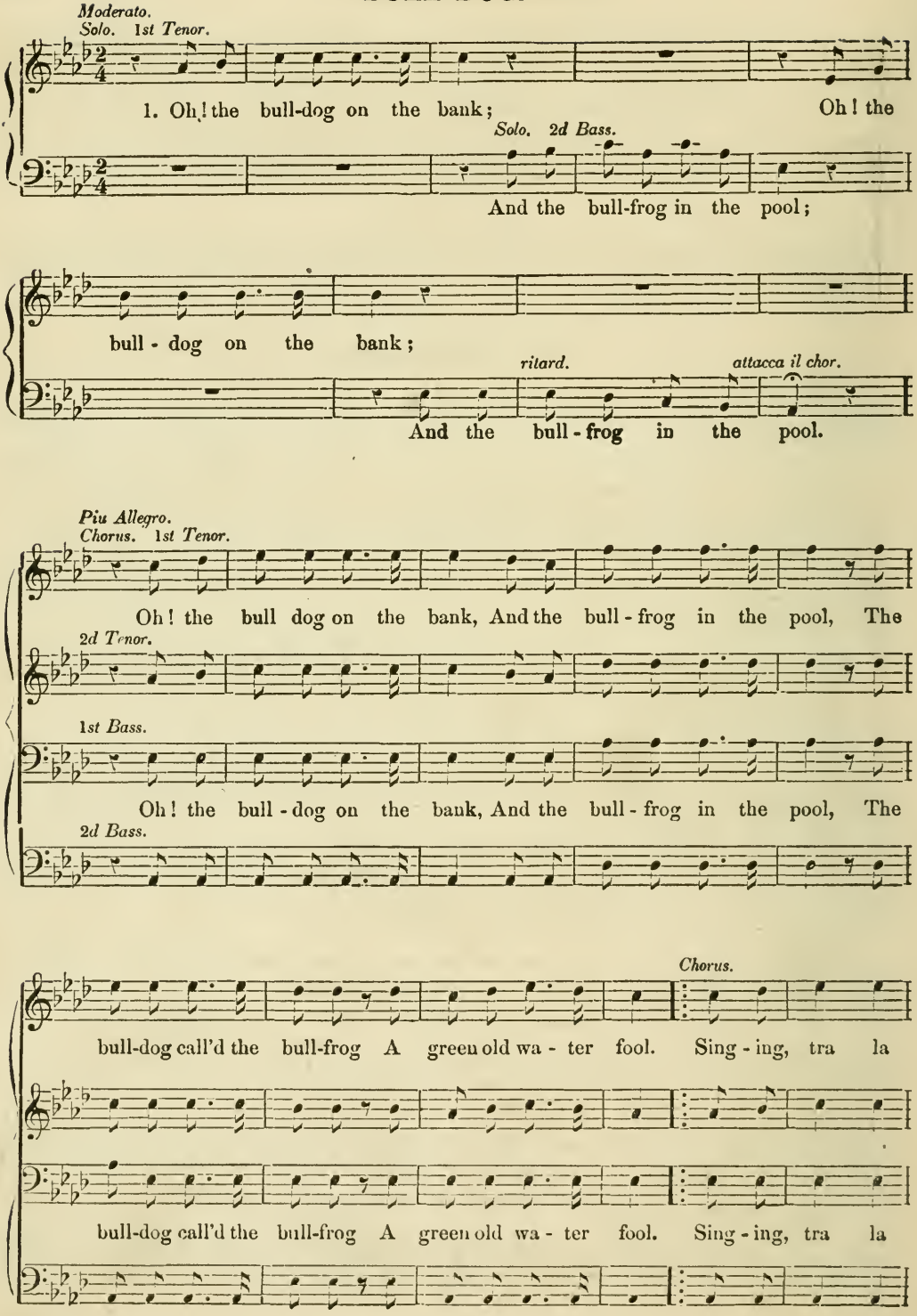

1. Oh where,oh where is my little dog gone? Oh where,oh where can he be..... With his
2. Bo - log - na Sau-sa - ge is ver - y good, And man-y of them I see; .... Oh
3. We drinks lager bier three times a day, Mine frow,mine childer and me; ... We rides
4. The moon was shining so bright and clear, My mother was looking for me; ... She may
Warble.
tail cut short and his ears cut long: Oh where,oh where can he be?.... La.....
where, oh where is my little dog gone? I guess that they make 'em of he!..
in our carriage,and feels so gay,'Cause nobody's besser as we!.. ...
look,she may sigh,with a watery eye,She may look to the depths of the sea,
Chorus.
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la
La
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la
La
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la

La
la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la la la la la.

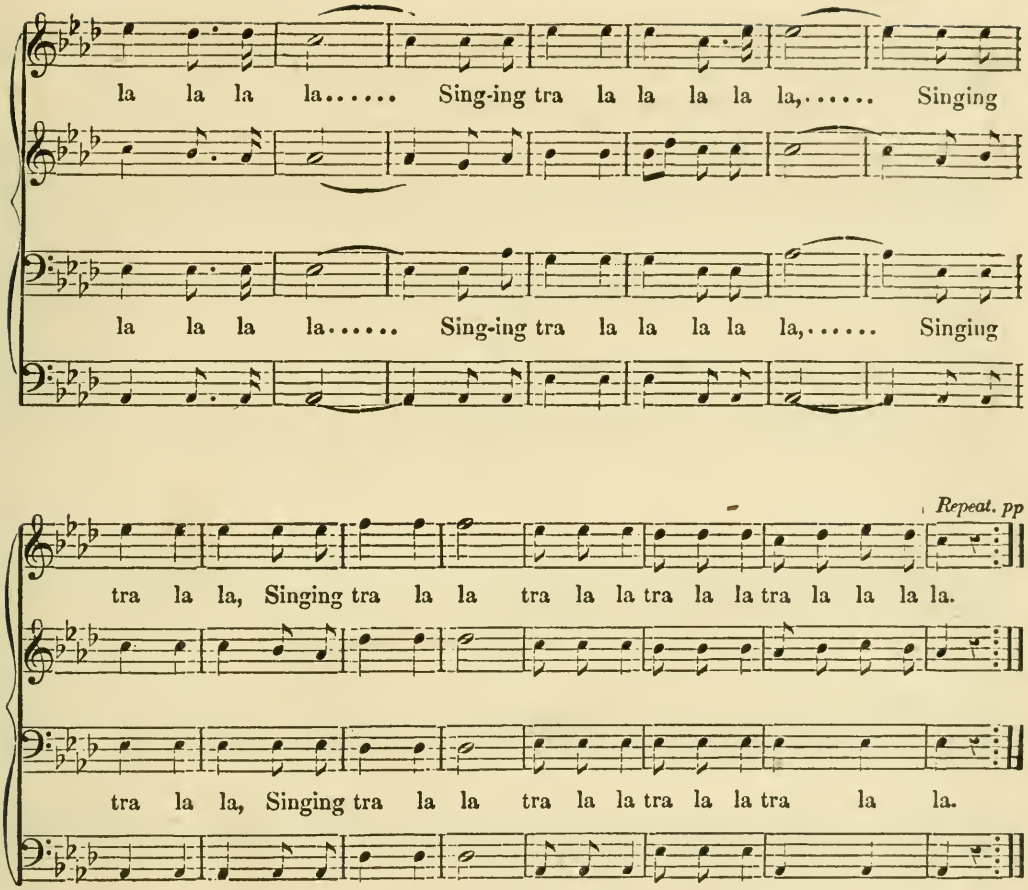
THE MERMAID.


Moderato.
1. 'Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land, When the
2. Then up spake the cap-tain of our gallant ship, And a well - spo - ken man was he; "I have
3. Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship, And a fat old cook was he; "I care
4. Then out spoke the boy of our gallant ship, And a well - spo-ken laddie was he; "I've a
5. "Oh, the moon shines bright, and the stars give light; Oh, my mother'll be look-ing for me; She may
6. Then three times a- round went our gallant ship, And three times a-round went she, Then three
cap - tain spied a love - ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
mar - ried a wife in Sa - lem town, And to - night she a wid - ow will be."
much more for my ket-tles and my pots, Than I do for the depths of the sea."
fa ther and mother in Bos - ton ci - ty; But to - night they child-less will be."
look, she-may weep, she may look to the deep. She may look to the bottom of the sea."
times a - round went our gallant ship, And she sank to the depths of the sea.


Chorus.
Oh, the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While
we poor sail-ors go skipping to the tops, And the land lub-bers lie down be -
low, be-low, be-low, And the land lub - bers lie down be - low.

BULL-DOG.


Moderato.
Solo. 1st Tenor.
1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank; Oh! the
Solo. 2d Bass.
And the bull-frog in the pool;
bull - dog on the bank;
ritard.
attacca il chor.
And the bull - frog in the pool.
Piu Allegro.
Chorus. 1st Tenor.
Oh! the bull dog on the bank, And the bull - frog in the pool, The
2d Tenor.
1st Bass.
Oh! the bull - dog on the bank, And the bull - frog in the pool, The
2d Bass.
Chorus.
bull-dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa - ter fool. Sing - ing, tra la
bull-dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa - ter fool. Sing - ing, tra la

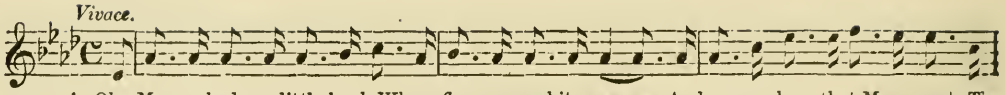

la la la la..... Sing-ing tra la la la la la,..... Singing
la la la la..... Sing-ing tra la la la la la,..... Singing
Repeat. pp
tra la la, Singing tra la la tra la la tra la la tra la la la.
tra la la, Singing tra la la tra la la tra la la tra la la.

2 Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw,
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw,
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw,
The pollywog died a laughing
To see him wag his jaw. Cho.—Singing tra la la, &c.

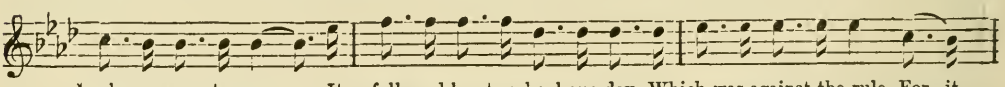
3 Says the monkey to the owl,
Oh, what'll you have to drink?
Says the monkey to the owl,
Oh, what'll you have to drink?
Says the monkey to the owl,
Oh, what'll you have to drink?
"Since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink." Cho.—Singing tra la la, &c.

SON OF A GAMBOLIER.

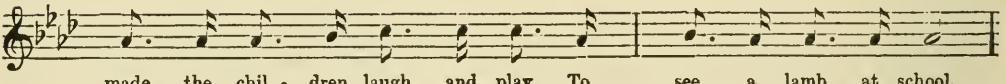
Vivace.



1. Oh ; Ma - ry had a little lamb Whose fleece was white as snow, And every where that Mary went, The
2, And so the teach-er turned him out, But still he lingered near, And wait-ed pa - tiently a-bout Till



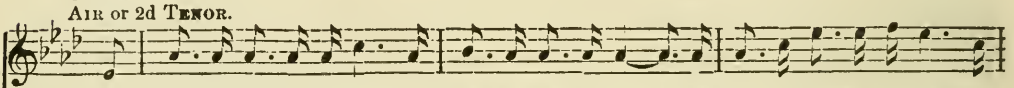
lamb was sure to go.... It followed her to school one day, Which was against the rule, For it
Ma - ry did ap - pear . . What makes the lamb love Mary so ? The ea - ger chil-dren cry ; " Cause



made the chil - dren laugh and play To see a lamb at school.
Ma - ry loves the lamb you know," The teach - er did re - ply.

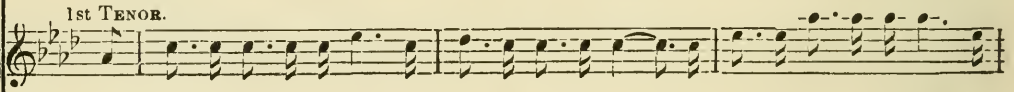
Chorus.

AIR or 2d TENOR.

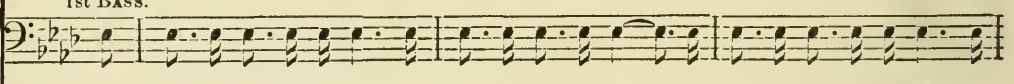


Come, join my humble dit-ty, From Tippery town I steer ; Like ev - ery honest fel -low I

1st TENOR.

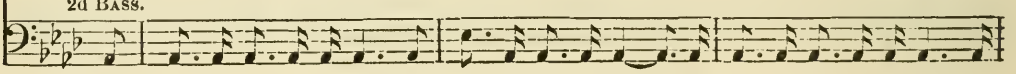


1st BASS.

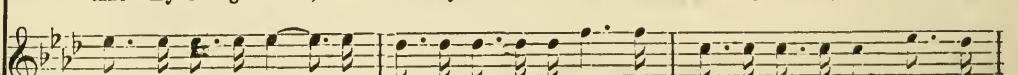


Come, join my humble dit-ty, From Tippery town I steer ; Like ev - ery honest fel -low I

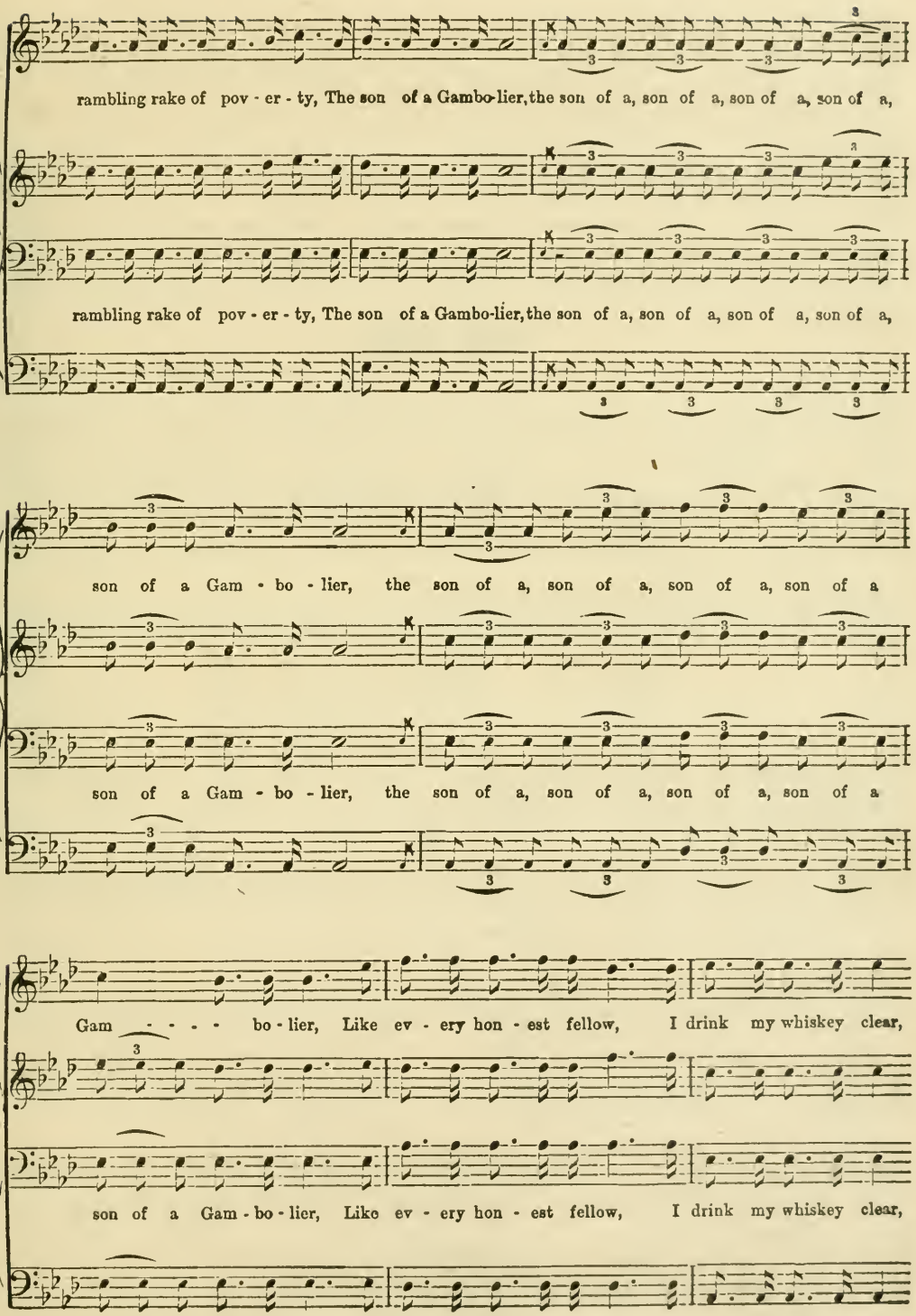
2d BASS.

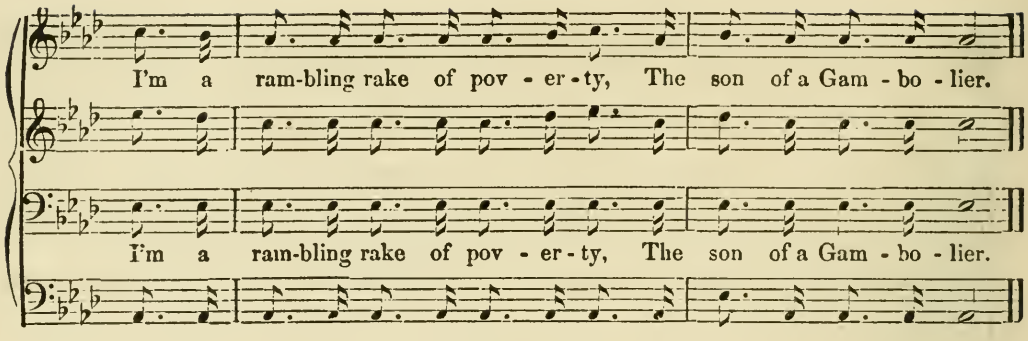


take my la - ger bier ; Like ev - ery hon-est fel-low I drink my whiskey clear, I'm a



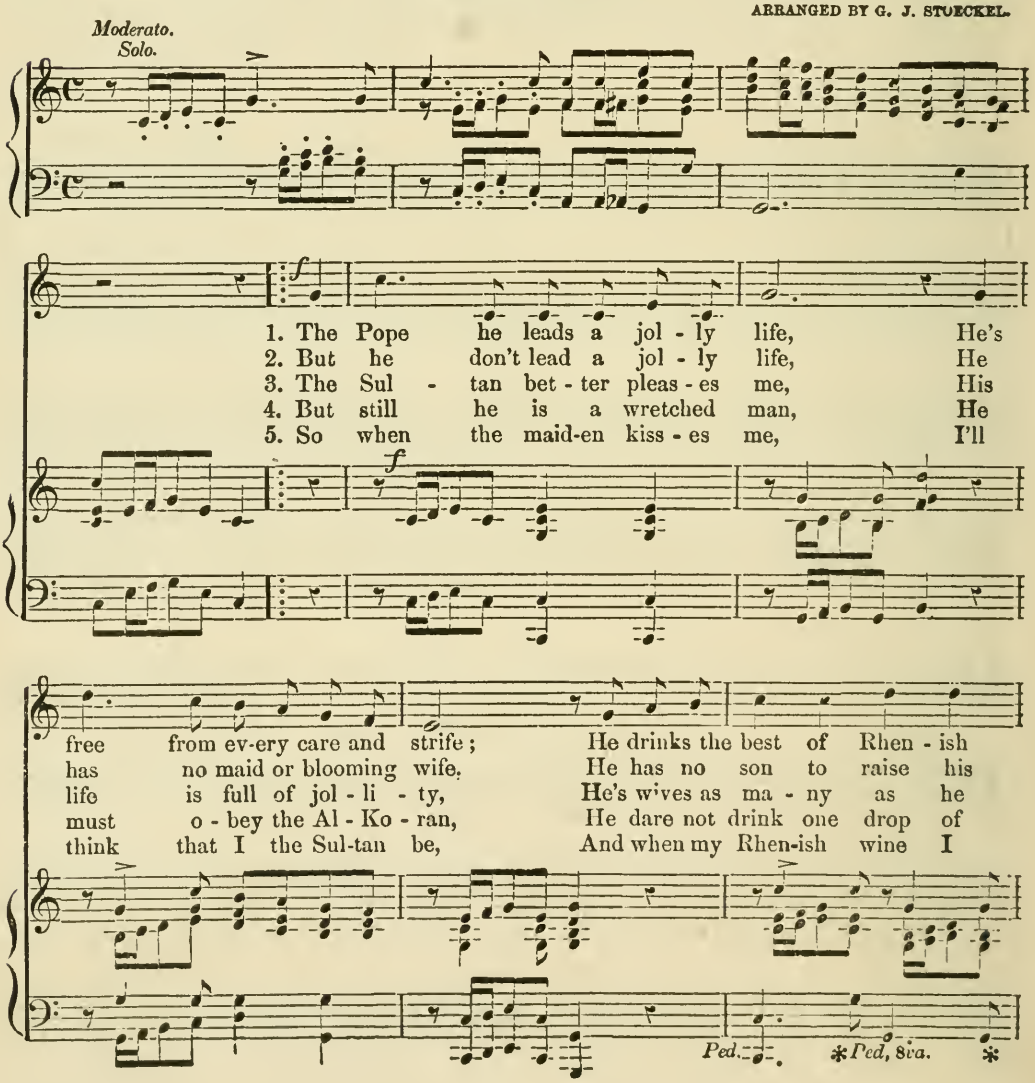
take my la - ger bier ; Like ev - ery hon-est fel-low I drink my whiskey clear, I'm a

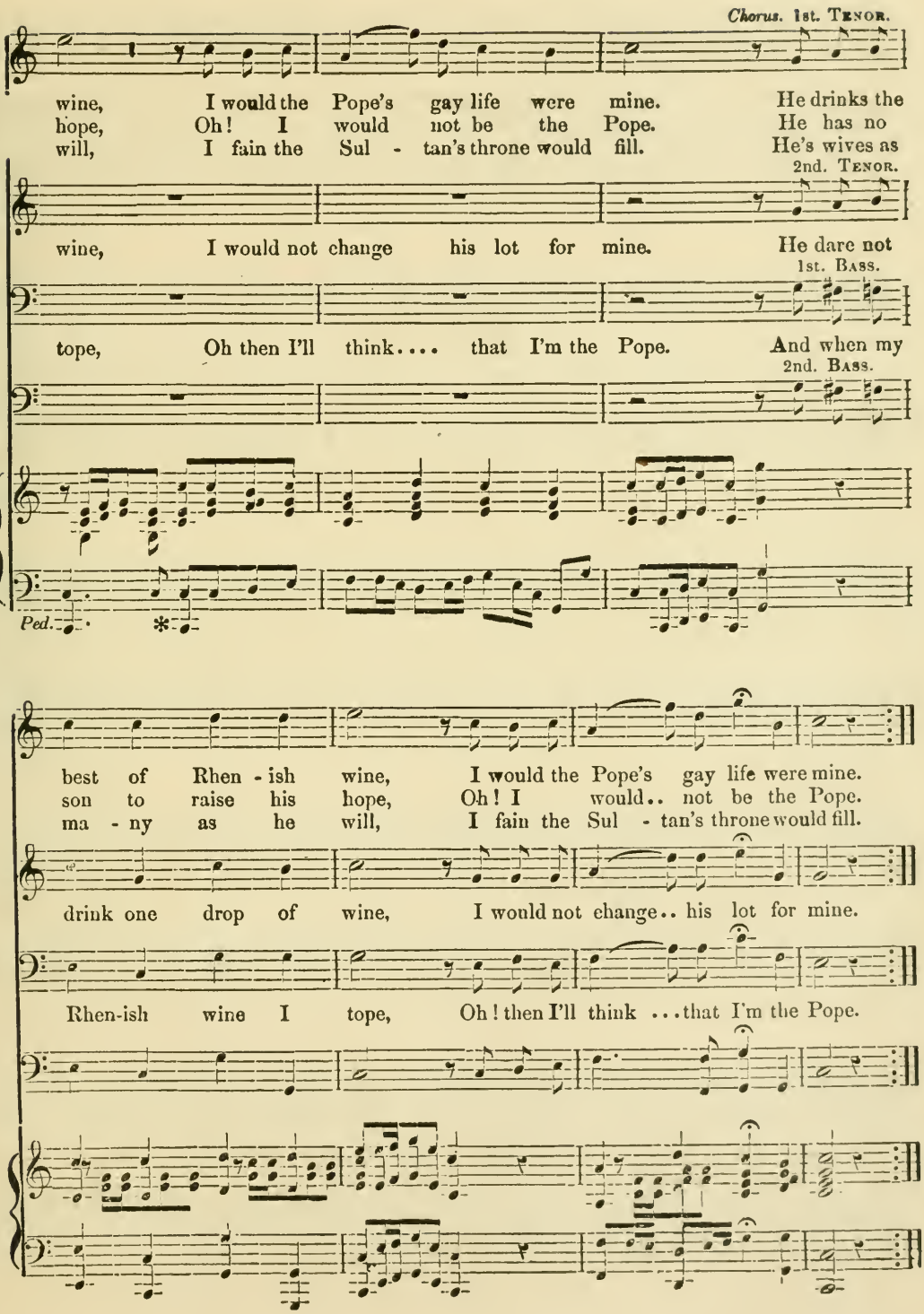

rambling rake of pov - er - ty, The son of a Gambo-lier, the son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a,
rambling rake of pov - er - ty, The son of a Gambo-lier, the son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a,
son of a Gam - bo - lier, the son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a
son of a Gam - bo - lier, the son of a, son of a, son of a, son of a
Gam - - - - bo - lier, Like ev - ery hon - est fellow, I drink my whiskey clear,
son of a Gam - bo - lier, Like ev - ery hon - est fellow, I drink my whiskey clear,



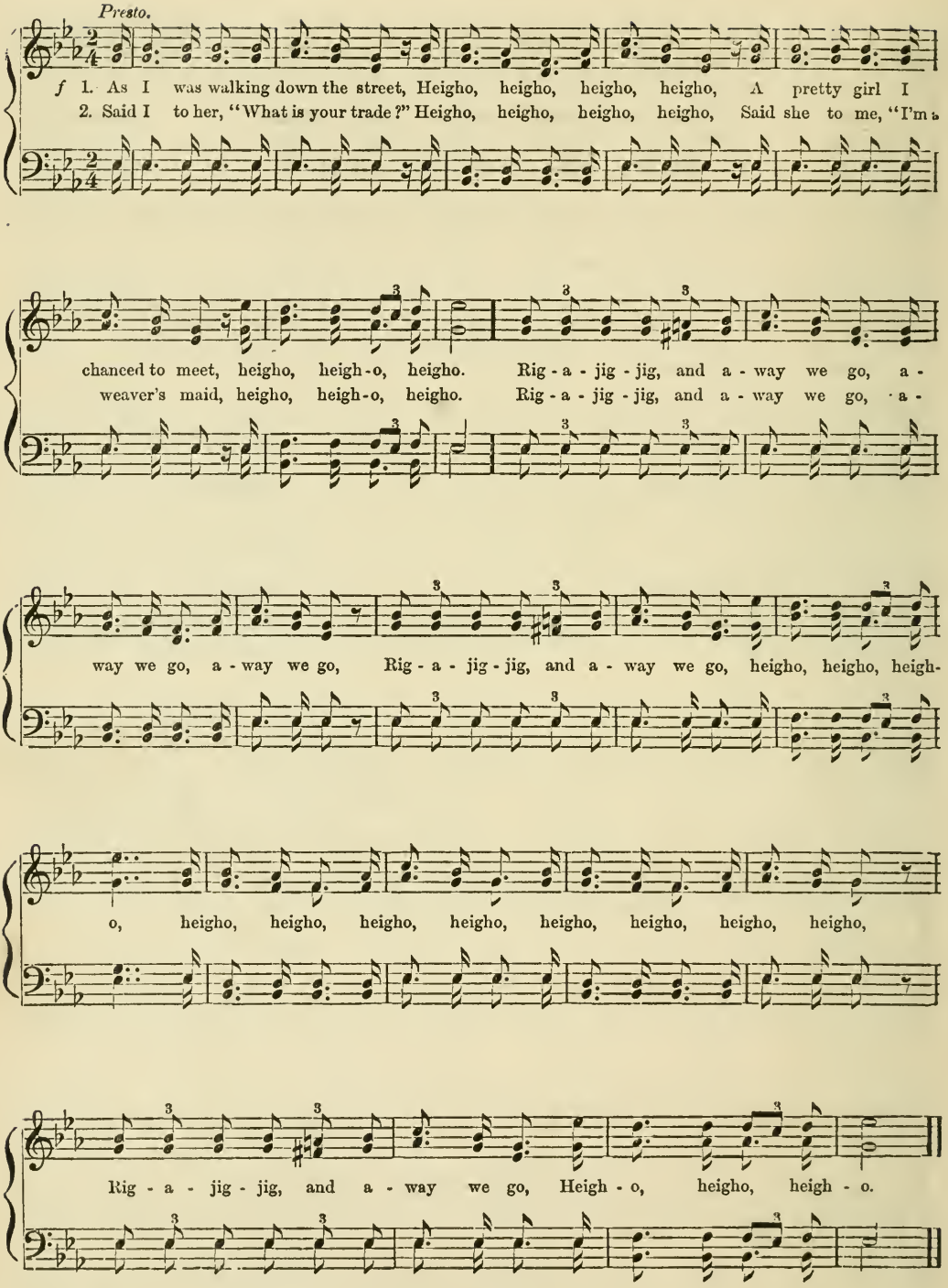
THE POPE.

ARRANGED BY G. J. STOECKEL.


Moderato.
Solo.
f
1. The Pope he leads a jol - ly life, He's
2. But he don't lead a jol - ly life, He
3. The Sul - tan bet - ter pleas - es me, His
4. But still he is a wretched man, He
5. So when the maid-en kiss - es me, I'll
f
free from ev-ery care and strife; He drinks the best of Rhen - ish
has no maid or blooming wife. He has no son to raise his
life is full of jol - li - ty, He's wives as ma - ny as he
must o - bey the Al - Ko - ran, He dare not drink one drop of
think that I the Sul-tan be, And when my Rhen-ish wine I
Ped. *Ped, sva. *

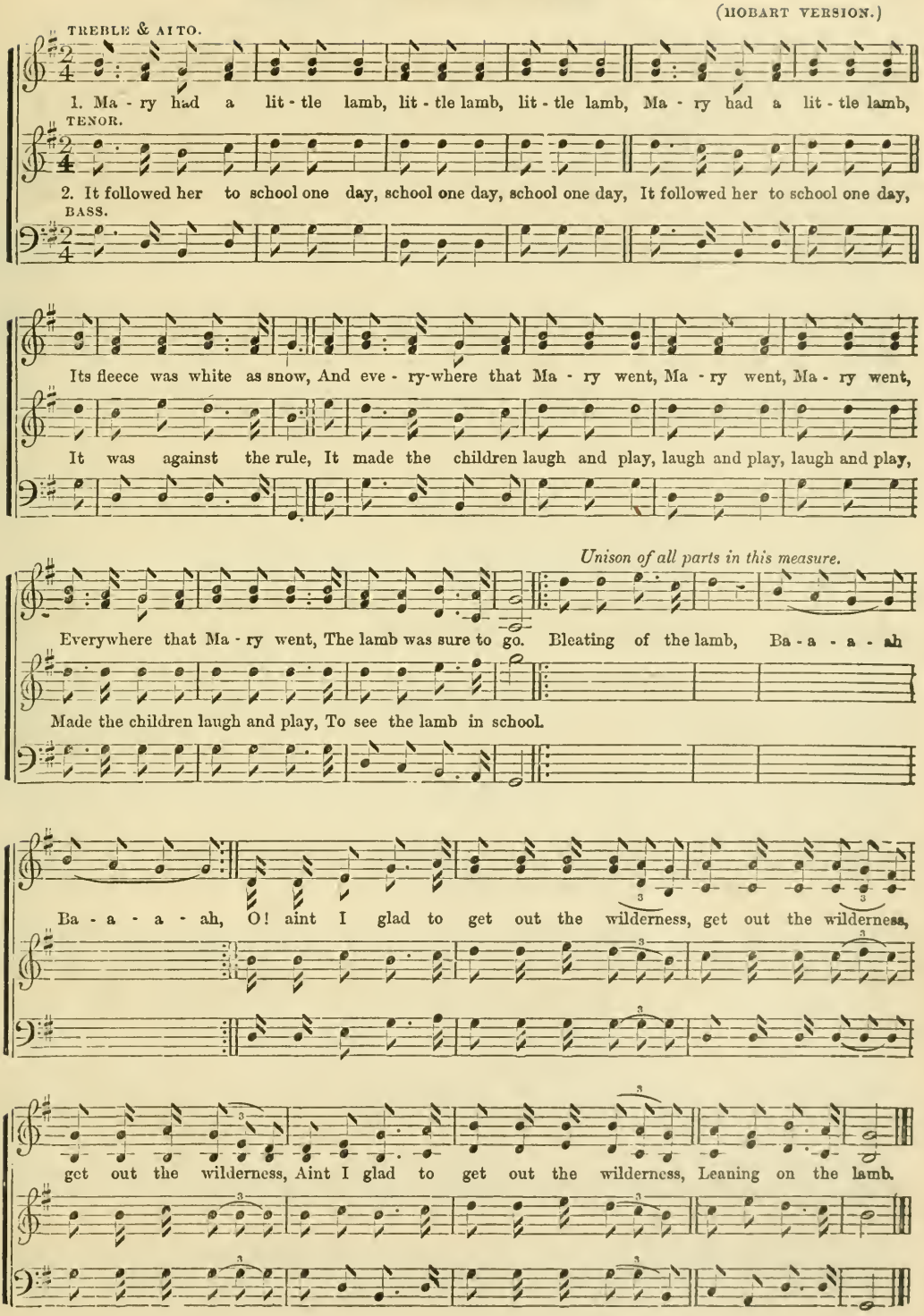

Chorus. 1st. Tenor.
wine, I would the Pope's gay life were mine. He drinks the
hope, Oh! I would not be the Pope. He has no
will, I fain the Sul - tan's throne would fill. He's wives as
2nd. Tenor.
wine, I would not change his lot for mine. He dare not
1st. Bass.
tope, Oh then I'll think.... that I'm the Pope. And when my
2nd. Bass.
Ped.
best of Rhen - ish wine, I would the Pope's gay life were mine.
son to raise his hope, Oh! I would.. not be the Pope.
ma - ny as he will, I fain the Sul - tan's throne would fill.
drink one drop of wine, I would not change.. his lot for mine.
Rhen-ish wine I tope, Oh! then I'll think ...that I'm the Pope.

RIG-A-JIG.


Presto.
f 1. As I was walking down the street, Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, A pretty girl I
2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, Said she to me, "I'm a
chanced to meet, heigho, heigh-o, heigho. Rig-a-jig-jig, and a-way we go, a-
weaver's maid, heigho, heigh-o, heigho. Rig-a-jig-jig, and a-way we go, a-
way we go, a-way we go, Rig-a-jig-jig, and a-way we go, heigho, heigho, heigh-
o, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
Rig-a-jig-jig, and a-way we go, Heigh-o, heigho, heigh-o.

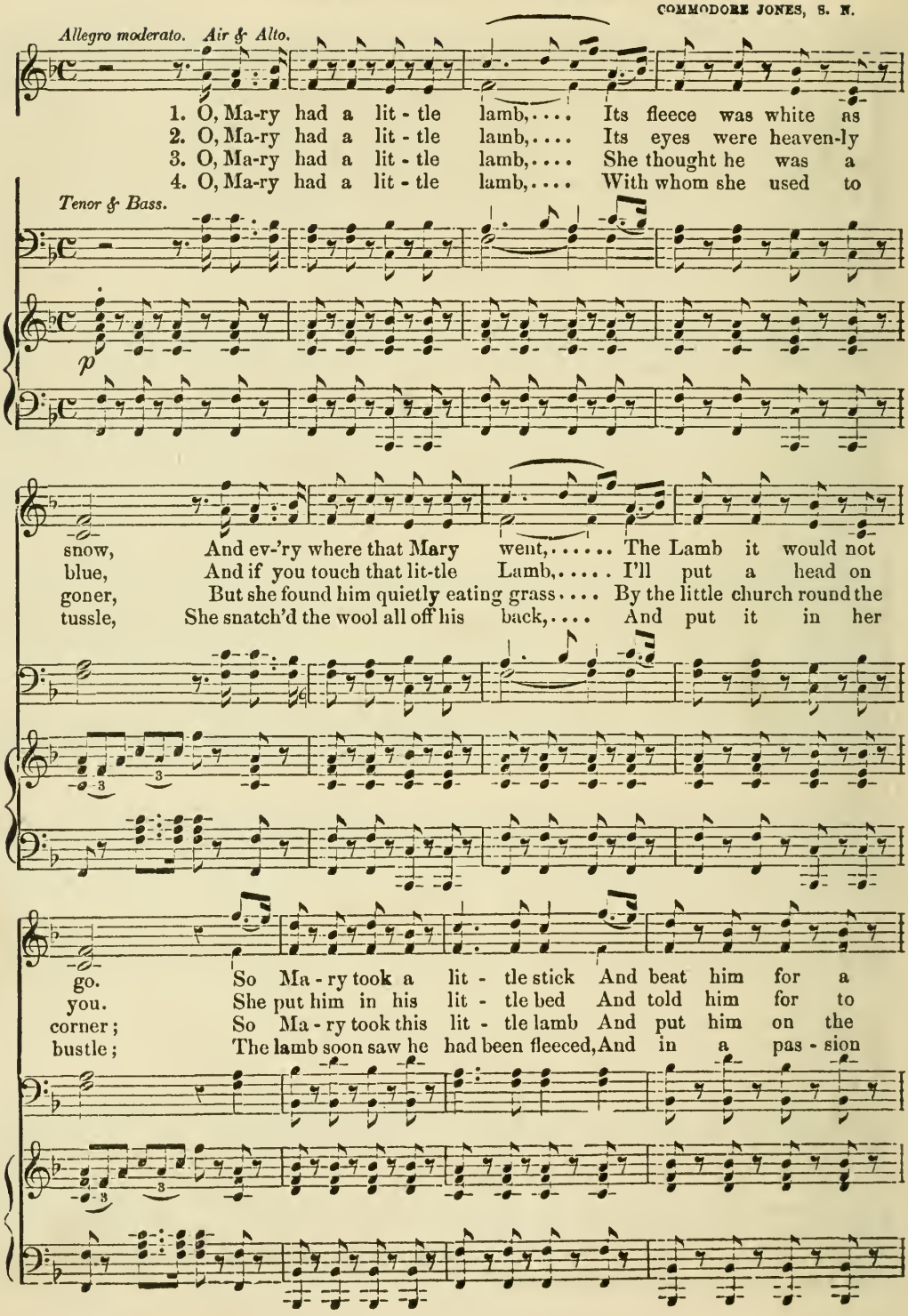
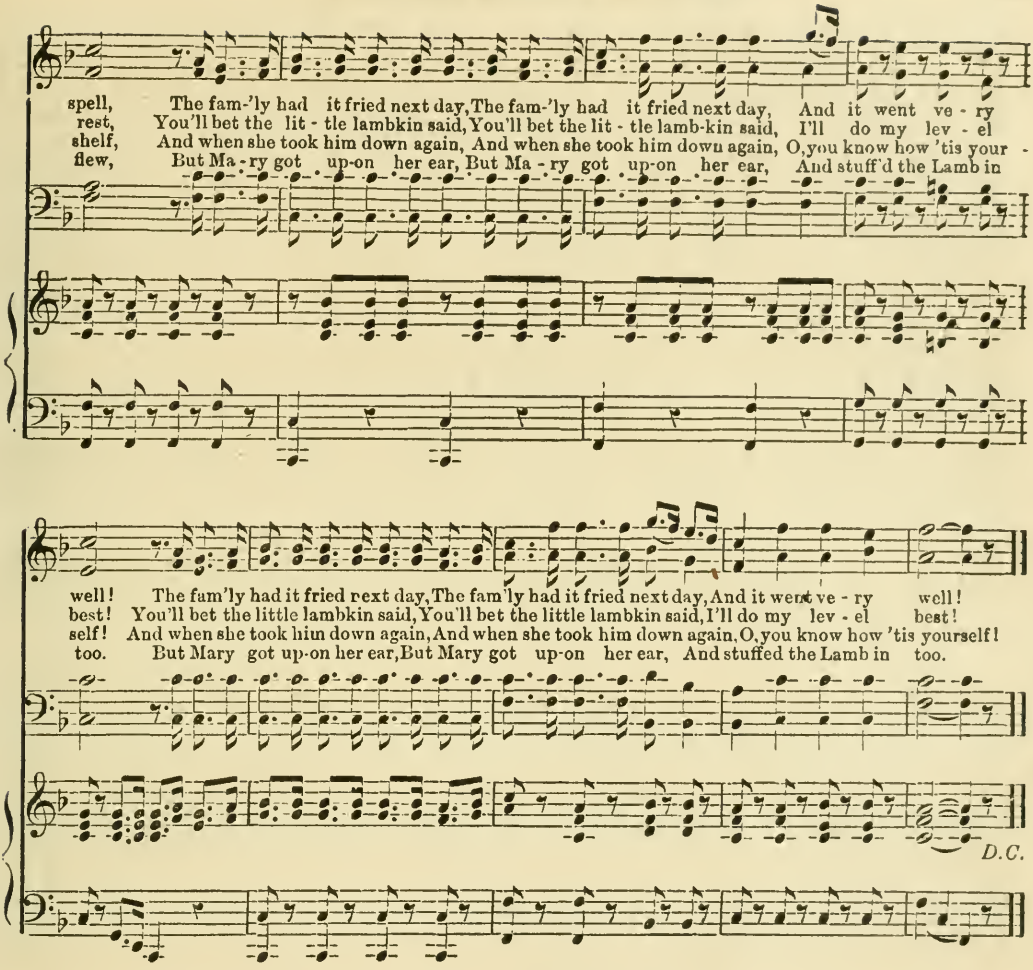
MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

(HOBART VERSION.)

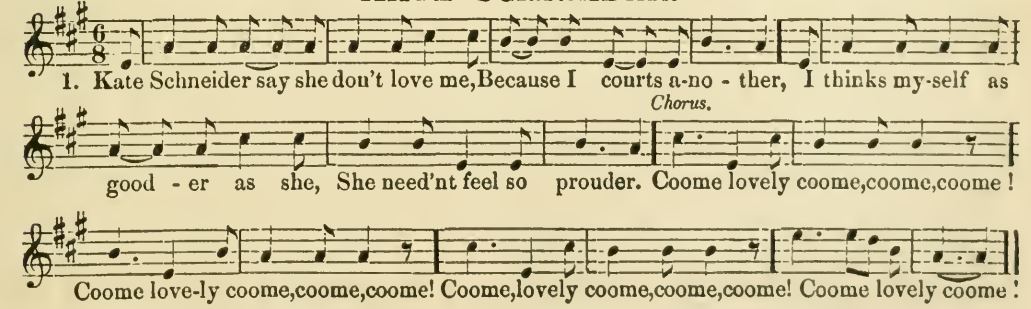

TREBLE & ALTO.
1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb,
TENOR.
2. It followed her to school one day, school one day, school one day, It followed her to school one day,
BASS.
Its fleece was white as snow, And eve - ry-where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went,
It was against the rule, It made the children laugh and play, laugh and play, laugh and play,
Unison of all parts in this measure.
Everywhere that Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go. Bleating of the lamb, Ba - a - a - ah
Made the children laugh and play, To see the lamb in school.
Ba - a - a - ah, O! aint I glad to get out the wilderness, get out the wilderness,
get out the wilderness, Aint I glad to get out the wilderness, Leaning on the lamb.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

COMMODORE JONES, S. N.

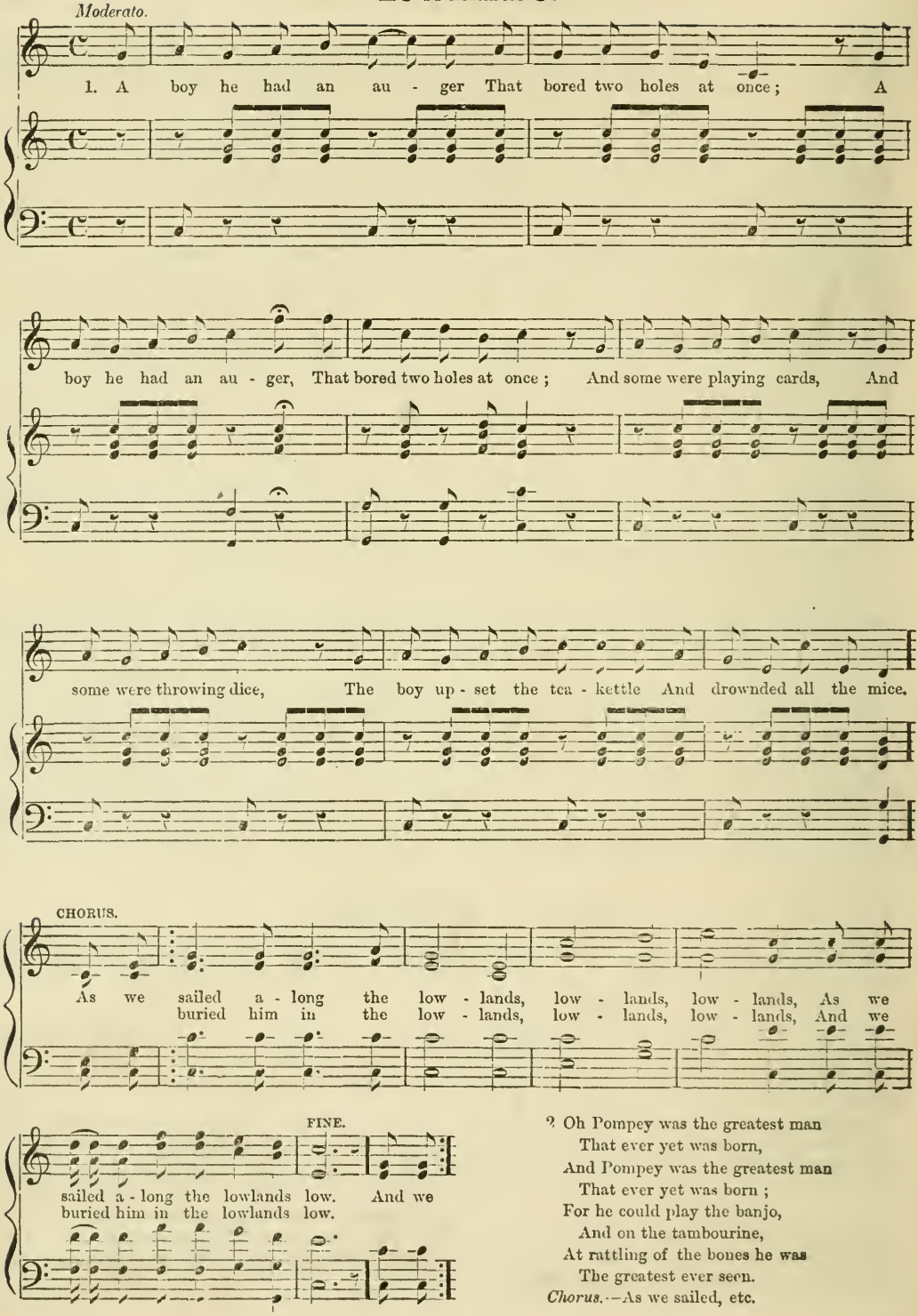

Allegro moderato. Air & Alto.
1. O, Ma-ry had a lit - tle lamb,.... Its fleece was white as
2. O, Ma-ry had a lit - tle lamb,.... Its eyes were heaven-ly
3. O, Ma-ry had a lit - tle lamb,.... She thought he was a
4. O, Ma-ry had a lit - tle lamb,.... With whom she used to
Tenor & Bass.
p
snow, And ev-'ry where that Mary went,..... The Lamb it would not
blue, And if you touch that lit-tle Lamb,..... I'll put a head on
goner, But she found him quietly eating grass.... By the little church round the
tussle, She snatch'd the wool all off his back,.... And put it in her
go. So Ma - ry took a lit - tle stick And beat him for a
you. She put him in his lit - tle bed And told him for to
corner; So Ma - ry took this lit - tle lamb And put him on the
bustle; The lamb soon saw he had been fleeced, And in a pas - sion

spell, The fam-'ly had it fried next day, The fam-'ly had it fried next day, And it went ve - ry
rest, You'll bet the lit - tle lambkin said, You'll bet the lit - tle lamb-kin said, I'll do my lev - el
shelf, And when she took him down again, And when she took him down again, O, you know how 'tis your -
flew, But Ma - ry got up-on her ear, But Ma - ry got up-on her ear, And stuff'd the Lamb in
well! The fam'ly had it fried next day, The fam'ly had it fried next day, And it went ve - ry well!
best! You'll bet the little lambkin said, You'll bet the little lambkin said, I'll do my lev - el best!
self! And when she took him down again, And when she took him down again, O, you know how 'tis yourself!
too. But Mary got up-on her ear, But Mary got up-on her ear, And stuffed the Lamb in too.
D.C.

KATE SCHNEIDER.


1. Kate Schneider say she don't love me, Because I courts a-no - ther, I thinks my-self as
Chorus.
good - er as she, She need'nt feel so prouder. Coome lovely coome, coome, coome!
Coome love-ly coome, coome, coome! Coome, lovely coome, coome, coome! Coome lovely coome!

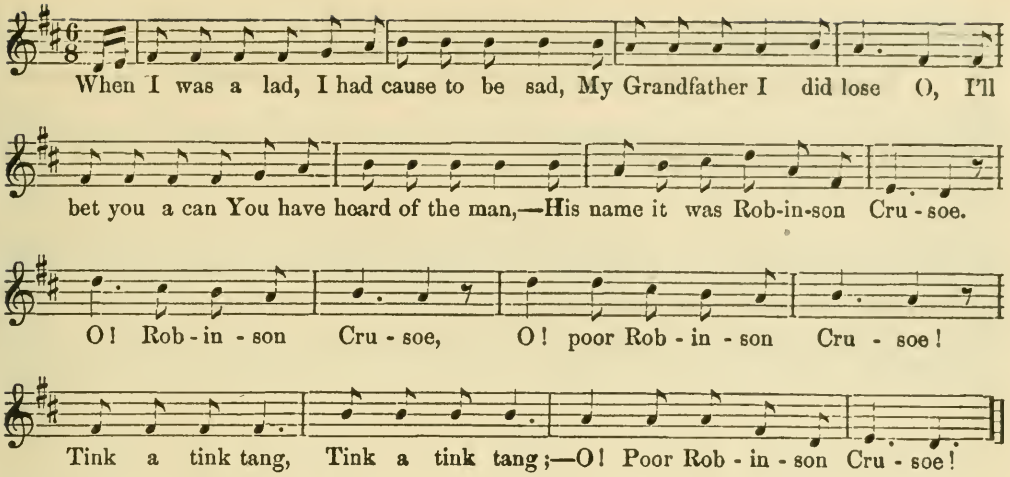
2 O, I can whistle, and I can sing,
So gooder as Jackey the piper can,
And I can shake so gooder a foot,
As ever Katy Schneider shook.—Cho.

3 Katy Schneider say she don't love me,
She loves Jack Spickerty better.
Spoken. Because he's got $2.50 (2½) more'n me.
Cho.

LOWLANDS.

Moderato.
1. A boy he had an au - ger That bored two holes at once; A
boy he had an au - ger, That bored two holes at once; And some were playing cards, And
some were throwing dice, The boy up - set the tea - kettle And drownded all the mice.
CHORUS.
As we sailed a - long the low - lands, low - lands, low - lands, As we
buried him in the low - lands, low - lands, low - lands, And we
FINE.
sailed a - long the lowlands low. And we
buried him in the lowlands low.

2. Oh Pompey was the greatest man
That ever yet was born,
And Pompey was the greatest man
That ever yet was born;
For he could play the banjo,
And on the tambourine,
At rattling of the bones he was
The greatest ever seen.

Chorus.—As we sailed, etc.


When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad, My Grandfather I did lose O, I'll
bet you a can You have heard of the man,—His name it was Rob-in-son Cru - soe.
O! Rob - in - son Cru - soe, O! poor Rob - in - son Cru - soe!
Tink a tink tang, Tink a tink tang;—O! Poor Rob - in - son Cru - soe!

2 Perhaps you have read in a book,
Of a voyage that he took,
And how the raging whirlwind blew, so,
That the ship with a shock
Drove plump on a rock,
Near drowning poor Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tink tang, &c.

3 Poor soul! none but he
Remain'd on the sea;
Ah! fate, fate, how could you do so?
Till ashore he was thrown,
On an island unknown:
O! poor Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tink tang, &c.

4 He wanted something to eat,
And sought for some meat,
But the cattle away from him flew so!
That, but for his gun,
He'd been surely undone:
O! my poor Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tink tang, &c.

5 But he sav'd from aboard
An old gun and a sword,
And another odd matter or two, so,
That, by dint of his thrift
He manag'd to shift:
Well done, Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tink tang, &c.

6 And he happened to save,
From the merciless wave,
A poor parrot. I assure you tis true, so.
That when he'd come home,
From a wearisome roam,
She'd cry out, Poor Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tink tang, &c.

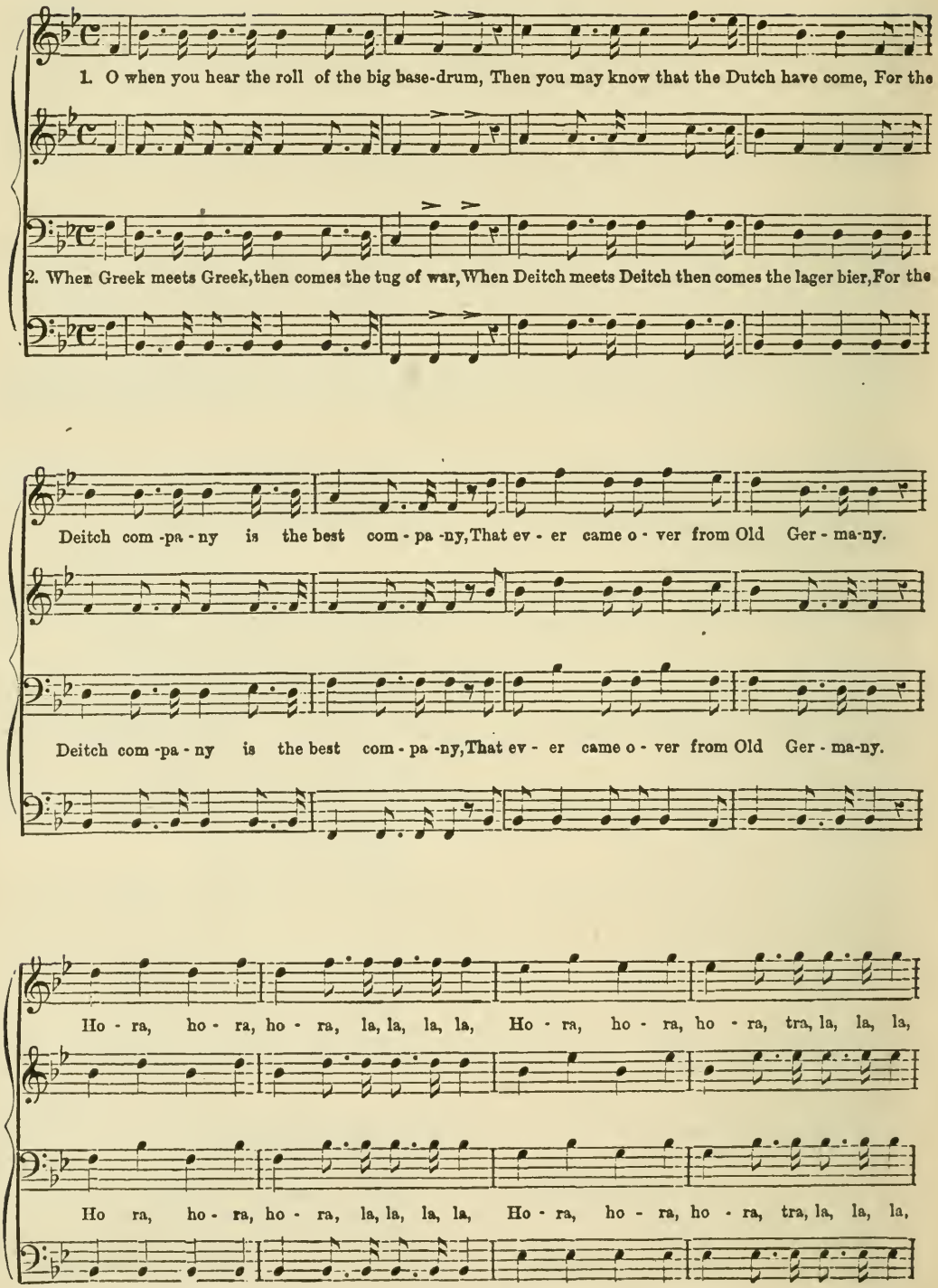
7 He got all the wood
That ever he could,
And stuck it together with glue, so,
That he made him a hut,
In which he might put
The carcase of Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tink tang, &c.

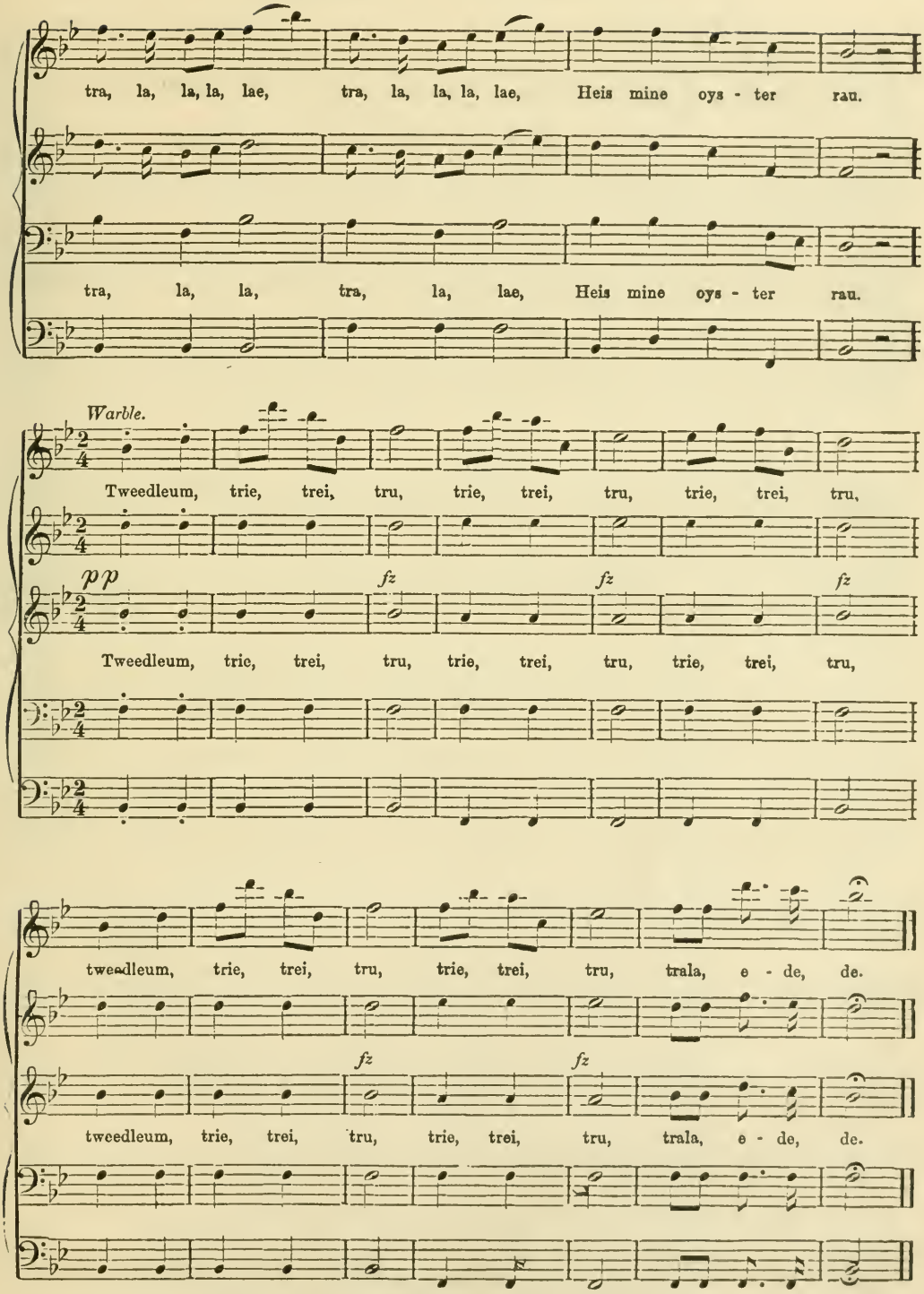
8 He us'd to wear an old cap,
And a coat with long flap,
With a beard as long as a Jew, so,
That by all that is civil,
He look'd like a devil,
More than like Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tink tang, &c.

9 And then his man Friday,
Kept the house neat and tidy,—
To be sure 'twas his buisness to do so;
They liv'd friendly together,—
Less like servant than neighbor,
Liv'd Friday and Robinson Crusoe.
Tink a tink tang, &c.

10 At last an English sail
Came near within hail,—
O! then he took to his little canoe, so,
That on reaching the ship,
The captain gave him a trip—
Back to the country of Robinson Crusoe.
Tink tink a tang, &c.

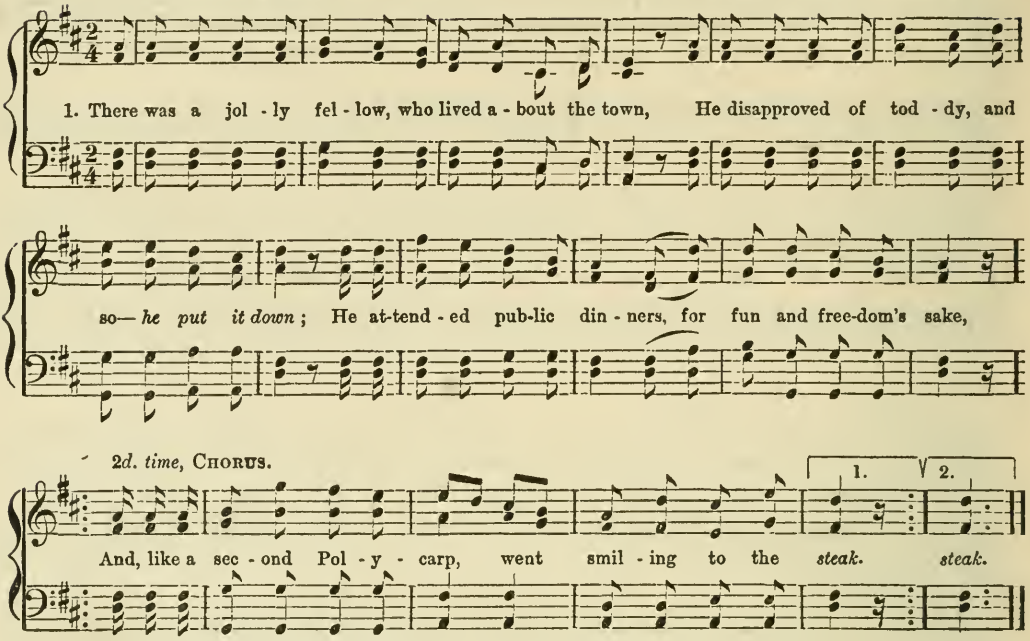
THE DUTCH COMPANY. Warble.


1. O when you hear the roll of the big base-drum, Then you may know that the Dutch have come, For the
2. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, When Deitch meets Deitch then comes the lager bier, For the
Deitch com-pa-ny is the best com-pa-ny, That ev-er came o-ver from Old Ger-ma-ny.
Deitch com-pa-ny is the best com-pa-ny, That ev-er came o-ver from Old Ger-ma-ny.
Ho-ra, ho-ra, ho-ra, la, la, la, la, Ho-ra, ho-ra, ho-ra, tra, la, la, la,
Ho ra, ho-ra, ho-ra, la, la, la, la, Ho-ra, ho-ra, ho-ra, tra, la, la, la,


tra, la, la, la, lae, tra, la, la, la, lae, Heis mine oys - ter rau.
tra, la, la, tra, la, lae, Heis mine oys - ter rau.
Warble.
Tweedleum, trie, trei, tru, trie, trei, tru, trie, trei, tru,
pp
fz
fz
fz
Tweedleum, trie, trei, tru, trie, trei, tru, trie, trei, tru,
tweedleum, trie, trei, tru, trie, trei, tru, trala, e - de, de.
fz
fz
tweedleum, trie, trei, tru, trie, trei, tru, trala, e - de, de.

THE JOLLY FELLOW.

WORDS BY POUGHKEEPSIE. MUSIC BY CARL LANGLOTZ.


1. There was a jol - ly fel - low, who lived a - bout the town, He disapproved of tod - dy, and
so— *he put it down*; He at-tend - ed pub-lic din - ners, for fun and free-dom's sake,
2*d. time*, CHORUS.
1.
2.
And, like a sec - ond Pol - y - carp, went smil - ing to the *steak.* *steak.*

2 His vests were irreproachable, his trowsers of the kind
Adown whose steep declivities hound rushes after hind;
They were a speaking pattern, all the tailors would agree,
But, O, alas! they were too *tight* to speak coherently.

3 Up half a dozen pair of stairs our hero went to bed,
With nothing but the angels and the rafters o'er his head;
And so, although he loved to be where brandy vapor curled,
There never was a man who lived so much above the world.

4 No boards of all the roof were known a meeting e'er to hold,
And so the room was nothing but a trap for catching cold;
There was a door—the carpenter had left the lock behind;
It must have slipt him, as he had no "Locke upon the Mind."

5 Well plastered were the rooms below, though that's another story,
But now our hero's fate was sealed, and not his dormitory;
When midnight played upon his bones, airs far from operatic,
What wonder that an attic room should make a man roomattic.

6 No dome was there, no window stained with Peter and the keys,
But every winter brought a vast redundancy of *freeze;*
Each empty sash groaned dolefully, as if it felt the *pain,*
By some unearthly grammarye a-coming back again.

7 Our hero's uncle used to dye, to keep himself alive,
His shop is down on Nassau street, at No. 45;
But when, as every *dier* must, he found his colors fail,
Before he kicked the bucket, he turned a *little pale.*

8 He called his nephew to his side, and with a mournful mien,
Said, "I feel blue to leave you, you mus'nt think it green;
I've not gained much by dying, but I leave you all my pelf,
It may assist you, if you ever want to dye yourself."

9 His spirit fled and left the youth to woe and Byron collars,
As dolorous as any man who cannot count his dollars;
But, "Oh!" said he, "let others dye, the're fools enough I trow,
But though the colors may be *fast*, the trade is very *slow*."

10 "I'll cut the man who cuts my hair, and then the thing is plain,
That I shall be, beyond a doubt, a lion *in the mane;*
I'll buy myself a team of bays as early as I can,
For I've often heard my uncle say that life is but a *span*."

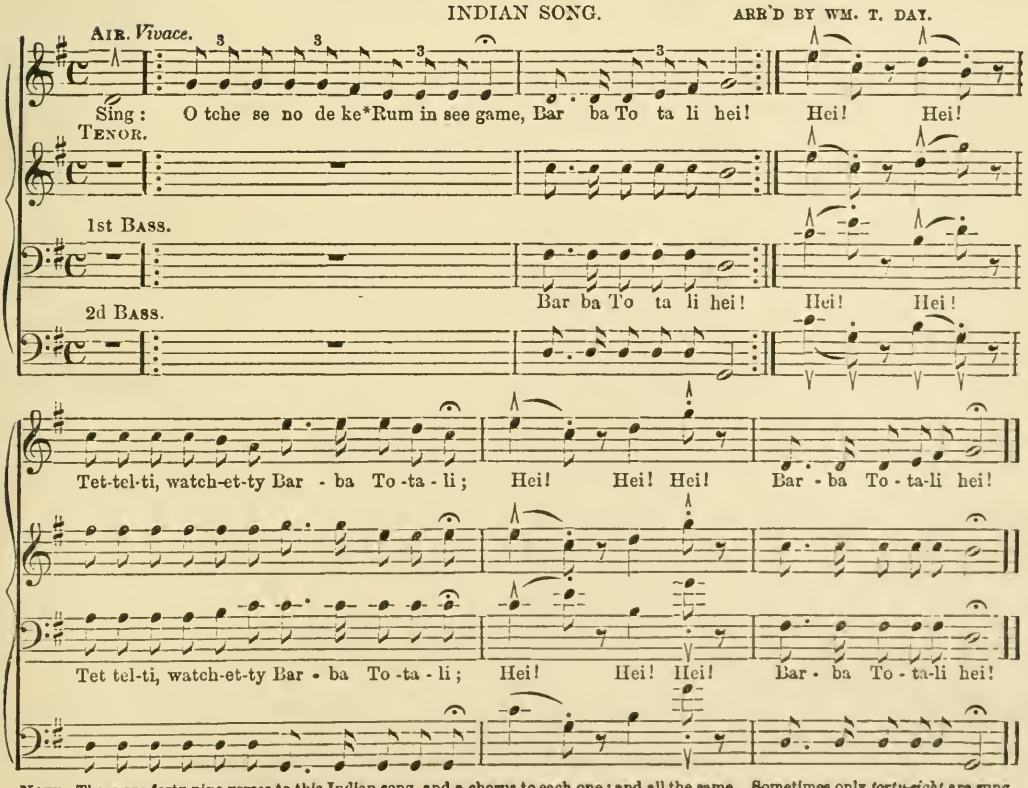
11 And many who had been his uncle's customers of yore,
Thought perchance the youth was not behind what *he* had been before;
Daily stopped his gay barouche, to promise patronage enough,
And thought their fancy fabricated, when he muttered "stuff!"

12 His dandy friends grew fewer, and, alas! he found between
Their *leaving* and their *falling off*, no summer intervene;
His heart was broken, and at last this fanciest of blades,
Who used to flare in scarlet vests, preferred the *darker shades*.

13 One morning from a frowning cliff he jumped into the sea,
Crying "Oh! thou mighty dying vat, behold I come to thee;"
You think him green, and as to that I really cannot tell,
But if he is, it is the kind they call invisible.

14 But oh! how vain to try to change the color of his days,
For he could not conceal himself behind his screen of *bays;*
No yarn, of all that he might spin, could hide his uncle's line,
For that worthy was not one of those who dye and give no sign.

"O TCHE SE NO DE KE."


INDIAN SONG.
ARR'D BY WM. T. DAY.
AIR. Vivace.
Sing: O tche se no de ke*Rum in see game, Bar ba To ta li hei! Hei! Hei!
TENOR.
1st BASS.
Bar ba To ta li hei! Hei! Hei!
2d BASS.
Tet-tel-ti, watch-et-ty Bar - ba To-ta - li; Hei! Hei! Hei! Bar - ba To - ta-li hei!
Tet tel-ti, watch-et-ty Bar - ba To-ta - li; Hei! Hei! Hei! Bar - ba To - ta-li hei!

NOTE. There are forty-nine verses to this Indian song, and a chorus to each one; and all the same. Sometimes only *forty-eight* are sung.
* The "e" is pronounced like u in but.

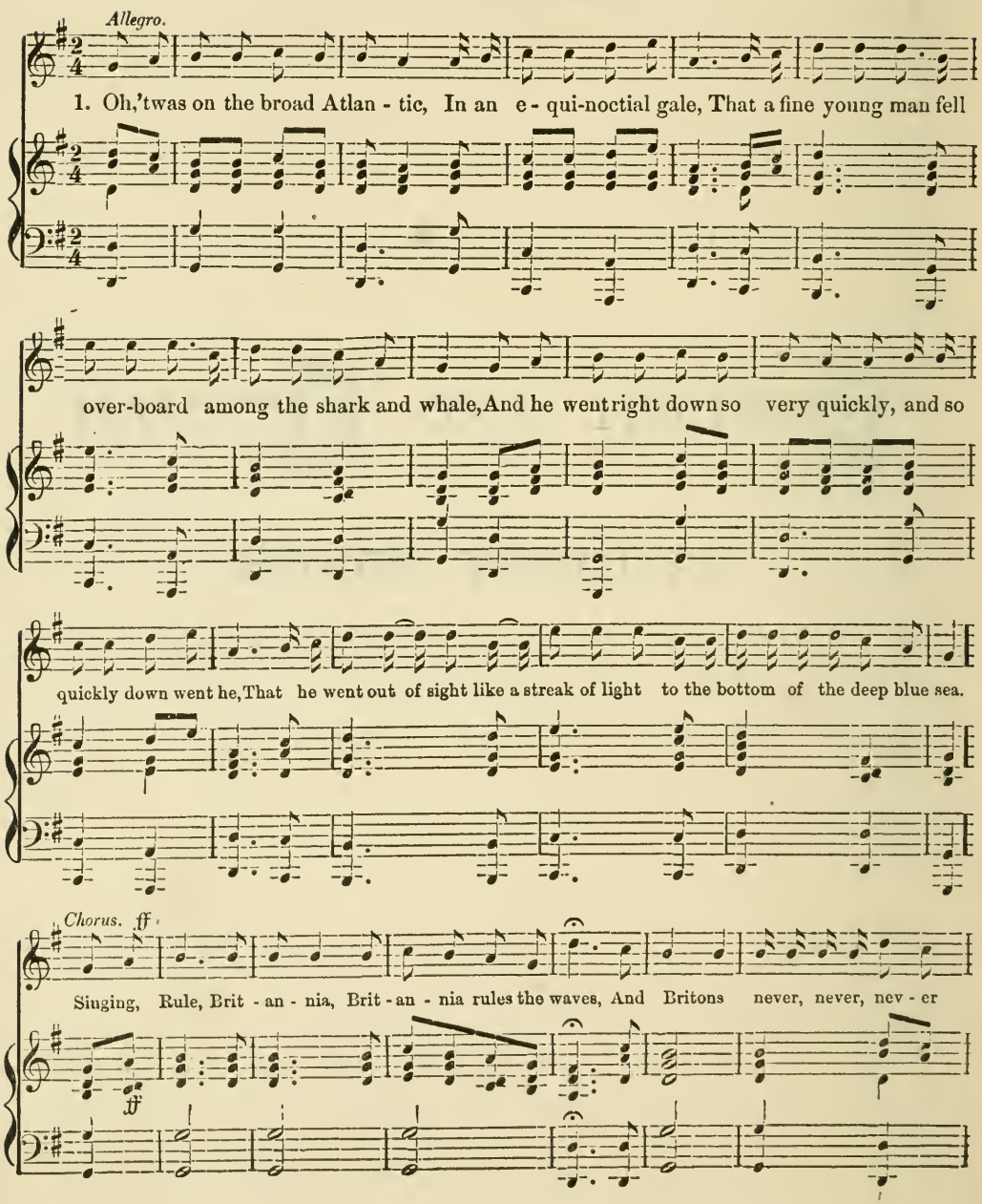
ENGLISH AND GERMAN

STUDENT SONGS.

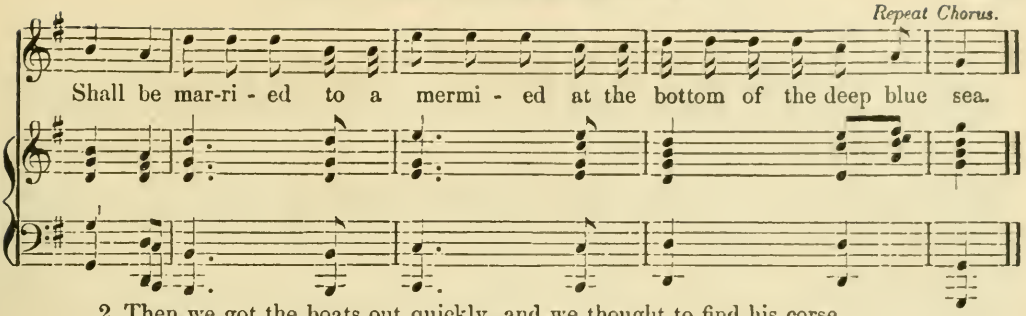
ENGLISH AND GERMAN.

STUDENT SONGS.

RULE BRITANNIA.


Allegro.
1. Oh,'twas on the broad Atlan - tic, In an e - qui-noctial gale, That a fine young man fell
over-board among the shark and whale,And he went right down so very quickly, and so
quickly down went he,That he went out of sight like a streak of light to the bottom of the deep blue sea.
Chorus. ff
Singing, Rule, Brit - an - nia, Brit - an - nia rules the waves, And Britons never, never, nev - er
ff

Repeat Chorus.



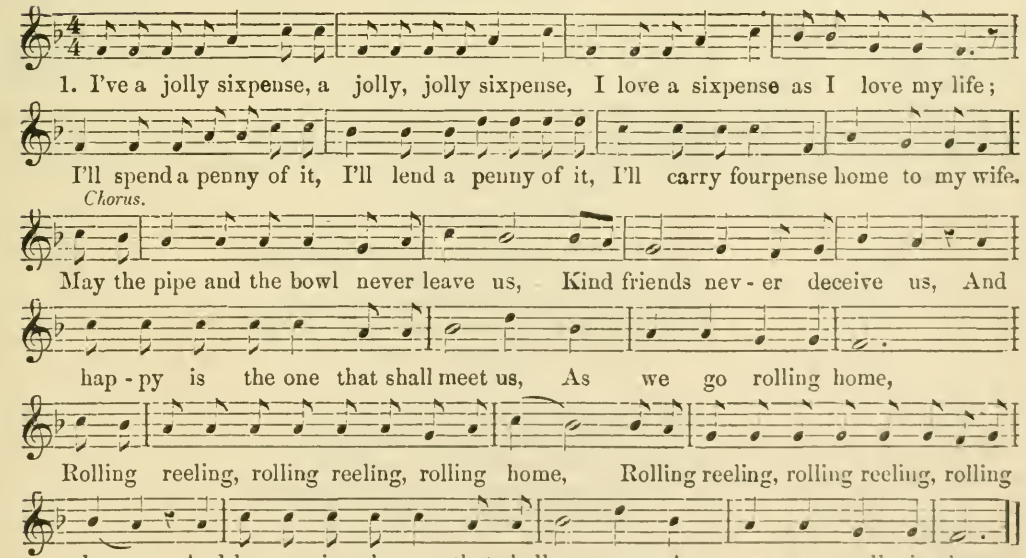
2 Then we got the boats out quickly, and we thought to find his corse,
When he came to the top with a bag in his hand, a hoarse sepulchral voice;
"Oh my comrades and my messmates all, Oh don't you weep for me,
For I'm marri-ed to a mermi-ed at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

3 "In my chest you'll find my twelve-months' pay, wrapped round with a lock of hair,
You may take it and carry it to my dear wife with care;
You may take to my grandmother my *carte-de-visite*, Saying "don't you weep for me,
For I'm marri-ed to a mermi-ed at the bottom of the deep blue sea."

4 The anchor was weighed and the sails unfurled, and the ship was running free,
When we went up to our cap-i-taine and this we told to he;
Then the captain he came to the old ship's side and out loud bellowed he,
Be as happy as you can, with your wife my man at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

I'VE A JOLLY SIXPENCE.

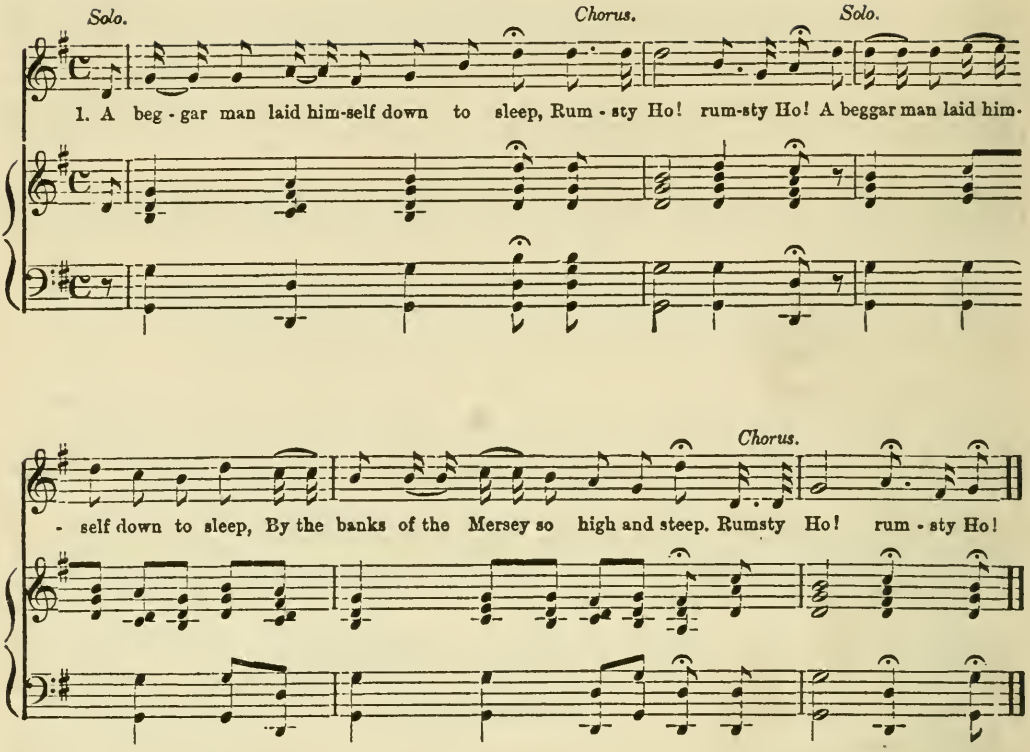
OR, ROLLING HOME.


1. I've a jolly sixpense, a jolly, jolly sixpense, I love a sixpense as I love my life;
I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it, I'll carry fourpense home to my wife.
Chorus.
May the pipe and the bowl never leave us, Kind friends nev-er deceive us, And
hap-py is the one that shall meet us, As we go rolling home,
Rolling reeling, rolling reeling, rolling home, Rolling reeling, rolling reeling, rolling
home, And happy is the one that shall meet us, As we go roll-ing home.

2 I've a jolly fippence, a jolly, jolly fippence,
I love a fippence as I love my life;
I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it,
I'll carry threepence home to my wife. Cho.

3 I've a jolly fourpence, a jolly, jolly fourpence,
I love a fourpence as I love my life;
I'll spend a penny of it, I'll lend a penny of it,
I'll carry twopence home to my wife. Cho.

RUMSTY HO!


Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
1. A beg - gar man laid him-self down to sleep, Rum - sty Ho! rum-sty Ho! A beggar man laid him-
Chorus.
- self down to sleep, By the banks of the Mersey so high and steep. Rumsty Ho! rum - sty Ho!

2

Solo. Two thieves came walking by that way,
Cho. Rumsty Ho! rumsty Ho;
Solo. Two thieves came walking by that way,
And they came to the place where the beggar man lay.
Cho. Rumsty Ho, rumsty Ho;

3

They stole his wallet and they stole his staff,
Rumsty Ho, rumsty Ho;
They stole his wallet and they stole his staff,
And then broke out in a great hoarse laugh.
Rumsty Ho, rumsty Ho;

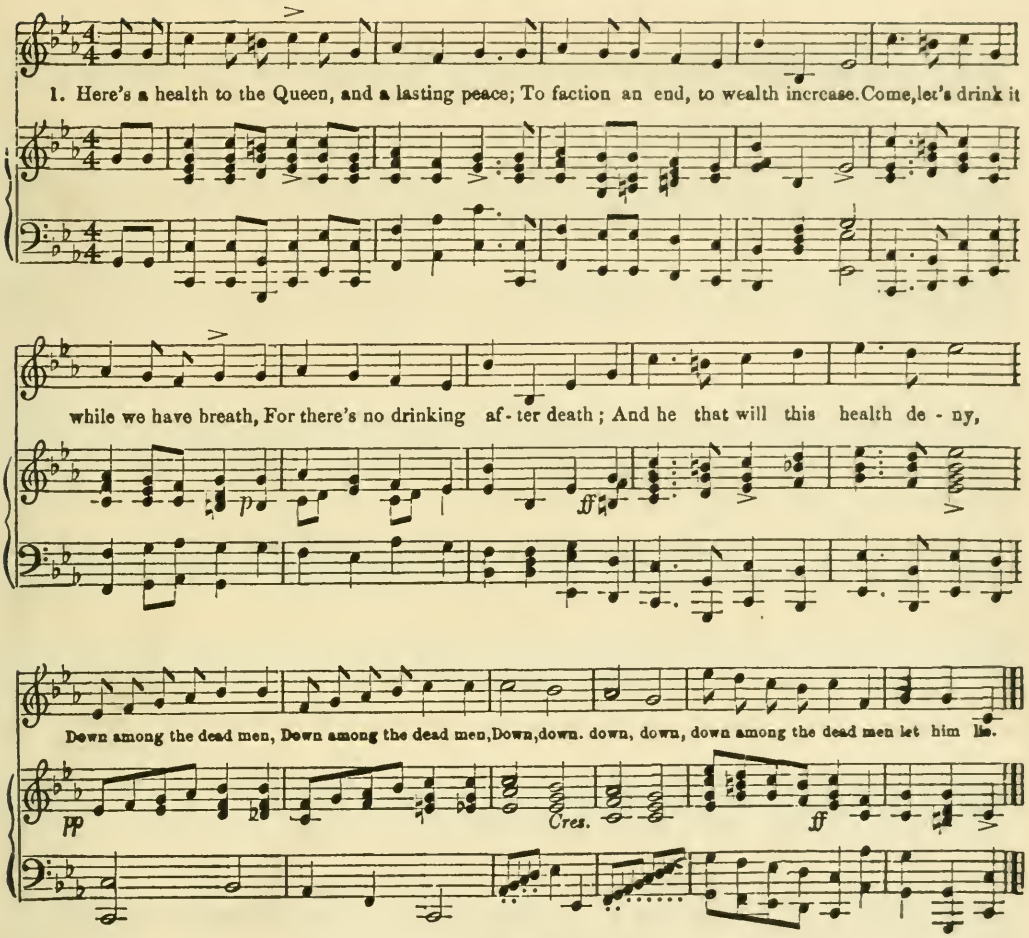
4

As I was going down Newgate stairs,
Rumsty Ho, rumsty Ho;
As I was going down Newgate stairs,
I saw those two thieves saying their prayers.
Rumsty Ho, rumsty ho;

5

As I was going up Tyburn hill,
Rumsty Ho, rumsty Ho;
As I was going up Tyburn Hill,
I saw those two thieves hanging there still.
Rumsty Ho, rumsty Ho!

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

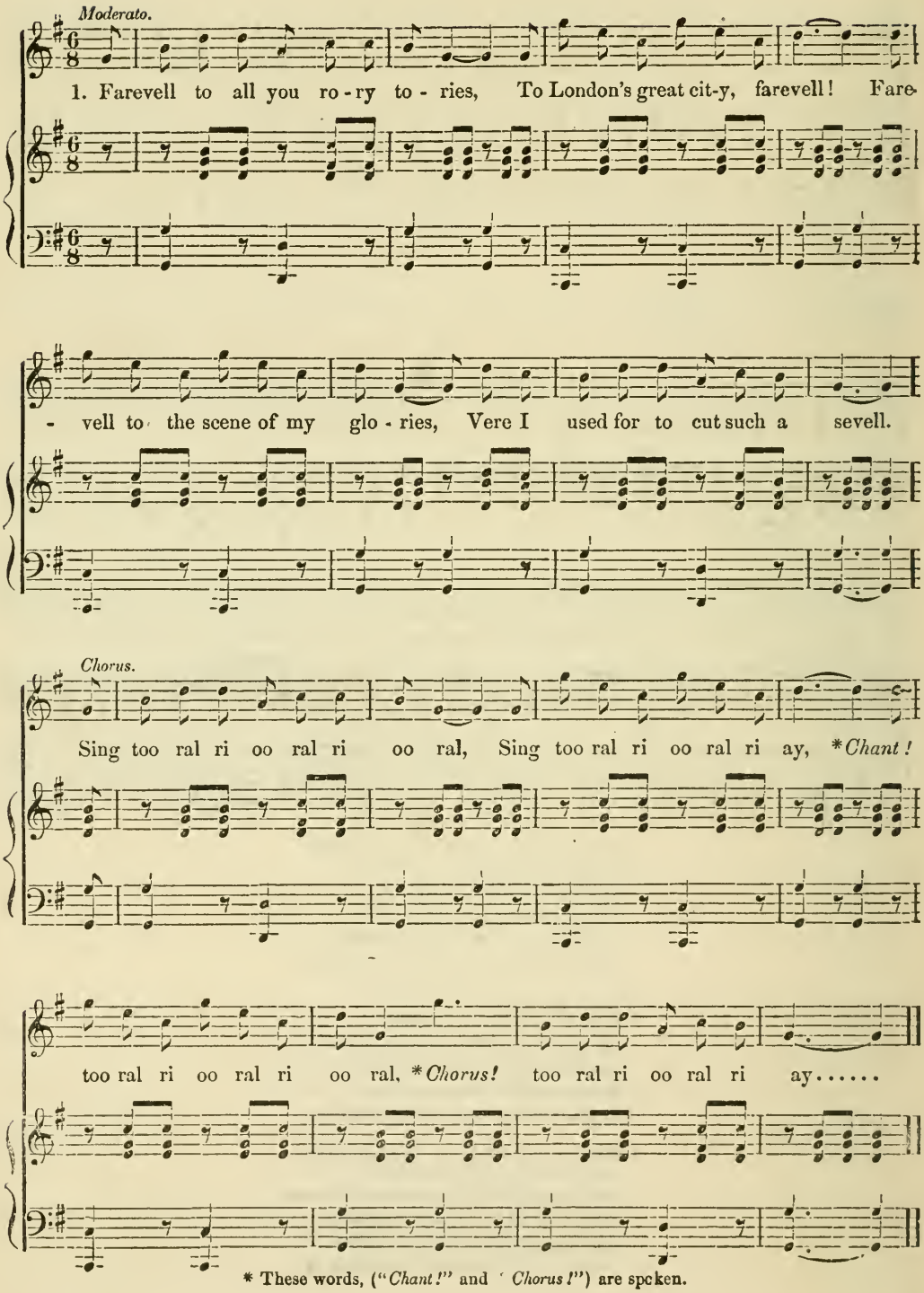

1. Here's a health to the Queen, and a lasting peace; To faction an end, to wealth increase. Come, let's drink it
while we have breath, For there's no drinking af - ter death; And he that will this health de - ny,
Down among the dead men, Down among the dead men, Down, down. down, down, down among the dead men let him lie.
Cres.

2 Let charming beauties' health go 'round,
In whom celestial joys are found;
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless woman hating crew;
And they that woman's health deny,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

3 In smiling Bacchus' joy I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health still briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to love;
And he that will his health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

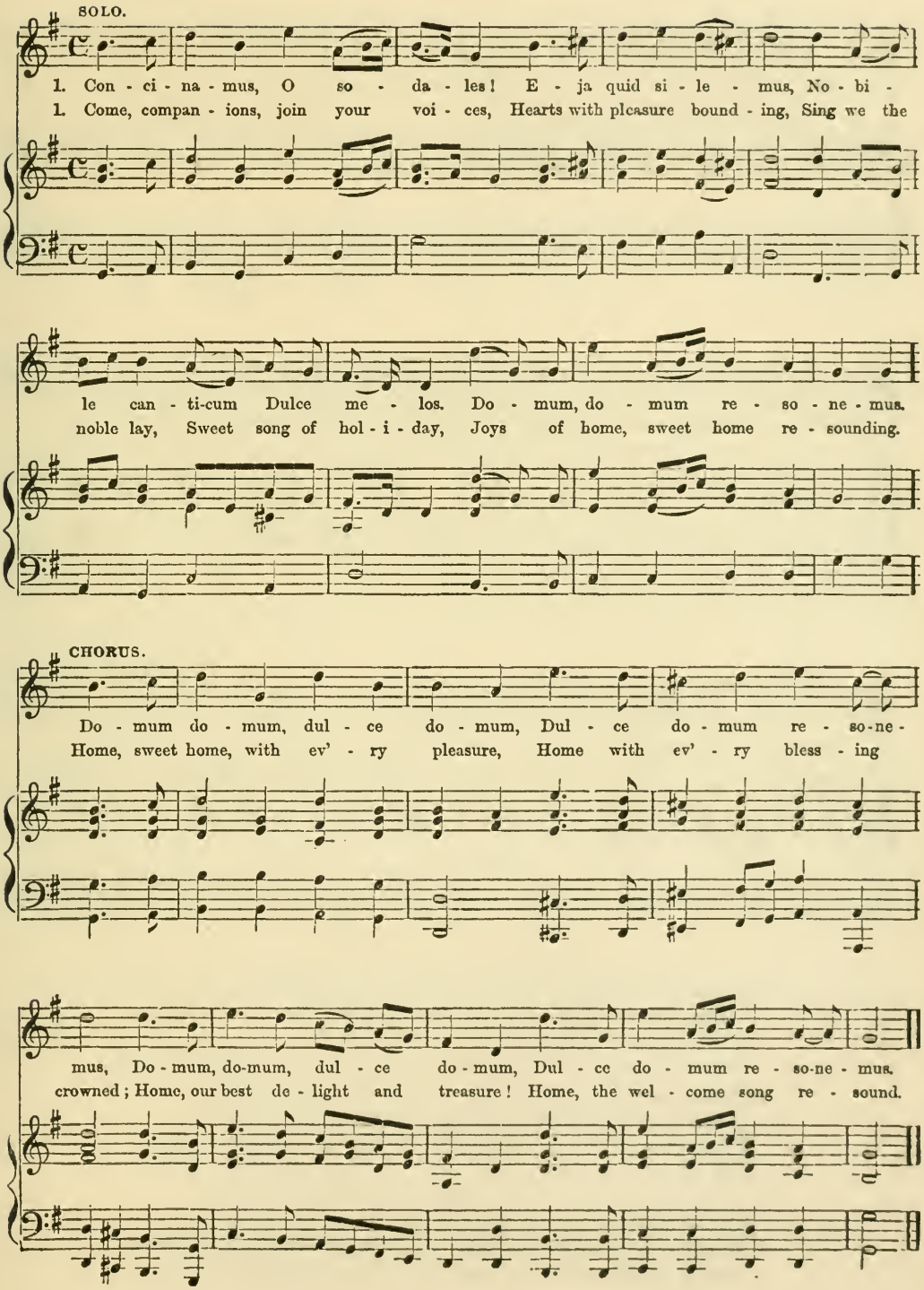
4 May love and wine their rights maintain,
And their united pleasures reign;
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie

FAREVELL TO ALL YOU RORY TORIES.

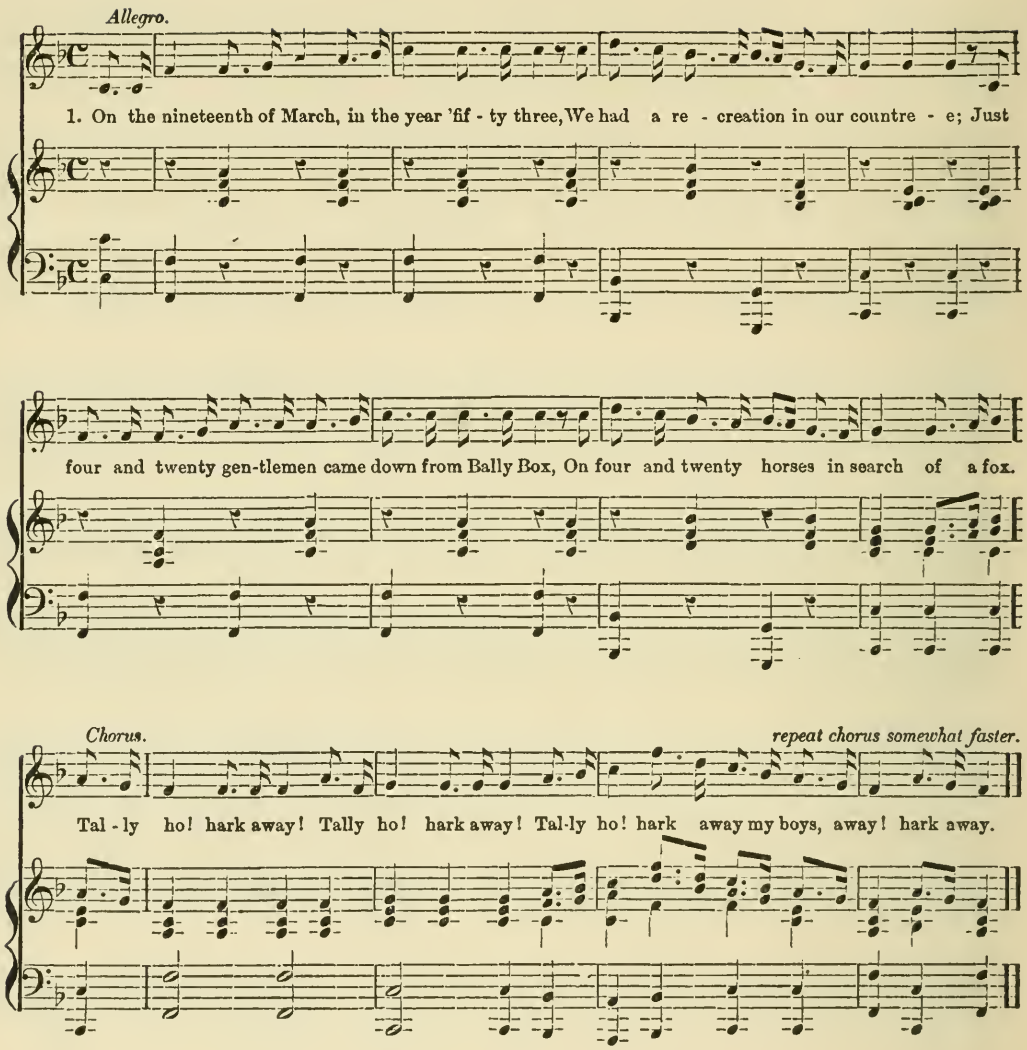

Moderato.
1. Farevell to all you ro - ry to - ries, To London's great cit-y, farevell! Fare-
- vell to the scene of my glo - ries, Vere I used for to cut such a sevell.
Chorus.
Sing too ral ri oo ral ri oo ral, Sing too ral ri oo ral ri ay, *Chant!
too ral ri oo ral ri oo ral, *Chorus! too ral ri oo ral ri ay.....

* These words, ("*Chant!*" and "*Chorus!*") are spoken.

DULCE DOMUM.


SOLO.
1. Con - ci - na - mus, O so - da - les! E - ja quid si - le - mus, No - bi -
1. Come, compan - ions, join your voi - ces, Hearts with pleasure bound - ing, Sing we the
le can - ti-cum Dulce me - los. Do - mum, do - mum re - so - ne - mus.
noble lay, Sweet song of hol - i - day, Joys of home, sweet home re - sounding.
CHORUS.
Do - mum do - mum, dul - ce do - mum, Dul - ce do - mum re - so-ne -
Home, sweet home, with ev' - ry pleasure, Home with ev' - ry bless - ing
mus, Do - mum, do-mum, dul - ce do - mum, Dul - ce do - mum re - so-ne - mus.
crowned; Home, our best de - light and treasure! Home, the wel - come song re - sound.

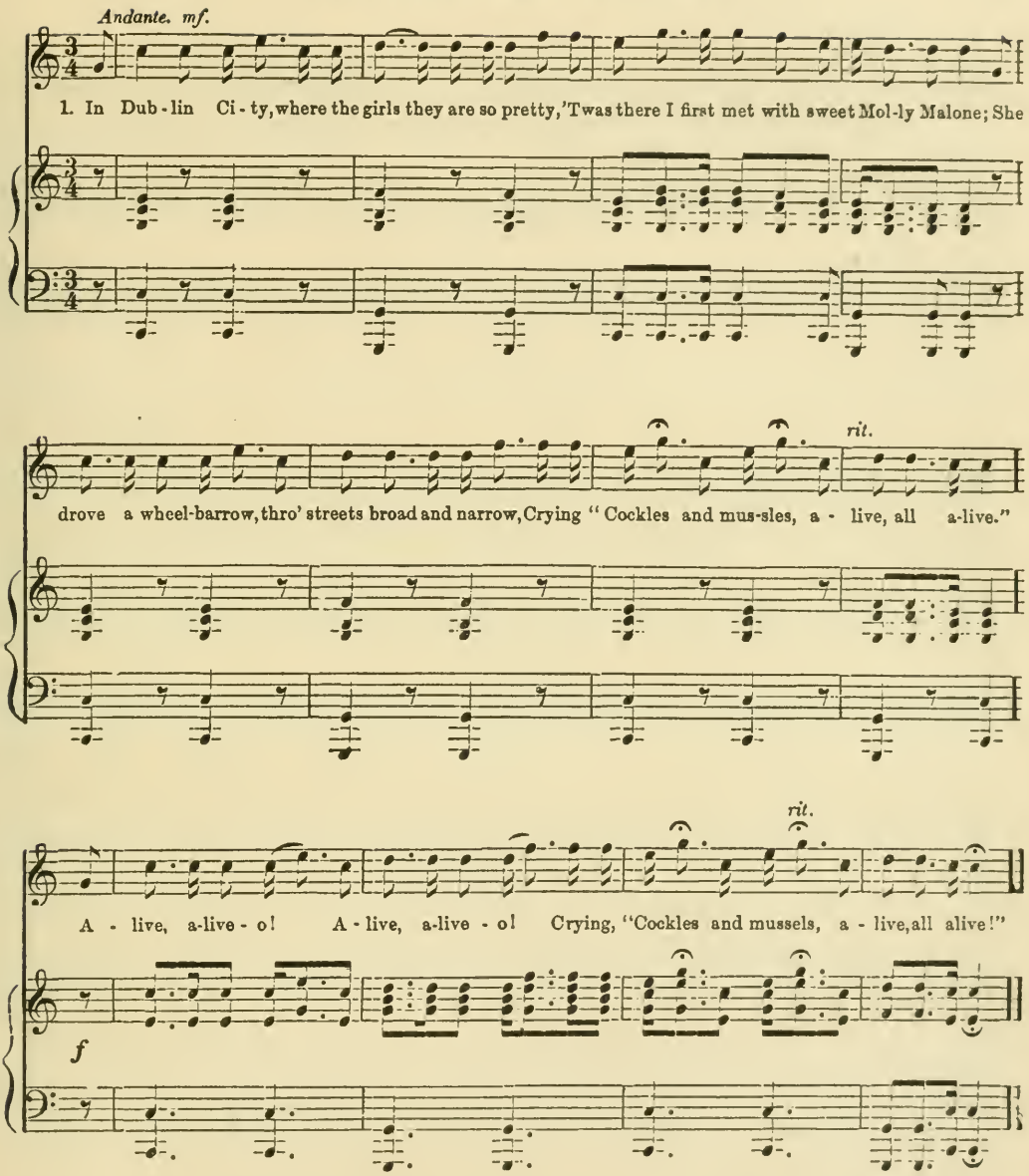
TALLY HO.


Allegro.
1. On the nineteenth of March, in the year 'fif - ty three, We had a re - creation in our countre - e; Just
four and twenty gen-tlemen came down from Bally Box, On four and twenty horses in search of a fox.
Chorus.
repeat chorus somewhat faster.
Tal - ly ho! hark away! Tally ho! hark away! Tal-ly ho! hark away my boys, away! hark away.

2 We met on Scraggy Mountain, at Barney Breklin's inn,
Where every man his whiskey took, which shivered in his skin;
At six o'clock old Billy's horn resounded in our ears,
And every man his saddle took 'mid four and twenty cheers. CHO.

3 When Reynard was started, he made right for the hollow,
Where none but the huntsmen and blooded nags dare follow:
From six to twelve he led the pack 'mid hedge and ditch sublime,
But lost his way in Dolly's Brae for purely loss of time. CHO.

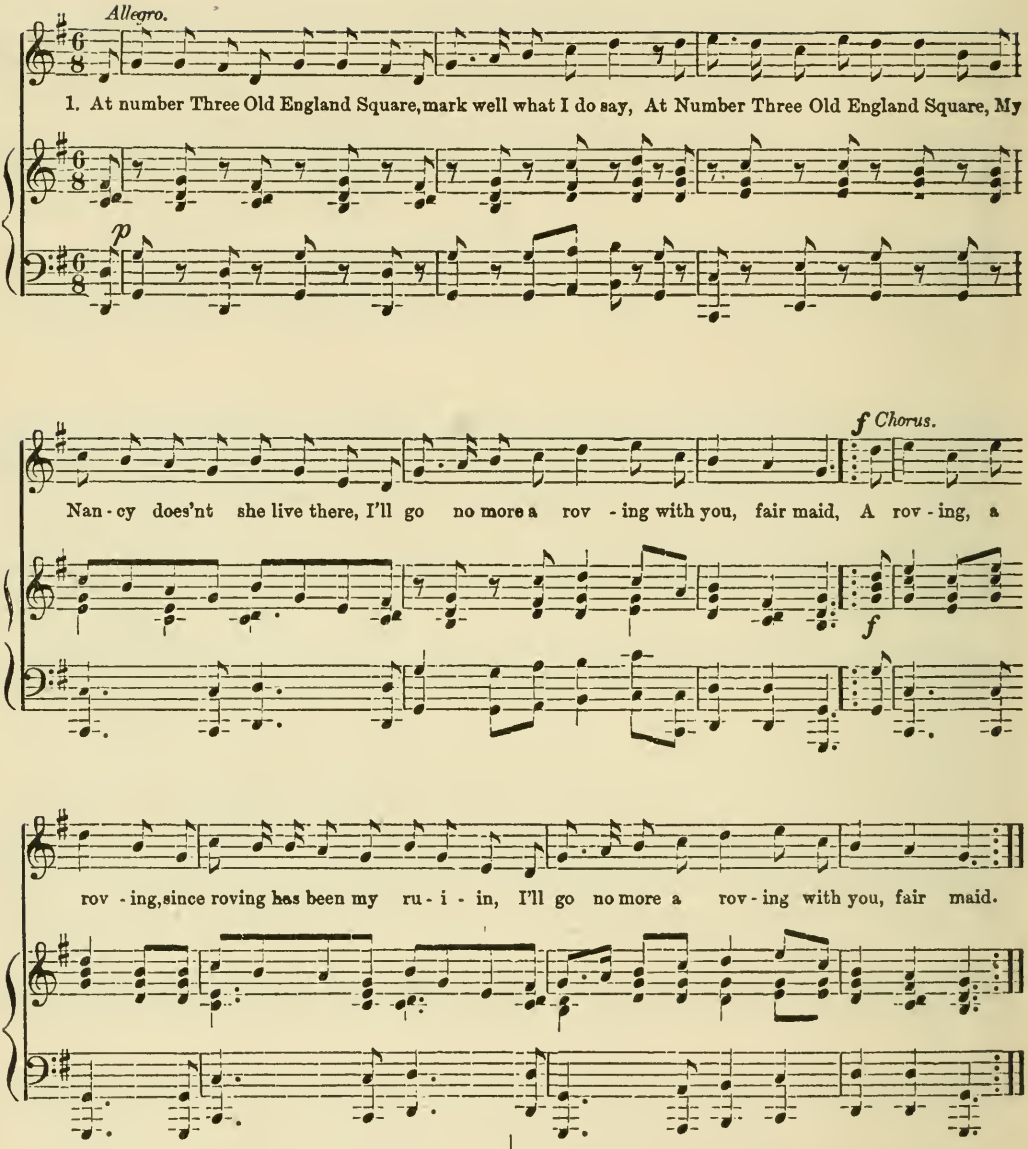
4 When Mr. Fox was caught at last, he laid him down to die,
And while the dogs were kept at bay, he muttered with a sigh,
To him that cleared that five-barred gate and first dismounted here,
I leave my tail and coat of mail for four and twenty year. CHO.


Andante. mf.
1. In Dub-lin Ci-ty, where the girls they are so pretty, 'Twas there I first met with sweet Mol-ly Malone; She
rit.
drove a wheel-barrow, thro' streets broad and narrow, Crying "Cockles and mus-sles, a-live, all a-live."
rit.
A-live, a-live-o! A-live, a-live-o! Crying, "Cockles and mussels, a-live, all alive!"
f

2 She was a fishmonger, and that was the wonder,
Her father and mother were fishmongers too;
They drove wheel-barrows, through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and Mussels, alive, all alive."—CHO.

3 She died of the faver, and nothing could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;
But her ghost drives a barrow, through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, all alive."

A ROVING.


Allegro.
1. At number Three Old England Square, mark well what I do say, At Number Three Old England Square, My
p
f Chorus.
Nan - cy does'nt she live there, I'll go no more a rov - ing with you, fair maid, A rov - ing, a
f
rov - ing, since roving has been my ru - i - in, I'll go no more a rov - ing with you, fair maid.

2 She was a girl a-passing fair,
Mark well what I do say,
She was a girl a-passing fair,
And had dark blue eyes and curly hair,
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid.

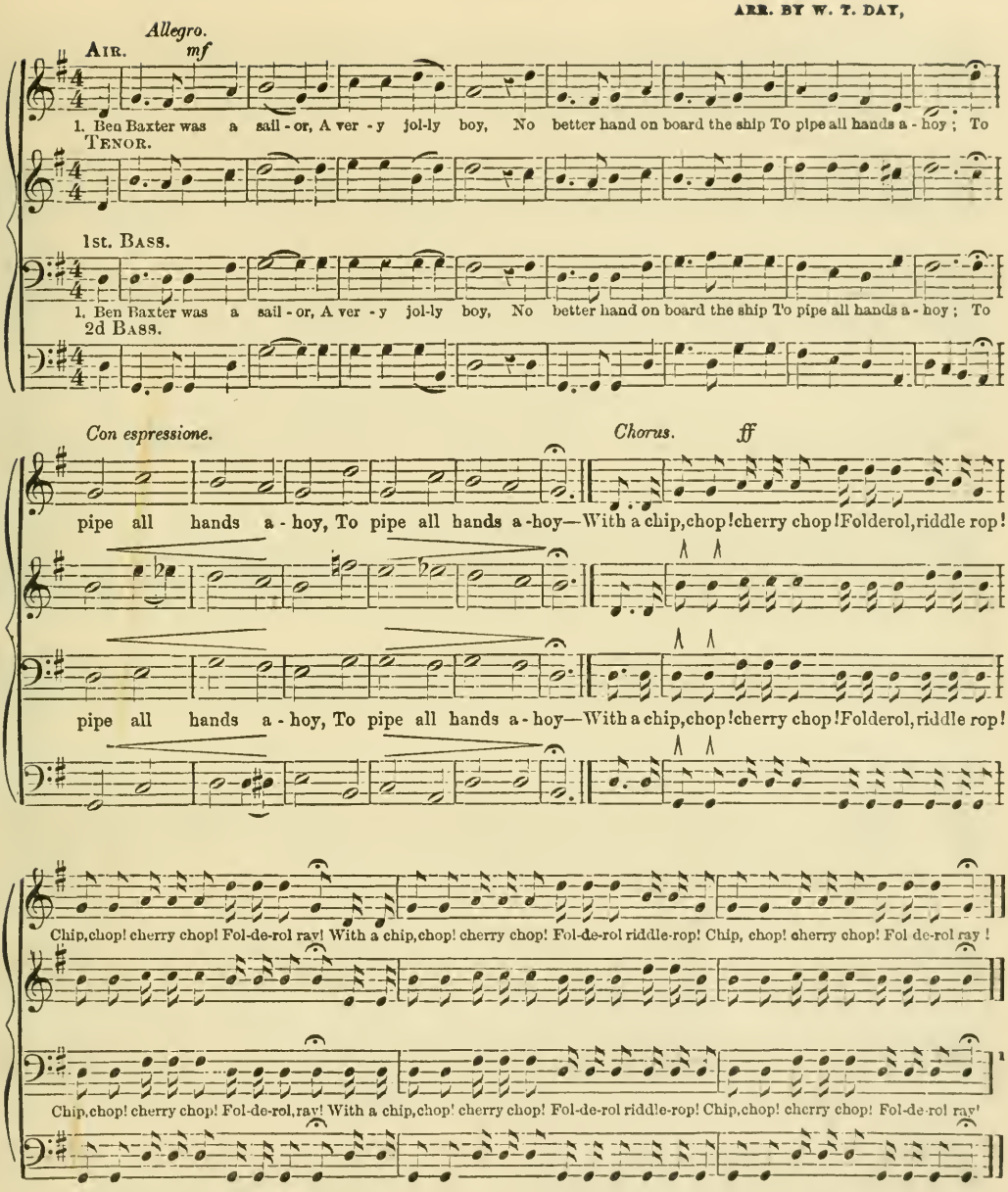
3 With love for her my heart did burn,
Mark well what I do say,
With love for her my heart did burn,
And I thought she loved me in return,
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

4 But when my money was gone and spent,
Mark well what I do say,
But when my money was gone and spent,
Then off on her ear away she went,
I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid

5 By this I have a lesson learnt,
Mark well what I do say,
By this I have a lesson learnt,
And I'll keep the money that I have earnt,
And go no more a-roving with any fair maid.

BEN BAXTER.

ARR. BY W. T. DAY.

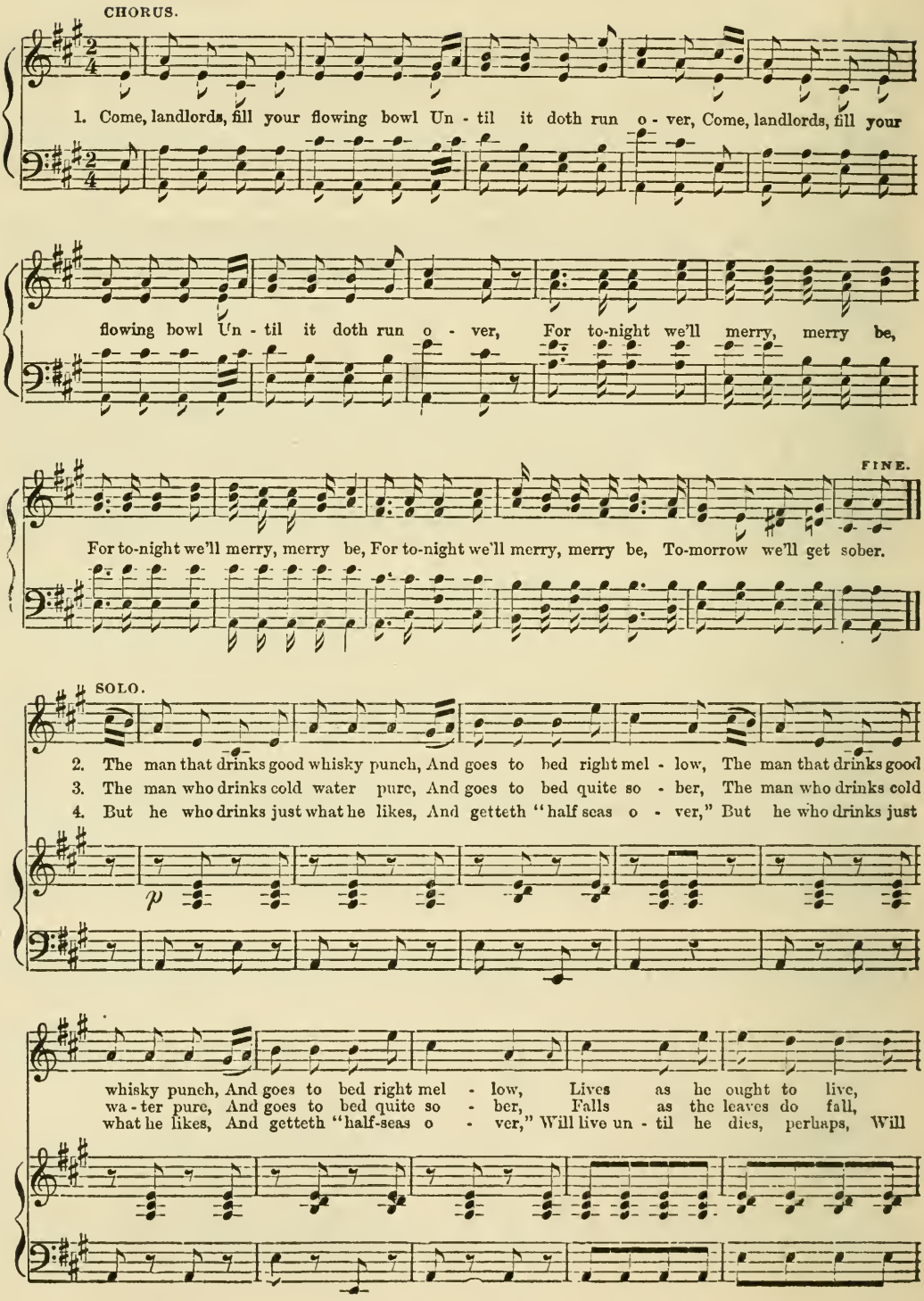
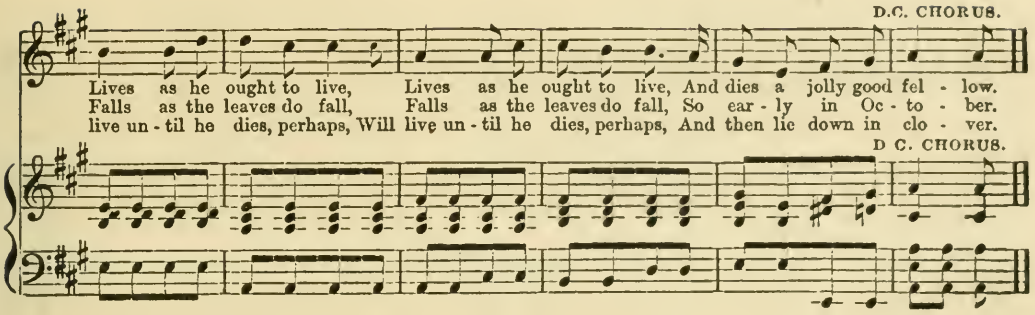

Allegro.
Air.
mf
1. Ben Baxter was a sail - or, A ver - y jol-ly boy, No better hand on board the ship To pipe all hands a - hoy; To
Tenor.
1st. Bass.
1. Ben Baxter was a sail - or, A ver - y jol-ly boy, No better hand on board the ship To pipe all hands a - hoy; To
2d Bass.
Con espressione.
Chorus.
ff
pipe all hands a - hoy, To pipe all hands a - hoy—With a chip, chop! cherry chop! Folderol, riddle rop!
pipe all hands a - hoy, To pipe all hands a - hoy—With a chip, chop! cherry chop! Folderol, riddle rop!
Chip, chop! cherry chop! Fol-de-rol ray! With a chip, chop! cherry chop! Fol-de-rol riddle-rop! Chip, chop! cherry chop! Fol de-rol ray!
Chip, chop! cherry chop! Fol-de-rol, ray! With a chip, chop! cherry chop! Fol-de-rol riddle-rop! Chip, chop! cherry chop! Fol-de-rol ray!

2 Now Baxtie he got tipsy,
Unto his heart's content;
And being "half seas over,"
Right over board he went,
Right over board he went,
Right over board he went.
CHO.—With a chip, chop! etc.

3 A shark lay off to lee-ward;—
Sharks feed on human dead;
And seeing Baxtie overboard,
He bit off Baxtie's head,
He bit off Baxtie's head,
He bit off Baxtie's head.
CHO.—With a chip, chop! etc.

4 They threw to him a hawser,
Perchance there might be hope;
But as the shark bit off his head,
He could not see the rope,
He could not see the rope,
He could not see the rope.
CHO.—With a chip, chop! etc

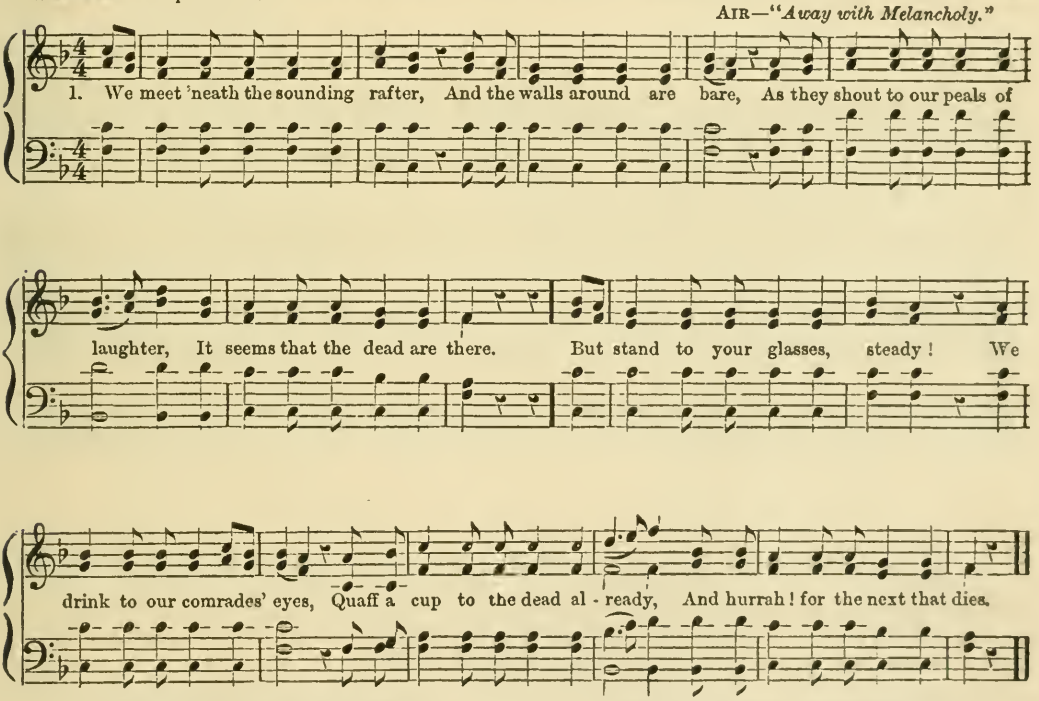
LANDLORD, FILL YOUR FLOWING BOWL.


CHORUS.
1. Come, landlords, fill your flowing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver, Come, landlords, fill your
flowing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver, For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
FINE.
For to-night we'll merry, merry be, For to-night we'll merry, merry be, To-morrow we'll get sober.
SOLO.
2. The man that drinks good whisky punch, And goes to bed right mel - low, The man that drinks good
3. The man who drinks cold water pure, And goes to bed quite so - ber, The man who drinks cold
4. But he who drinks just what he likes, And getteth "half seas o - ver," But he who drinks just
p
whisky punch, And goes to bed right mel - low, Lives as he ought to live,
wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite so - ber, Falls as the leaves do fall,
what he likes, And getteth "half-seas o - ver," Will live un - til he dies, perhaps, Will

D.C. CHORUS.
Lives as he ought to live, Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jolly good fel - low.
Falls as the leaves do fall, Falls as the leaves do fall, So ear - ly in Oc - to - ber.
live un - til he dies, perhaps, Will live un - til he dies, perhaps, And then lie down in clo - ver.
D C. CHORUS.

REVELRY OF THE DYING.

Composed by a British officer in India, at a time when the plague was hourly sweeping off his companions. He did not long survive his wonderful production.

AIR—"*Away with Melancholy.*"


1. We meet 'neath the sounding rafter, And the walls around are bare, As they shout to our peals of
laughter, It seems that the dead are there. But stand to your glasses, steady! We
drink to our comrades' eyes, Quaff a cup to the dead al - ready, And hurrah! for the next that dies.

2 Not a sigh for the lot that darkles;
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that respite buys;
One cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

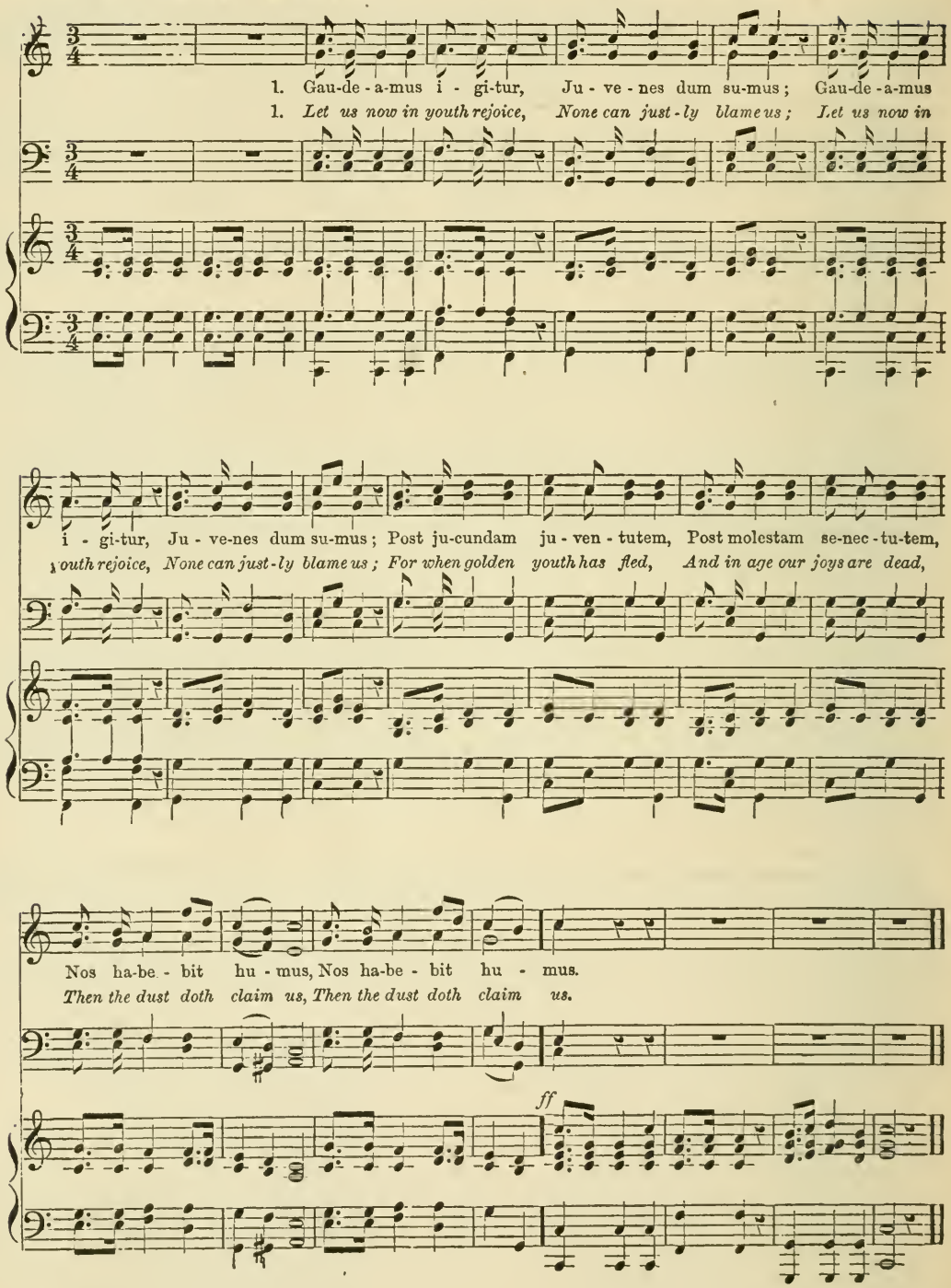
3 There's a mist on the glass congealing;
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of death.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

4 Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore?
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more.
Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
The world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

5 Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.
Stand! stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already,
And hurrah! for the next that dies.

GAUDEAMUS.

NOTE. This may also be sung as a Song, by omitting all the vocal parts but the upper one.


1. Gau-de-a-mus i-gi-tur, Ju-ve-nes dum su-mus; Gau-de-a-mus
1. Let us now in youth rejoice, None can just-ly blame us; Let us now in
i-gi-tur, Ju-ve-nes dum su-mus; Post ju-cundam ju-ven-tutem, Post molestam se-nec-tu-tem,
youth rejoice, None can just-ly blame us; For when golden youth has fled, And in age our joys are dead,
Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus, Nos ha-be-bit hu-mus.
Then the dust doth claim us, Then the dust doth claim us.
ff

2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vita nostra brevis est
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4 Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore.

5 Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ!
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ, amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ.

6 Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

7 Alma mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos, congregavit.

8 Vivat et republica
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

9 Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

"GAUDEAMUS," TRANSLATED.

2 Where have all our Fathers gone?
Here we'll see them never:
Seek the gods' serene abode—
Cross the dolorous Stygian flood—
There they dwell forever.

3 Brief is this our life on earth,
Brief—nor will it tarry—
Swiftly death runs to and fro,
All must feel his cruel blow,
None the dart can parry.

4 Raise we then the joyous shout,
Life to Alma Mater!
Life to each Professor here,
Life to all our comrades dear
May they leave us never.

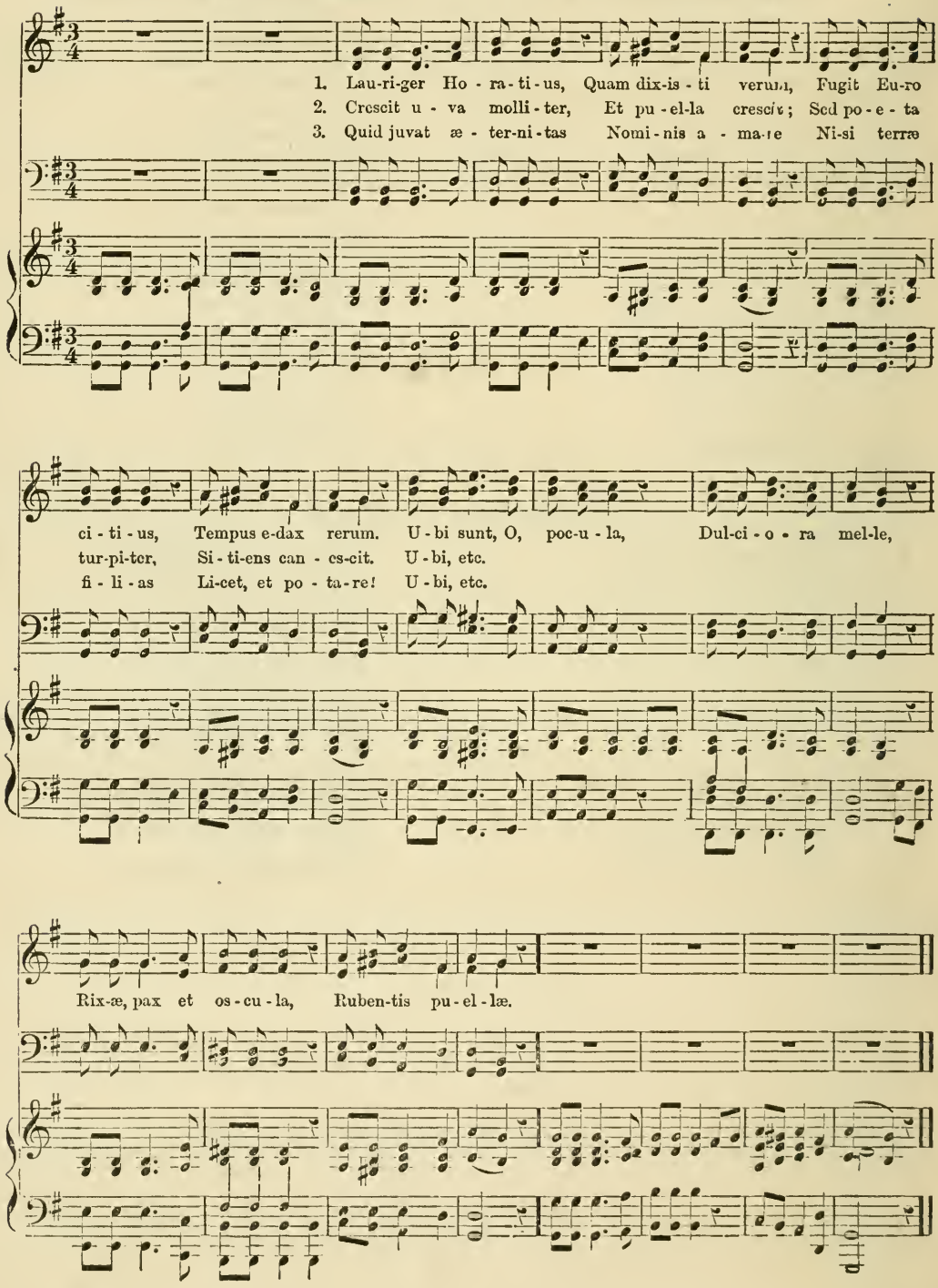
5 Life to all the maidens fair,
Maidens sweet and smiling;
Life to gentle matrons, too,
Ever kind and ever true,
All our cares beguiling.

6 May our land forever bloom
Under wise direction;
And this lovely classic ground
In munificence abound,
Yielding us protection.

7 Perish sadness, perish hate,
And ye scoffers, leave us!
Perish every shape of woe,
Devil and Philistine too
That would fain deceive us.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

NOTE. This may also be sung as a Song, by omitting all the vocal parts but the upper one.


1. Lau-ri-ger Ho - ra-ti-us, Quam dix-is - ti verum, Fugit Eu-ro
2. Crescit u - va molli - ter, Et pu - el-la crescit; Sed po - e - ta
3. Quid juvat æ - ter-ni-tas Nomi-nis a - ma-re Ni-si terræ
ci - ti - us, Tempus e-dax rerum. U - bi sunt, O, poc-u - la, Dul-ci - o - ra mel-le,
tur-pi-ter, Si - ti-ens can - es-cit. U - bi, etc.
fi - li - as Li-cet, et po - ta-re! U - bi, etc.
Rix-æ, pax et os-cu - la, Ruben-tis pu-el - læ.

"LAURIGER," TRANSLATED.

BY L. W. FITCH,

1 Poet of the laurel wreath,
Horace, true thy saying;
"Time outstrips the tempest's breath,
For no mortal staying."

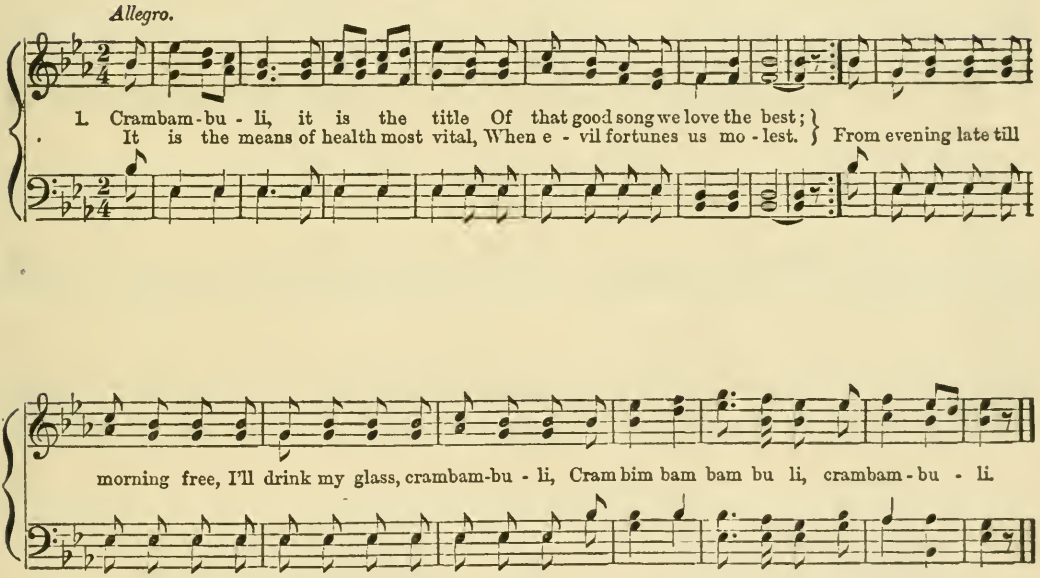
CHORUS.

Bring me cups that Bacchus crowns,
Cups our mirth attending;
Give me blushing maiden's frowns,
Frowns in kisses ending.

2 Sweetly grows the grape, the maid,
Each in beauty peerless;
But to me, bereft and sad,
Wintry age comes cheerless.
CHORUS —Bring me cups, etc.

3 Though enduring fame be mine,
This shall yield no pleasure;
Let me then, in love and wine
Find exhaustless treasure.
CHORUS.—Bring me cups, etc.

CRAMBAMBULI.


Allegro.
1. Crambam-bu - li, it is the title Of that good song we love the best;
It is the means of health most vital, When e - vil fortunes us mo - lest. From evening late till
morning free, I'll drink my glass, crambam-bu - li, Cram bim bam bam bu li, crambam - bu - li.

2 Were I into an inn ascended,
Most like some noble cavalier,
I'd leave the bread and roast untended,
And bid them bring the corkscrew here.
When blows the coachman tran tan te,
Then to my glass, crambambuli,
Cram bim bam, bam bu li, crambambuli.

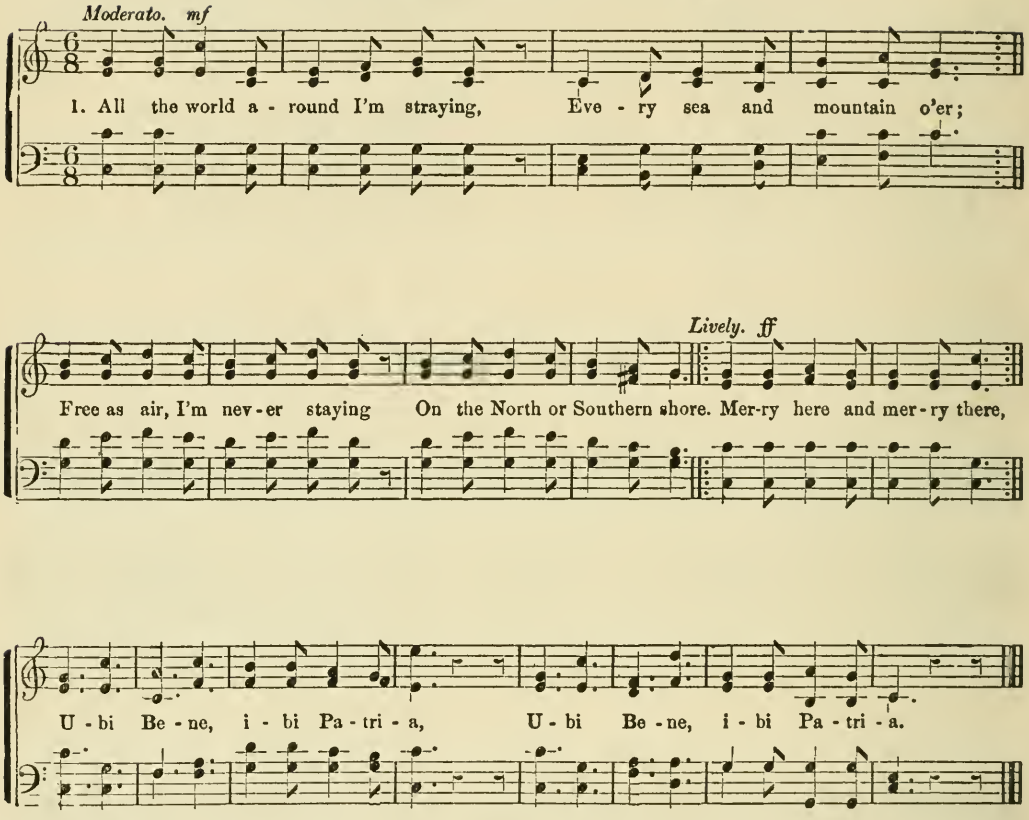
3 Were I a prince of power unbounded,
Like Kaiser Maximilian,—
For me were there an order founded,
'Tis this device I'll hang thereon;
"Toujours fidele et sans souci,
C'est l'ordre du crambambuli,"
Cram bim bam, bam bu li, crambambuli.

4 Crambambuli, it still shall cheer me,
When every other joy is past;
When o'er the glass, friend, death draws near me,
To mar my pleasure at the last.
'Tis then we'll drink in company,
The last glass of crambambuli,
Cram bim bam, bam bu li, crambambuli.

UBI BENE, IBI PATRIA.

GERMAN STUDENT SONG.

Translated by M. F. Dickinson, and C. H. Sweetser,


Moderato. mf
1. All the world a - round I'm straying, Eve - ry sea and mountain o'er;
Lively. ff
Free as air, I'm nev - er staying On the North or Southern shore. Mer-ry here and mer - ry there,
U - bi Be - ne, i - bi Pa - tri - a, U - bi Be - ne, i - bi Pa - tri - a.

2 All my goods weigh not a feather,
And my blood is never old;
Everywhere I feast with princes,
Everywhere in halls of gold.
Hungry here, and hungry there (Bis.)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (Bis.)

3 In my heart are all my treasures—
Joys no hand can take away;
Who would pine for Mammon's pleasures
Death can darken in a day.
Merry here, and merry there (Bis.)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (Bis.)

4 While my pipe is yet beside me,
And my beer remains to foam,
With a hat and coat to hide me,
Everywhere I'll gaily roam.
Drinking here, and smoking there (Bis.)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (Bis.)

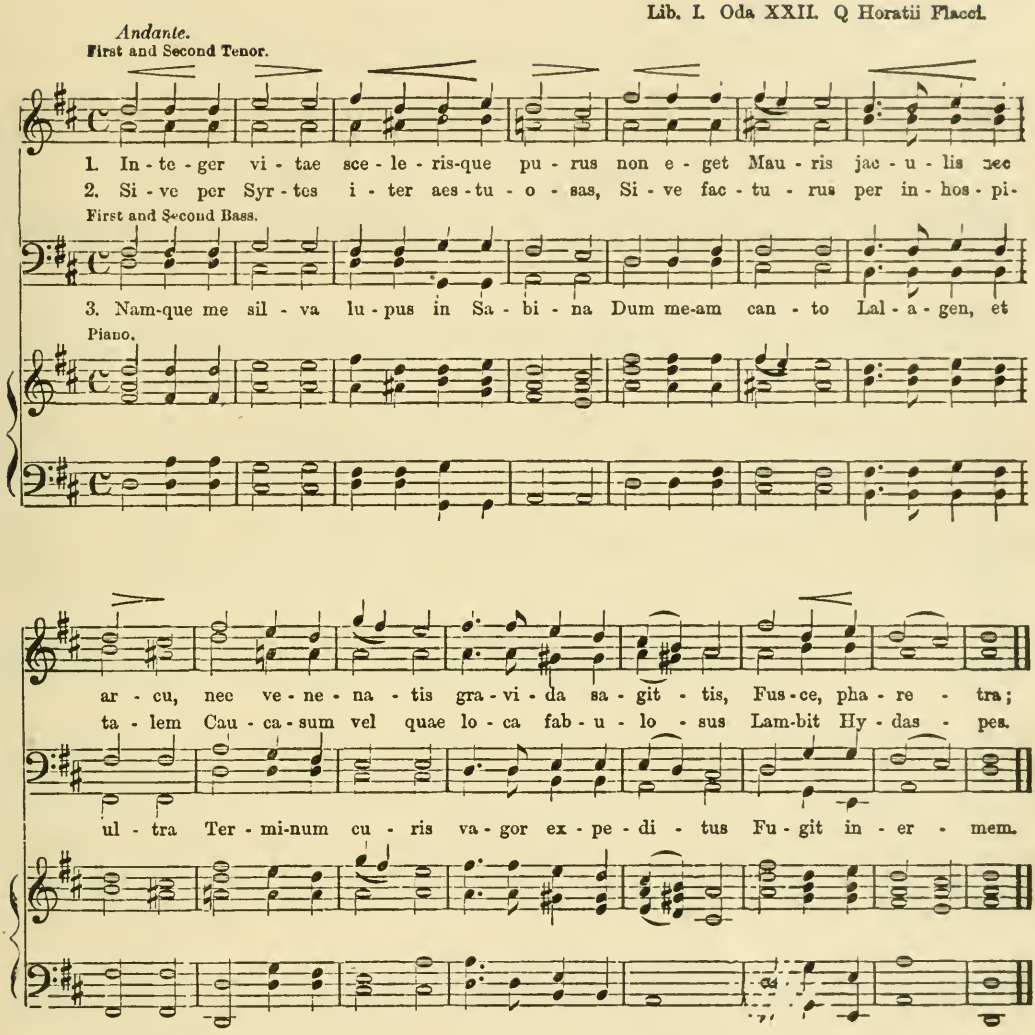
5 In the bowl I'm ever heeding
Love's delicious, maddening glow;
Now in northland humbly pleading,
Now where southern breezes blow.
Kissing here, and drinking there (Bis.)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (Bis.)

6 So through life I'm smoothly gliding
On a calm and shining sea,
Sorrow's clouds in kisses hiding,
And in wine's sweet revelry.
Merry here, and merry there (Bis.)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (Bis.)

7 By and by shall Death's grim shadows
On this useless clay be laid;
Then I'll clasp the cooling meadows
In the golden land of shade!
Merry here, and merry there (Bis.)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria! (Bis.)

INTEGER VITAE.

Lib. I. Oda XXII. Q Horatii Flacci.


Andante.
First and Second Tenor.
1. In - te - ger vi - tae sce - le - ris-que pu - rus non e - get Mau - ris jac - u - lis nec
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter aes - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in - hos - pi-
First and Second Bass.
3. Nam-que me sil - va lu - pus in Sa - bi - na Dum me-am can - to Lal - a - gen, et
Piano.
ar - cu, nec ve - ne - na - tis gra - vi - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra;
ta - lem Cau - ca - sum vel quae lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lam-bit Hy - das - pes.
ul - tra Ter - mi-num cu - ris va - gor ex - pe - di - tus Fu - git in - er - mem.

4 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis;
Nec Jubae tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura;
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget

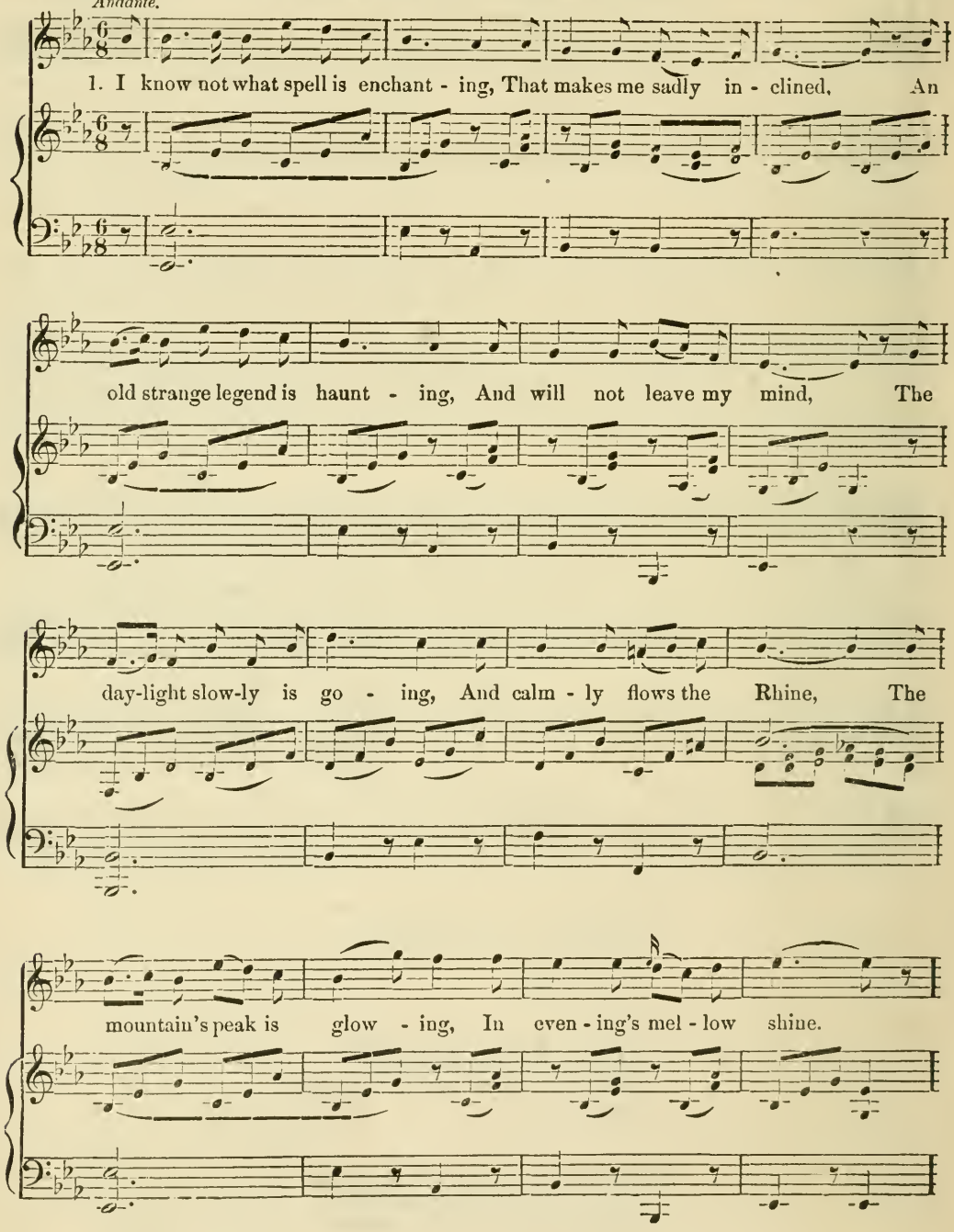
6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

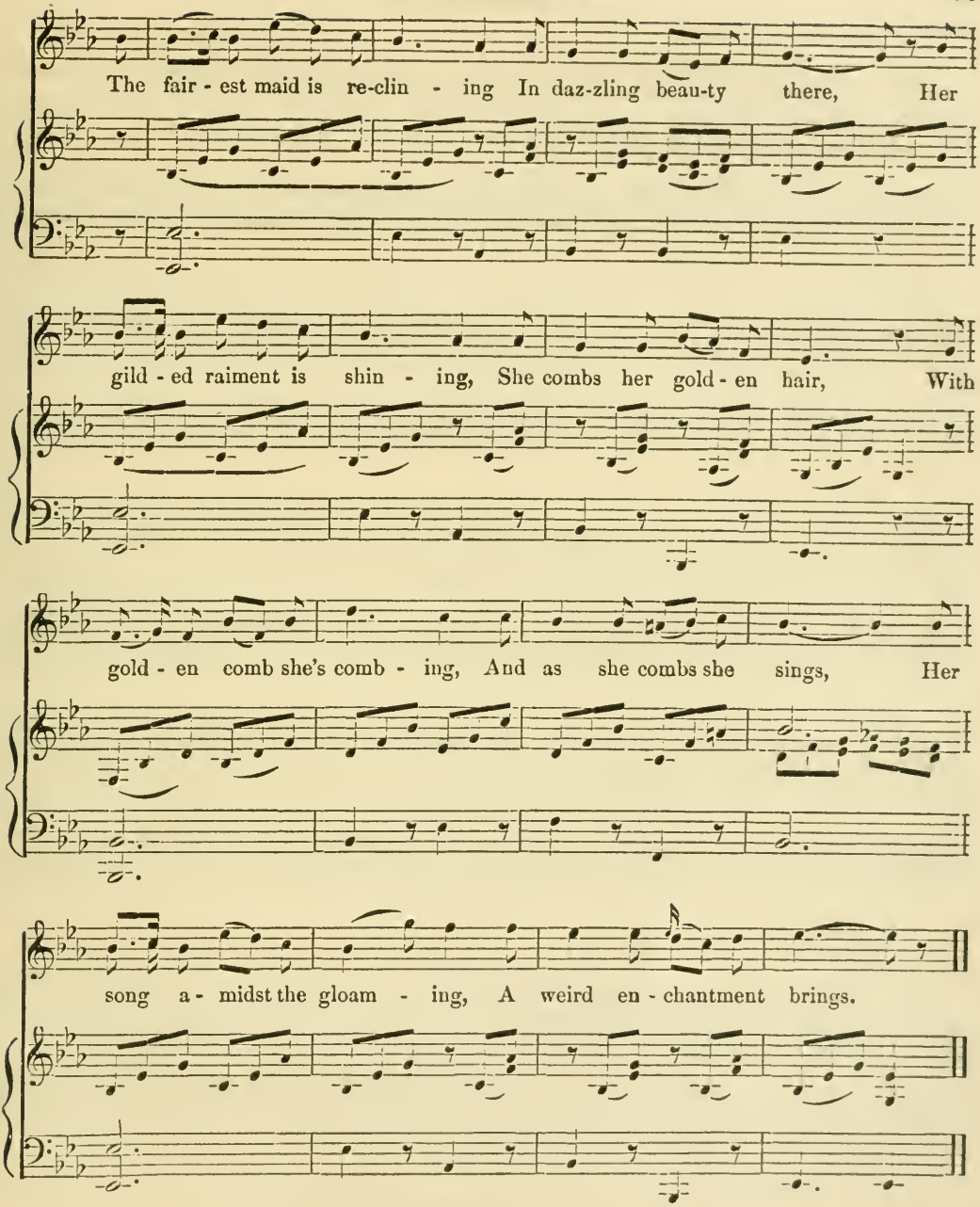
LORE-LEY.

WORDS BY L. C. ELSON. MUSIC BY SILCHER.

There is a tradition current among the German peasantry on the Rhine, that a Witch, in semblance of a lovely maiden, used to place herself upon that remarkable rock called the Loreley-berg, overlooking the Rhine, and, by the magic power of her song, the boatmen became so entranced, as to suffer themselves to float unconsciously into the adjacent whirlpool.

Andante.


1. I know not what spell is enchant - ing, That makes me sadly in - clined, An
old strange legend is haunt - ing, And will not leave my mind, The
day-light slow-ly is go - ing, And calm - ly flows the Rhine, The
mountain's peak is glow - ing, In even - ing's mel - low shine.

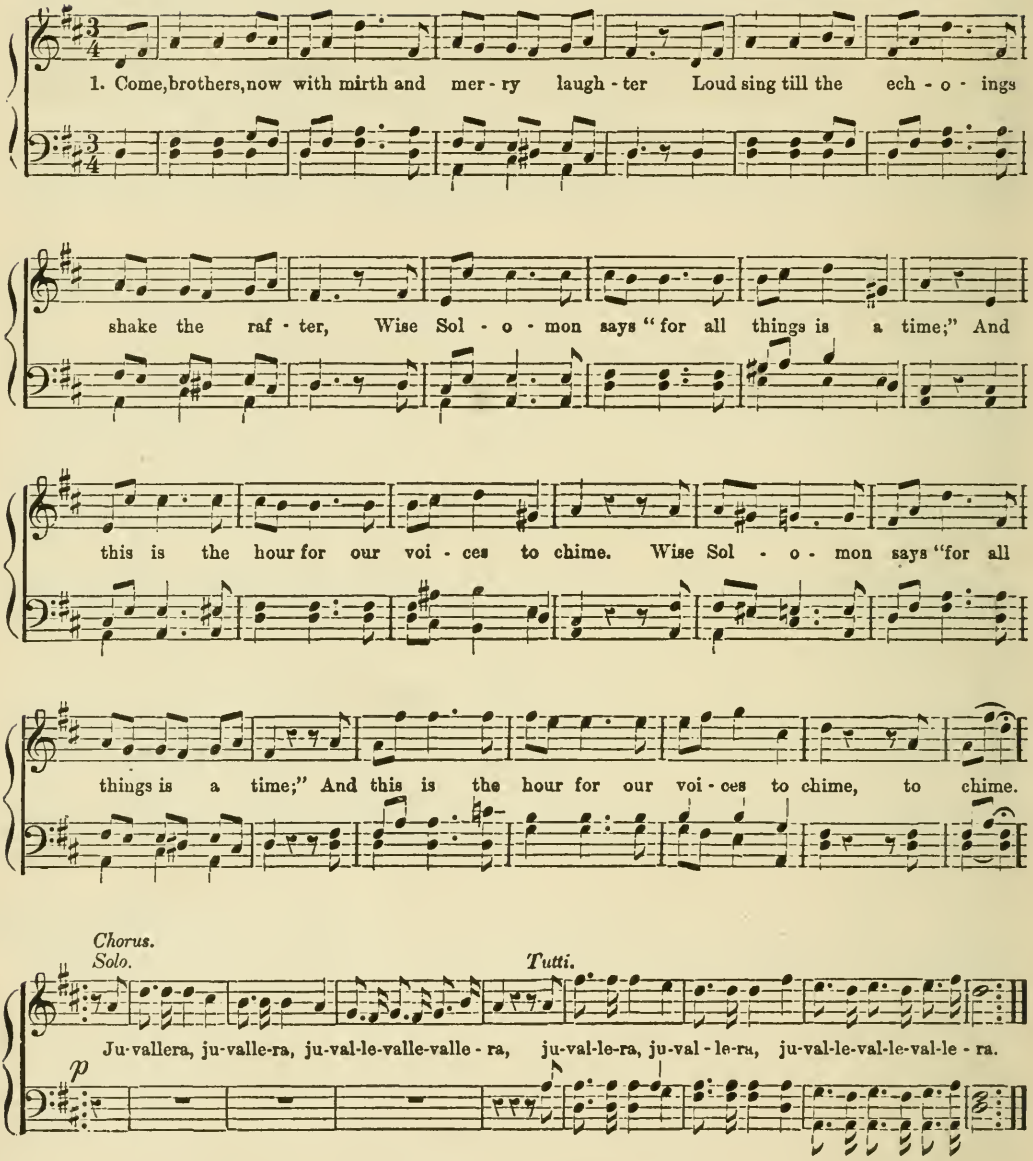

The fair - est maid is re-clin - ing In daz-zling beau-ty there, Her
gild - ed raiment is shin - ing, She combs her gold - en hair, With
gold - en comb she's comb - ing, And as she combs she sings, Her
song a - midst the gloam - ing, A weird en - chantment brings.

3 The boatman in his bosom
Feels painful longings stir;
He sees not the danger before him,
But gazes up at her;

The waters sure must swallow
The boat and him ere long,
And thus is seen the power
Of the cruel Loreley's song.

JUVALLERA.

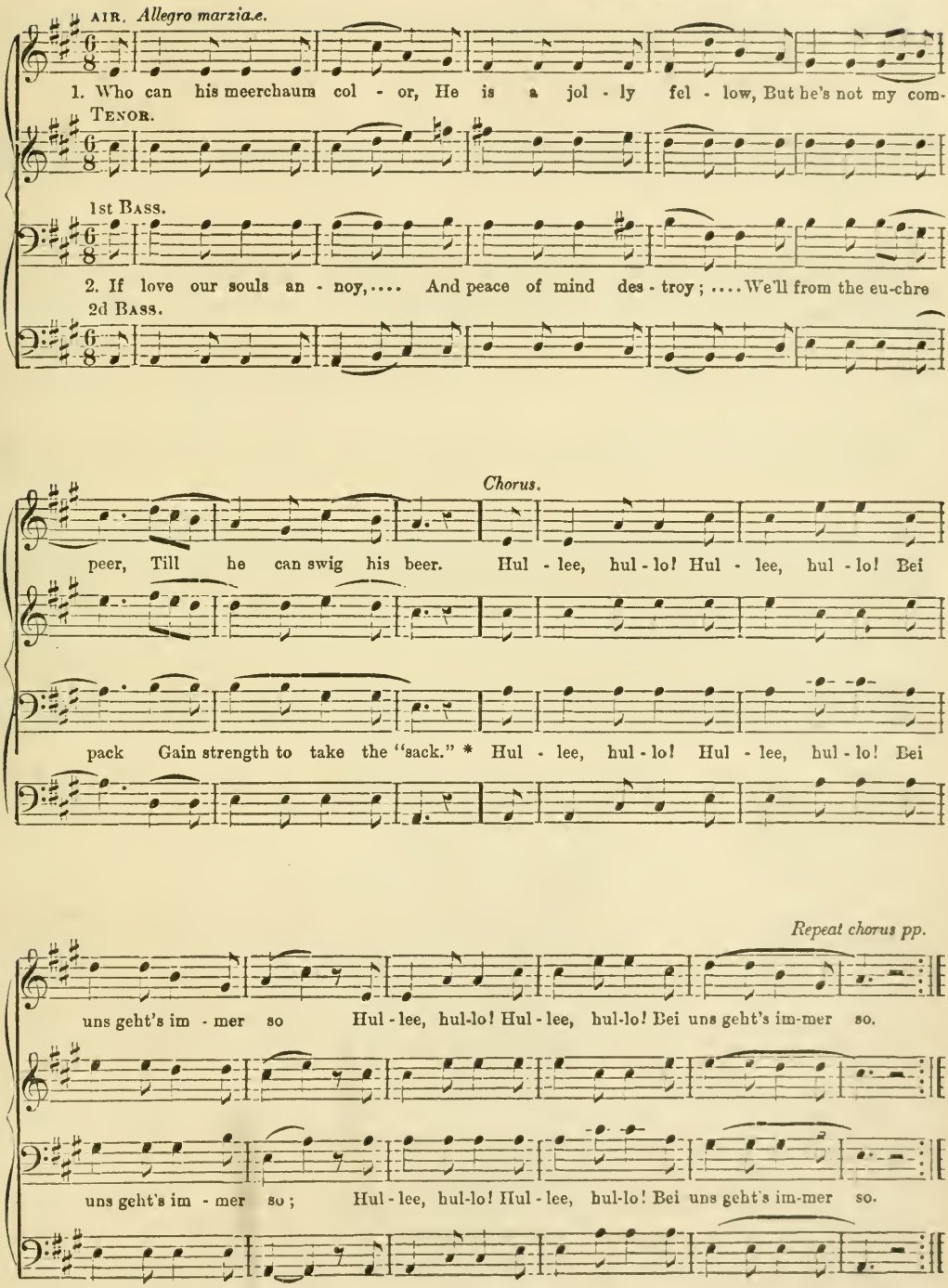
TRANSLATEL BY H. R. W.

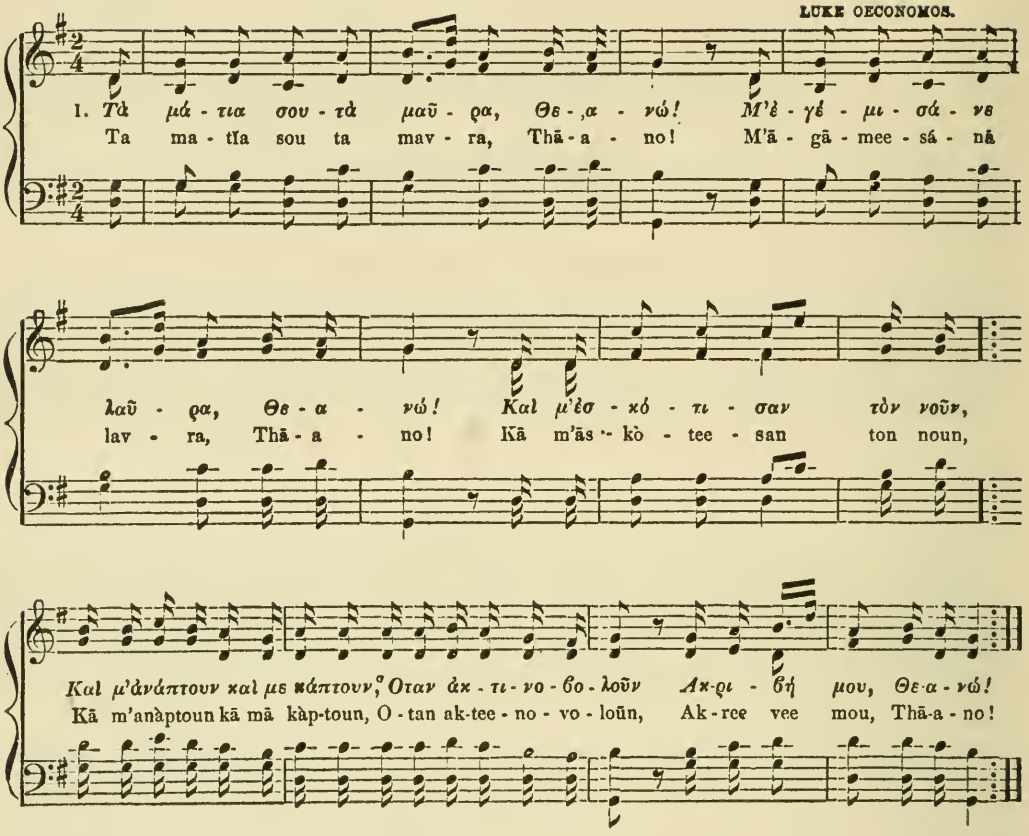

1. Come, brothers, now with mirth and mer - ry laugh - ter Loud sing till the ech - o - ings
shake the raf - ter, Wise Sol - o - mon says "for all things is a time;" And
this is the hour for our voi - ces to chime. Wise Sol - o - mon says "for all
things is a time;" And this is the hour for our voi - ces to chime, to chime.
Chorus.
Solo.
Tutti.
Ju-vallera, ju-valle-ra, ju-val-le-valle-valle - ra, ju-val-le-ra, ju-val - le-ra, ju-val-le-val-le-val-le - ra.
p

2 Come, sing with a spirit, invoking the muse:
Oh sing to the one whom thine own heart shall choose;
To Fatherland sing, and her rights e'er uphold,
Undaunted by force, and unpurchased by gold.—CHO.

HULLEE, HULLO!

ARR. BY W. T. DAY. WILLIAMS, '74.


AIR. Allegro marziale.
1. Who can his meerchaum col - or, He is a jol - ly fel - low, But he's not my com-
TENOR.
1st BASS.
2. If love our souls an - noy,.... And peace of mind des - troy; ....We'll from the eu-chre
2d BASS.
Chorus.
peer, Till he can swig his beer. Hul - lee, hul - lo! Hul - lee, hul - lo! Bei
pack Gain strength to take the "sack." * Hul - lee, hul - lo! Hul - lee, hul - lo! Bei
Repeat chorus pp.
uns geht's im - mer so Hul - lee, hul-lo! Hul - lee, hul-lo! Bei uns geht's im-mer so.
uns geht's im - mer so; Hul - lee, hul-lo! Hul - lee, hul-lo! Bei uns geht's im-mer so.

* Sack,=Mitten.

Ὅταν σε πρωτοεῖδα, Θεανώ!
Ἐγέμισα ἐλπίδα, Θεανώ!
Καὶ με εἶπες σ' ἀγαπῶ,
Καὶ πεθαίνω καὶ τρελλαίνω.
Ἂν μιαν ὥραν δὲν σ' ιδῶ,
Ἀκριβή μου Θεανώ!

Τὸ ῥοδινόν σου χείλι, Θεανώ!
Σ τὸν ᾅδην θά με στείλη, Θεανώ!
Καὶ ἡ ἀηδονολαλιά σου
Θά μ'ἀνάψη καὶ θά κάψη
Τὴν ἀθλίαν μου καρδίαν,
Ἀκριβή μου Θεανώ!

Σ' ἐφίλησα 'στὸ στόμα, Θεανώ!
Καὶ καίομαι ἀκόμα, Θεανώ!
Καὶ μ' ἐφίλησας καὶ σύ,
Καὶ με εἶπες καὶ σε εἶπα
Ν' αποθάνωμεν μαζῆ
Ἀκριβή μου Θεανώ!

AMERICAN COLLEGES.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN COLLEGES

ESTABLISHED PRIOR TO THE YEAR 1800.

INTRODUCTION.

In presenting the prominent facts in the history of the principal colleges of the United States, it may not be uninteresting to advert to the first efforts for the establishment of these higher institutions of learning. The first of these efforts seems to have had its origin with the early Pilgrims of Massachusetts Bay, and may be traced directly to that spirit which brought the Mayflower to Plymouth Rock. It was natural that institutions whose establishment was conceived by the disciples of John Robinson, and whose foundations were laid by their hands, should bear the impress of their influence, and should become to a certain extent during their early history an exponent of their views. Indeed, the first college established in America may be said to have had a religious origin; and for more than a century and a half it remained under the guidance and control of those whose religious views were essentially identical with the views of the Congregationalists who founded it. In tracing the history of subsequent college organizations, we find their origin to have been, like the first, a religious one. The Jamestown (Va.) colonists, unlike those of Massachusetts Bay, were loyal members of the Church of England; and the second college established in the colonies had its origin in the efforts of zealous clergymen and laymen of that church. A third, like the first, originated in the efforts of Congregational ministers, and was established to meet the wants of the thrifty colonists of New Haven and the adjacent territory. The fourth originated with the Presbyterian colonists of New Jersey, and if not ostensibly founded by that denomination may justly be said to owe its existence to their efforts, and has been from its foundation under its control. The fifth, formerly Kings and now Columbia College, like the second, was established by members of the American branch of the Church of England. The sixth was founded by the Baptists, as stated in the history of the institution, especially to meet the wants of that denomination. The seventh was founded by the Congregational settlers of New Hampshire; but it was not until 1784, or nearly a century and a half after the foundation of the first college, that an ostensibly undenominational institution was founded, on the banks of the Severn, in the State of Maryland. The Lutheran settlers of Pennsylvania founded the next college; New England established the ninth among the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts; the Congregationalists of Maine established the tenth at Brunswick; and a succeeding one established at Schenectady, N.Y., while not denominational, was nevertheless religious in origin. This review brings us to the year 1800, and the beginning of a new century. Of the colleges subsequently established, by far the larger part have, like their predecessors, had a religious origin; and it is a fact worthy of note, that with a few notable exceptions the leading universities and colleges of the United States are still under the direct control of religious denominations. The older of the institutions without exception have been of slow growth, and have come through the patient toil of generations to their present condition of prosperity; munificent endowment by single individuals is something of recent origin; and it remains to be seen whether institutions which have been fortunate enough to escape the pecuniary trials of the older colleges will be equally fortunate in developing a strength and character like that acquired by the growth of generations. If the good fortune of such nstitutions cannot give them the dignity of age and a renown born of the past, it certainly relieves them rom the trying embarrassments incident to the early history of the older colleges.

HARVARD COLLEGE (1638).

Harvard College, situated at Cambridge, Mass., was the first college established in the United States. It traces its origin to the colonial enactment in the year 1636, secured mainly through the instrumentality of the clergymen of the colony. In 1638 its success was assured by the legacy of the Rev. John Harvard, from whom it receives its name. Its first president, Rev. Henry Dunster, was inaugurated in 1640. Among his successors have been Increase Mather, Josiah Quincy, Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, and C. W. Eliot, the present incumbent, under whose administration the affairs of the University have greatly prospered, large sums having been added to its available resources, and its buildings having been increased in number, and various important reforms having at the same time been made in its curriculum. The departments of the university are nine in number: 1, Classical; 2, Law; 3, Divinity; 4, Scientific; 5, Mining, and Practical Geology; 6, Astronomical; 7, Medical; 8, Dental; 9, Agricultural. The number of instructors is 150, and students 1,200, of whom 700 are in the classical department. The alumni number 16,000, of whom 9,000 were in the classical department. The endowments in lands, buildings, and available funds, amount to $6,000,000. The buildings number 26, stone and brick. The library contains 205,000 volumes. The cabinets of natural history are among the most complete and available in the country. Women, under recent arrangements which large numbers have already taken advantage of, are admitted to examinations in prescribed courses of study, but not to the regular curriculum. The college has many valuable fellowships at its disposal, some of them providing opportunities for residence and study in foreign lands. Its students excel in athletic sports, and its famous crews have won races on many waters. Until the end of the last century, the college remained under the control of the denomination which influenced its establishment, since which time its conduct has been chiefly in the hands of the Unitarians. It is worthy of note that the first printing-press introduced into the American Colonies was set up under the direction of the first president of Harvard College in 1654. It flourished for many years in connection with the college, and, while giving circulation to useful knowledge in various ways, had much to do with the shaping of the early thought and literature of New England. The publications of the press are now rare and valuable.

YALE COLLEGE (1700)

Was founded at New Haven, Conn., as the result of a meeting of ministers held at that place in 1700. The timely gift of an enthusiastic and self-denying minister of the gospel, Elihu Yale, secured its success, and determined its name. The college was projected several years previously; but its establishment was deferred, owing to a protest from the friends of Harvard, who believed that the two colleges could not then be sustained. The college departments are five in number: 1, Classical; 2, Theological; 3, Law; 4, Medicine; 5, Philosophy and Arts. The members of its various faculties number 100. The Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., is president, having succeeded the venerable Theodore Woolsey, D.D., LL.D. The college buildings are many of them structures of much architectural beauty. The total funds of the institution are about $1,400,000, exclusive of the value of its real estate; and the annual income from its vested funds is about $110,000. Its well-appointed art-gallery contains many works of real value. The college has several valuable fellowships in its gift, and the number of post-graduate students increases yearly. In athletic sports, as in scholarship, the students vie with those of Harvard. The institution, as at its foundation, is under the control of the Congregationalists, who conduct it, however, in an undenominational and liberal spirit. Its Theological department is one of the largest and most successful schools of theology connected with the Congregational Church, and offers such exceptional advantages to students as to secure a continually increasing membership. Its school of science, under the name of the "Sheffield Scientific Department," is unequalled in many respects, and is one of the most successful departments of the university.

COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY (1746).

This institution, situated at Princeton, N.J., was originally founded at Elizabethtown, and was removed to its present seat in 1759. It has recently made rapid progress in material prosperity, under the direction of Pres. James McCosh, D.D., LL.D. The college has two departments: 1, Classical; 2, Scientific. Its instructors number 27; students, 408; and alumni, 5,600. Its endowments in available funds are ample. It offers valuable scholarships to those who excel at the entrance examinations, and has in its gift fellowships ranging from $250 to $600 annually. Its library contains 80,000 volumes. Near waters afford facilities for boating, and the college has several excellent crews. The institution, which has always been under Presbyterian management, has been distinguished for the character of its teachers, and has enjoyed a reputation in this respect partly due to the influence of the adjacent theological seminary, which has achieved wide reputation.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE (1754).

The first authentic information with regard to the establishment of a college in the city of New York is contained in the records of Trinity Parish, from which it appears that as early as 1703 the rector and wardens were directed to wait upon Lord Cornbury, the governor, to know what part of the "Kings Farme," then vested in Trinity Church, had been intended for the college which he designed to have built (*Note, Historical Sketch Col. Coll.*, p. 5). The design thus indicated was again thought of in 1729, when Berkeley, disappointed in his expectations regarding the establishment of a college in Bermuda, sought to transfer the establishment intended for that island to New York. Berkeley's plans having failed, the subject was not again revived until about twenty years afterward, when provisions were made in the laws of the colony for the raising of a fund by means of a lottery for the founding of a college. These provisions were for the raising of the sum of £2,250, and were made in an act passed Dec. 6, 1746. Other similar acts followed; and in 1751 the funds raised, amounting to £3,443 18*s.*, were vested in ten trustees, of whom the majority were members of the Church of England. The royal charter was finally obtained in 1754; and the organization was completed the following year, under the name of "King's College." The charter named as governors, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and various officers of the colony, with leading clergymen and citizens of New York. In 1755 the corporation of Trinity Church delivered to the college certain lands provided for in the charter; the conditions of the delivery being, that its president should continue to be a member of the Church of England, and that certain services of the English Church should be regularly observed in the college. While thus established under religious auspices, and under the direction of members of the Church of England, the charter expressly denied to the college the power of making any laws or regulations tending to exclude any person of any religious denomination whatever from equal liberty and advantage of education, or from any of the liberties and privileges of the college, on account of his religious tenets. The affairs of the college under its first government were thus conducted in a catholic and generous spirit; and when its title was changed, and its control passed into the hands of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America the wise and liberal provisions of its original charter were scrupulously adhered to. The college thus remains, as at its origin, under denominational direction, but so governed as to remove all traces of sectarianism from its management. The first class was admitted in 1754, although a permanent building was not provided until 1756, when an edifice was erected in College Place. The first president, Samuel Johnson, S.T.D., was elected in 1754, and was succeeded by Myles Cooper, LL.D. In the exciting discussions which preceded the war of the Revolution, Dr. Cooper took an active part, his sympathies being entirely on the side of the crown. His sentiments were so offensive to the patriots, as to arouse a storm of indignation; and on the night of May 10, 1775, his lodgings were entered by a mob, to whose fury he would probably have fallen a victim had he not been absent.[1] He was saved by the warning of a former pupil, and took refuge on board a British man-of-war lying in the harbor, in which he soon after sailed to England. He did not return; and Benjamin Moore, an alumnus of the college, acted as temporary president. No commencement exercises were held that year, 1775, but degrees were conferred as usual. In 1776 the *Committee of Safety* took possession of the college-buildings for military purposes. This act, which was doubtless due to the hostility to the institution, engendered by its late president, was a serious blow, and resulted in the loss of a large part of its equipment. Degrees were nevertheless conferred on six graduates in 1776. During the subsequent eight years, the college suspended operations; resuming in 1784, when it received a new charter from the State of New York, under the name of Columbia College. The first student admitted at this time was DeWitt Clinton. In the same year, provisions were made, with a view to its ultimately becoming a thoroughly equipped university, for the organization of faculties of art, divinity, law, and medicine. Meantime the income of the college was about twelve hundred pounds per year, and the duties of president were discharged in turn by the professors. In 1787 William Samuel Johnson, LL.D., son of the first president, was elected to the presidency. From that time to the present, the history of the institution has been one of gradually increasing success. The buildings of the college have been removed and increased from time to time as necessity required, endowments have been added, and its various departments made more complete, until, under the able management of F. A. P. Barnard, S.T.D., LL.D., its president since 1864, it has taken rank among the very first of the elder American institutes of learning. The college now has five departments, — a School of Letters and Science; a School of Law, established in 1858; a School of Mining, established in 1864; and a School of Medicine, established in 1767, and re-established in 1860 under the name of the "College of Physicians and Surgeons." Each of these departments has won a high reputation for the character and thoroughness of the methods of instruction severally adopted. The warden of the School of Law is Theodore W. Dwight, LL.D., who is recognized as one of the ablest of instructors in his department. The college library, which is choice rather than extensive, contains about eighteen thousand volumes; and the college has choice cabinets and collections, illustrative of geology, chemistry, mechanics, &c. Seventeen prizes of varying value are offered for superior excellence in the different departments of study

[1] Historical Sketch of Col. Coll., p. 35.

The value of the property belonging to the college is estimated at nearly $4,600,000, its revenues at about 302,000 per annum, and its expenditures at about $208,000 per annum. The total number of graduates to 1876 was 5,506, among whom are found such distinguished names as John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris, DeWitt Clinton, Charles Anthon, &c. The *esprit du corps* of the alumni is excellent; and the students have won a reputation of the highest order for athletic skill upon the many waters where the colors of Columbia have been at the fore-front.

BROWN UNIVERSITY (1764),

Situated in the city of Providence, R.I., was established under the name of the College of Rhode Island in 1764. Arrangements were made for its establishment, by the Baptist Association of Philadelphia, in 1762; and Rev. James Manning was commissioned to labor in its behalf. His efforts were successful: a charter was obtained, and the organization made in 1764. The Baptist denomination do not exclusively monopolize its management, trustees from other denominations being required by its charter; but it is under their control, with various denominations represented in the faculty. The college received its present name in 1804, from Nicholas Brown, a distinguished benefactor. Its departments are, 1, Classical; 2, Agricultural and Scientific. Its president is Rev. Edward Robinson, D.D., LL.D. The number of instructors is 17: alumni, actual, 2,620; honorary, 571; total, 3,191. Its endowments in available funds and annual income are generous. Volumes in library, 40,000; number of specimens in natural-history cabinets, 5,000. The college buildings are in an excellent position, overlooking the city.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE (1769).

This institution, situated in the rural town of Hanover, N.H., had its origin in the labors of the Rev. Dr. Wheelock, a Congregational minister, who became its first president. It received its name from Lord Dartmouth, and its charter from Gov. Wentworth in 1769. The college has four departments: 1, Classical; 2, Medical; 3, Scientific; 4, Agricultural. Its instructors number 19. It has endowments and other property to the value of upwards of a million of dollars; its library contains 60,000 volumes. Its success has been chiefly due to the patronage of Congregationalists, who constitute the majority of its managers. Its president is Rev. Asa D. Smith, D.D.

RUTGERS COLLEGE (1770).

The charter of this college was granted in 1770, by King George III., at which time it received the name of Queen's College, in honor of the king's consort. The present name was substituted in 1825, in honor of Col. Henry Rutgers of New York, one of its most liberal benefactors. Its president is Rev. William H. Campbell, D.D., who entered upon the office in 1863. Under his administration, several hundred thousand dollars have been added to its endowment; six new professorships have been created; a geological hall, a chapel and library, an astronomical observatory, and other buildings, have been erected. Its instructors number 12; students, 200; alumni, 1,244. The departments are two in number: 1, Classical; 2, Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. The college is under the denominational control of the Reformed (Dutch) Church, which has a flourishing theological seminary adjoining.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE (1793).

Williams College, situated at Williamstown, Mass., had its foundations laid in 1755 by Col. Ephraim Williams (killed in battle near Lake George), from whom it received its name. It was chartered as a college in 1793. Its president is Hon. Paul Ansel Chadbourne, D.D., LL.D. The college has a delightful situation among the famed Berkshire Hills. It concentrates its efforts in a single department, that of the simple college curriculum, regarding this as the best course it can present undergraduates. The number of instructors is 30; alumni, 2,600. The value of endowments and other property is $600,000. The college has recently made rapid advances in various directions. The co-education of the sexes has been discussed, and decided in the negative by a vote of the alumni, three to one. The college has no denominational connections; but its church is Congregational, and it is supported by that denomination.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE (1794).

Brunswick, Me., is the seat of Bowdoin College, founded in the year 1794. Its charter was received from the Legislature of Massachusetts, its location being in that portion of the State of Massachusetts which was afterwards ceded to Maine. The Hon. James Bowdoin, a son of Gov. Bowdoin, from whom the college received its name, did much by grants of lands and money to secure its establishment. Rev

Joseph McKeen, the first president, was installed in 1802; and at the first commencement, in 1806, there were eight graduates. Its spacious dormitories are now well filled. Its departments are, 1, Classical; 2, Medical. Its president is the Hon. J. O. Chamberlain, D.D., LL.D., ex-governor of the State. The number of instructors is 27. The poet Longfellow was professor of modern languages in this college from 1829 to 1835, when he was called to Harvard. The college is under the auspices of the Congregational Church.

UNION UNIVERSITY (1795).

Union College at Schenectady, N.Y., was incorporated in 1795 by the regents of the University of the State of New York. It received its name from the circumstance that several religious denominations united in its organization; and it was the first college in the country so organized. The Rev. Eliphalet Nott was its president from 1804 to 1866,—sixty-two years. The principal features of what has since developed into a regular scientific department in other colleges were first introduced here. By the recent union of the schools of law and medicine, and an astronomical observatory, located in the neighboring city of Albany, with this institution, it has been made a university with five departments: 1, Classical; 2, Scientific; 3, Law; 4, Medicine; 5, Astronomical. Its president is Rev. E. Nott Potter, D.D., LL.D. The university has valuable real estate and other endowments, with extensive cabinets and libraries. It is largely supported and patronized by Presbyterians, but is undenominational in its religious affairs

Property of
YORK UNIVERSITY MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Property of
YORK UNIVERSITY MUSIC DEPARTMENT